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ANGELL'S UNION SERIES.

THE

UNION, NUMBER FIVE.

CONTAINING

LESSONS FOR READING AND SPELLING,

WITH

EXERCISES IN MENTAL ARITIMETIC, ABBREVIATIONS, DEFINITIONS, &c.

BEING THE FIFTH OF A SERIES OF

SPELLING AND READING BOOKS,

IN SIX NUMBERS.

BY OLIVER ANGELL, A. M.
PRINCIPAL OF THE FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE.

REVISED STEREOTYPE EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
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PREFACE

Material alterations in different editions of school-books are much to be deprecated, and ought never to be made unless there is a very obvious reason for such alterations. Where different editions of the same book are used in the same school, if they differ materially from each other, much confusion must necessarily ensue in the use of them.—The author feels bound, therefore, to state some of the reasons, which have induced him to depart from the arrangement of the first edition of No. 5, and to present this edition in its present shape. This is particularly due to those whose kind patronage has been extended to the work, and to whom he feels grateful, for the encouragement they have afforded him.

When the first edition was published, it was thought that the Grammar might very properly constitute a part of the book; and by thus combining it with the other part, the whole would become a more convenient, and at the same time a more economical book for the scholar. Some objections, however, have arisen, to this arrangement, which the author did not anticipate, and have determined him to separate the Grammar from this volume and supply its place with other matter for reading. The Grammar is, nevertheless, considered as a second part of this Number; and when purchased together, the additional expense will be very trifling.

It has been suggested, that the whole volume was too expensive to be used as a Grammar, the study of which would cause it to be injured and worn out, much sooner than when used only as a reading book. It has also been said that as a portion of the Grammar was not designed, and, from its nature, cannot be used for reading lessons, there is a loss to the scholar of so much reading matter, with which, by a different arrangement, he might be furnished in the same number of pages. The author

is not prepared to say that these are not weighty objections; and in deference to the opinion of those who have expressed them, and for other reasons which it would be needless to name, he has been led to adopt this new arrangement.

He hopes the volume, as now presented, will meet the approbation of those who have already expressed their satisfaction with the other edition, and that those who objected to it in that form, will find their objections removed.

The same principles have been followed in the arrangement of this volume, as have governed the author in the preparation of the preceding numbers. These principles are, to present children with reading adapted to their comprehension; which shall excite their attention, interest their feelings, and at the same time impress upon their minds the inestimable value of virtuous conduct, and the almost certain punishment with which vice, even in this world is sure to meet. It is believed this is by far the most effectual way to teach children the first principles of religion and morals; and by enlisting their feelings in favor of every noble, and generous, and virtuous action, lead them to hate vice and selfishness even in themselves.

Providence, Feb 1831

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UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES.

	United States and Territories.	Seats of Government.
New England or *Eastern States.*	Maine	Port'-land
	New-Hamp'-shire	Con'-cord
	Ver-mont'	Mont-pel'-ier
	Mas-sa-chu'-setts	Bos'-ton
	Rhode-Is'-land	Prov'-i-dence New'-port
	Con-nect'-i-cut	Hart'-ford New-Ha'-ven
Middle States.	New-York'	Al'-ba-ny
	New-Jer'-sey	Tren'-ton
	Penn-syl-va'-ni-a	Har'-ris-burg
	Del'-a-ware	Do'-ver
	Ma'-ry-land	An-nap'-o-lis
Southern States.	Vir-gin'-i-a	Rich'-mond
	North-Ca-ro-li'-na	Ra'-leigh
	South-Ca-ro-li'-na	Co-lum'-bi-a
	Geor'-gi-a	Mil'-ledge-ville
	Al-a-ba'-ma	Ca-haw'-ba
	Mis-sis-sip'-pi	Jack'-son
Western States.	Lou-i-si-a'-na	New-Or'-leans
	Ten-nes-see'	Nash'-ville
	Ken-tuc'-ky	Frank'-fort
	O-hi'-o	Co-lum'-bus
	In-di-a'-na	In-dian-op'-o-lis
	Il-li-nois'	Van-da'-li-a
	Mis-sou'-ri	Jef'-fer-son
Territories.	Mich'-i-gan	De-troit'
	North-west	
	Mis-sou'-ri	
	West'-ern	
	Ar-kan-sas	Ar-kop'-o-lis
	Flor'-i-da	Tal-la-has'-see
District.	Co-lum'-bi-a	Wash'-ing-ton

THE

UNION, No. V.

Section I.

INDIANS.

1. When our ancestors first came to America, they found the country inhabited by Indians, whose language, manners and customs were entirely different from those of any other people of whom they had any knowledge.

2. Many were the dangers and sufferings which the first settlers of our country experienced from these cruel savages, and it was a very long time before they were subdued.

3. When the white people first landed in America, they took great pains to cultivate the friendship of the Indians, and succeeded so far, that for sometime, they lived together in great harmony.

4. At length, the Indians perceiving that the white people were constantly increasing, and being jealous that the whole country would soon be overrun by them, and their hunting grounds be taken away; they became uneasy, and began to think it was time for them to defend themselves and drive the white people from their country.

5. It is highly probable, however, that if the first settlers of New England and New York had pursued the same friendly policy toward the Indians which was pursued by William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, most, if not all the difficulties with them might have been avoided.

6. But this was not the case. Too many of the English were disposed to take advantage of the ignorance of the Indians when trading with them, and often de-

frauded them of their just dues; which, when the Indians discovered, they highly resented.

7. It was the peculiar character of these people never to forgive an injury; and when they had been once offended, they would never be reconciled until they had executed their vengeance upon the offender.

8. After hostilities had once commenced between the English settlers and the Indians, there were almost constant wars, until the Indians were entirely subdued, which was not until the beginning of the present century.

9. During this period, many murders and robberies were committed by the Indians, and the white people were in such constant danger of their lives, that they were obliged to carry their arms with them when they went to meeting or to work in the fields.

10. This obliged the English to build their houses as near together as possible, so as to be the better able to defend themselves from the attacks of the Indians; but this precaution was frequently useless, as the Indians would watch their opportunity, and attack the settlement when it was least expected; and then, either murder or take captive, all the inhabitants.

11. Whole towns were sometimes attacked, the inhabitants murdered or carried off into captivity, and all the houses burned.

12. In the year 1689, the Indians who were lurking in the woods near one of the English settlements at Oyster River, having ascertained that there were eighteen men belonging to the garrison at that place, contrived a plan to take it by surprise, which they accomplished in the following manner:

13. One morning they observed all the men go out to work in a field at a little distance from the garrison. As soon as they had commenced work, the Indians suddenly ran between them and the house to cut off their retreat, and the men attempting to escape, were all killed except one, who had crossed a brook and concealed himself from their search.

14. They then attacked the house or garrison, in which were only two boys and some women and children. The boys, however, made a brave resistance: they kept off the Indians for sometime, and wounded several of them

15. At length the Indians set the house on fire; and even then, the boys would not surrender until they obtained a promise that their lives should be spared. But this promise was basely broken by these cruel Indians, and several of the children were murdered.

16. The women and the rest of the children were then carried off to Canada, except Amos White, one of the boys who had so bravely defended the little garrison. He fortunately found means to escape the next day after he was taken, and arrived in safety at another settlement of the English.

17. The Indians were immediately pursued by a party of soldiers, but were not overtaken; and the unhappy captives were obliged to endure the sufferings of a long and tedious journey, and were finally sold to some of the French inhabitants of Canada. O, how thankful should we be, that we have no Indians to fear!

QUESTIONS BY TEACHER.

By whom was this country inhabited when the white people first came here? Were the Indians peaceable at first? What was the occasion of their becoming hostile? Were there frequent wars between Indians and the white people? Can you tell some particulars of the story which you have read in the last lesson about the Indians?

Section II.

WILD HORSES; ON THE PRAIRIES NEAR THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

1. I was accompanied, said a traveller, by four Spanish soldiers, each having two horses; one of which was loaded with provisions, and the other he rode. We had often been apprised of the danger to be apprehended from encountering a herd of wild horses, and were continually on the look out for them; especially as we had been informed that a company larger than our own, had, a few weeks before, been literally trampled to the dust, by being overrun by one of these numerous herds.

2 Never shall I forget the day. The man who rode

in advance of us to give warning of any approaching danger, suddenly leaped and stood up on his saddle; then abandoning his baggage horse, put spurs to the other, and went off with extreme velocity. The other soldiers followed without speaking a word, in the deepest silence and consternation; and I, without knowing the reason, followed them with similar feelings of dismay, leaving our laden and helpless horses behind. They were four in number.

3. The mystery was soon revealed. My blood went "rippling to my fingers' ends." I felt my heart dissolving; never before had I felt such a mortal terror; and there was, through all my vitals, after the first sudden electric chill, a feeling of general thaw and dissolution. I had tried in vain to overtake my flying companions, and learn the cause of their terror; and was checking my horse in despair, when I saw a black cloud hovering low upon the horizon.

4. As it approached, it became more condensed; accompanied with a noise equal to that of a hurricane; and the appearance of broken and trampled grass, swept by a strong wind, and whirled about in the air. The truth broke upon me at once, and I determined to await the event with fortitude, losing all sense of danger, in astonishment, and delight at the awful reverberations of their trampling hoofs.

5. They came like a whole army of cavalry, sweeping and levelling every thing in their way. My God! I shouted with terror; for in an instant, three of our laden horses, that were yet in sight, were trodden upon by the whole army, till they were not to be distinguished from the black earth with which their carcasses were mingled and compounded. One only escaped.

6. They wheeled, then came round altogether in array; two or three stragglers only appearing to wander for a moment, as if undetermined whether to thunder me down in the same manner, or to pursue my companions, who were scouring away before me, with a celerity that made me smile even in my terror; they determined, after a moment's irresolution, upon the latter, and all wheeled together, with one universal neigh, and set off after them.

7. I heard a noise at my left. It was the remaining tame horse, he put himself in a gallop towards me, relax-

ed, stopped, shook, and fell within pistol shot, actually overcome by his fright. I rode to the poor creature; he was trembling and convulsed, and covered with sweat. You would have thought, from his appearance, that he had just broken away from the paws of a lion. I had seen such things in Asia.

8. I had never before found myself so awkwardly situated. Alone, in a boundless field, my guides as I supposed trampled to death, no path, without compass, without experience, without chart, and left to find my way for a thousand miles, perhaps, with only one horse, and the few provisions he could carry. The fate of my companions I considered inevitable. Every moment this frightful cavalcade was evidently gaining upon them; and their wild and frantic neighings were like the noise of ten thousand trumpets.

9. Suddenly, they appeared to be motionless—to concentrate—the sound of their charge was suspended—the body grew darker and larger. "Gracious heaven," I cried, rising in my stirrups, "they are returning." My heart died within me. My horse shook under me. My love of life became desperately strong. I threw myself from my saddle, willing to try one experiment, by diverting their attention from me to my horse.

10. I struck him a smart blow, and instantly concealed myself in the thick grass. He set off at his utmost speed, in the very direction I wished. What a spectacle! This most beautiful animal, flying with his mane all loose, every sinew strained to cracking, over his native plain, before a horde of his early companions, with a mortal fear and trepidation. A wheel, executed almost with the rapidity of lightning, showed them to be moving off in another direction, and in a moment they were out of sight, although their course was distinguished for a considerable time by the immense cloud of dust which enveloped them, and the thunder of their hoofs upon the solid earth, resembling the roar of an earthquake.

11. After awhile my guides returned, but their horses were almost ruined by the fright and the extreme speed at which they fled before this mighty army. My horse was soon caught, and after a little repose, we once more resumed our journey through this trackless plain.

ANON.

QUESTIONS.

Where are the wild horses found? Is there any danger from them to travellers? What did the author say happened to a company of travellers a short time before? Was he himself in danger? How did his guides conduct? What became of the baggage horses? Did any of them escape? What did the sound of this troop of wild horses resemble? If there were four thousand of them, and they should be all caught and sold at ten dollars each, what would they come to?

Section III.

THE ADVENTUROUS BOY.

1. While the fleet lay at anchor, one of the most heart-thrilling scenes occurred on board the Commodore's vessel, that my eyes ever witnessed. In addition to the usual appendages of a ship of war, there was a large and mischievous monkey on board, named Jocko, retained for the amusement and diversion of the ship's company. It was my watch on deck; and having retired to the side of the vessel I was musing on the beautiful appearance of the fleet, when a loud and merry laugh burst upon my ear.

2. On turning to ascertain the cause of such an unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I perceived the Commodore's little son, whom the crew nicknamed, "little Bob Stay," standing half way up the main-hatch-ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance explained the occasion of his merriment. As Bob was coming up from the gun-deck, Jocko, the monkey, perceived him on the ladder; and dropping suddenly down from the rigging, leaped upon his shoulder, seized his cap, and running up the main-top-sail-sheet, seated himself on the main-yard.

3. Here he sat picking the tassel of his prize to pieces, occasionally scratching his sides, and chattering as if in exultation for the success of his mischief. Bob being a sprightly, active fellow, did not like to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more

strongly incited to make chase after Jocko, from observing me smile at his plight, and hearing the loud laugh of Cato, a blackman, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence.

4. "Ha, you rascal, Jocko," said the blackman, "hab you no more respec' for de young officer, den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gang-way, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief." The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer. "Ha, ha," Massa Bob, "he say you mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him; and 'tis no easy matter for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

5. The cheeks of little Bob looked red, as he cast a glance of offended pride at Cato; and springing across the deck, in a moment he was half way up the rigging. The monkey quietly watched his motions; and when nearly up, suddenly put the cap on his own head, and ascended to the top-mast cross-trees, and quietly seating himself, resumed his work of picking the tassel.

6. In this manner, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when suddenly springing on the rigging, he again descended to the fore-top, and running out on the fore-yard, hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail-boom, where taking his seat, he raised a loud and exulting chattering. By this time, Bob was completely exhausted; and, not liking to return to the deck to be laughed at, he sat down on the cross-trees.

7. The spectators, presuming that the boy would now follow the monkey and descend to the deck, paid no further attention to them. I also had turned away, and had been engaged some minutes, when I was suddenly started by a cry from Cato, exclaiming that, "Massa Bob was on the main-truck!" A cold shudder ran through my veins as the words reached my ears. I cast my eyes up—it was too true.

8. The adventurous boy, after having rested a little, had climbed the sky-sail pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on that circular piece of wood, on the very summit of the loftiest mast; at a

height so great that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. There was nothing above him or around him but empty space; and beneath him, nothing but a small unstable wheel.

9. Dreadful temerity! If he attempted to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his motion? His feet covered up the small and fearful platform on which he stood; and beneath that, a long smooth pole which seemed to bend beneath his weight, were all that upheld him from destruction. In endeavoring to get down, he would inevitably lose his balance, and be precipitated to the deck, a crushed and shapeless mass.

10. In this terrible exigency, what was to be done? To hail him and inform him of his danger, it was thought, would insure his ruin. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him; and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. By this time the deck was covered with officers and crew, to witn -- this appalling, this heart rending spectacle. All seemed mute. Every feeling, every faculty seemed absorbed in one deep, intense emotion of agony.

11. At this moment, a stir was made among the crew about the gangway, when the Commodore, the boy's father, made his appearance. He had come on board without being noticed by a single eye. The Commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was an austere man; and it was thought by some that he did not entertain a very strong affection for his son. All eyes were now fixed on him, endeavoring to read his emotions in his countenance.

12. The scrutiny, however, was vain; his eye retained its severe expression; his brow the slight frown it usually wore; and his lip its haughty curl. In short, no outward sign indicated what was passing within. Immediately on reaching the deck, he ordered a marine to hand a musket; when stepping aft, and leaping upon the look out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, with his trumpet, in a voice of thunder.

13. "Robert!" cried he, "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you" The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was

plain that he was tottering; for his arms were thrown about like one endeavoring to balance himself. The Commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone cried—" Jump! tis your only chance for life." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the boy was seen to leave the truck, and spring out into the air. A sound between a shriek and a groan burst from many lips.

14. The father spoke not—sighed not; indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony, a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball, the body descended to the water; and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwark. Another short period of suspense ensued. The boy rose! he was alive! his arms were seen to move—he struck out towards the ship.

15. In spite of the discipline of a man of war, three loud huzzas, the outburst of unfeigned joy from the hearts of five hundred men, pealed through the air and made the welkin ring. Till this moment the old Commodore had stood unmoved. His face was now ashy pale. He attempted to descend from the block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and attempted to tear open his vest; but in the attempt he staggered and would have fallen, had he not been caught by the bystanders.

16. He was borne to his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equability and self command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin, he was in tears.

QUESTIONS.

What kind of animal was on board the Commodore's vessel? What was its name? What did the monkey take from Bob? What did he do with it? Did Bob follow him? When he had nearly got up to him, what did the monkey do? After being exhausted, what did Bob do? After resting awhile, what did he do? Who was it that made his appearance on board, while they were all engaged in looking at Bob? After reaching the deck,

what did the Commodore order to be handed him? What did he do after this? What did he command Robert to do? Did Robert hesitate? Did the Commodore call to him again? What did he tell him? What was Robert then seen to do? What was the sound of his falling like? As soon as he touched the water, what did some of those on board do? Did the boy rise? Was he alive? What took place on board? Was the boy's father very much affected after this? If Bob was two seconds in falling forty feet, how long was he falling from where he stood, supposing the distance to be one hundred and sixty feet?

Section IV.

THE FISHERMAN OF CASCO BAY.

1. About a century ago, the numerous islands in Casco Bay were inhabited by a hardy race of fishermen, the remains of whose huts, though in ruins, are yet visible. Near one of these ruins, and not far from Diamond Cove, is the grave of Michael Burn—of whom the following story is related.

2. One evening, as he sat at the door of his hut, listening to the waves, which broke on the rocks that surrounded him, his dog, which was lying at his feet, suddenly sprung up; and darting towards a projecting cliff, plunged into the waves. The fisherman, presuming from his earnest manner, that something uncommon had attracted his attention, hastened to the spot from where the animal had leaped; but the night was too dark to discover either the dog, or the object of his pursuit.

3. For some time the fisherman waited his return, in vain; and, at last, supposing he was engaged in a fruitless chase after some seals, which frequently made their appearance, he retired to rest. Scarcely, however, had he sought his pillow, when the well-known bark, and a scratching at the door not only announced his return, but anxiety for his master's presence. He opened the door; the dog whined, pulled him gently, as if wishing him to follow, and suddenly left him.

4. Having lighted his lantern, he left the hut, the dog by his barking directing his path; but on approaching the

shore, what was his astonishment to find his faithful dog standing by a human being, apparently a corpse. It was evident that the dog had just drawn him from the water, but there were no marks of violence on his person. He opened his waistcoat—the body was still warm. Filled with the hope of restoring animation, he bore him to his hut.

5. His exertions were not in vain; for in a short time, the stranger gave signs of returning life; and by the next morning he was able to converse with his generous preserver. "You will probably recollect seeing a vessel near your harbor yesterday," said the stranger. "In that vessel it was my misfortune to have been a passenger: Heaven grant that my beloved wife has not likewise fallen a victim to perfidy and ingratitude.

6. "I am a native of America; but for some years past have resided in France, where I acquired a considerable fortune. Desirous of spending my last days in the land of my fathers, I converted all my property into money, and embarked in this vessel with my wife. I loaded the master and crew with presents, but this only seemed to increase their rapacity. Although I knew they were apprised of my having a large treasure on board, yet I had no fears concerning that, or my life.

7. "But last night their diabolical plans were put in execution. I was alone on the quarter deck, when a deep groan causing me to turn, I beheld one of the passengers lying prostrate on the deck. The ruffians then rushed forward to make me their second victim; but, although nearly overpowered by my sensations, I was enabled to reach the tafferel, from which I sprung into the sea. The darkness of the night, the presumption that I could not reach land, and above all, the work of death which was yet unfinished, prevented a pursuit.

8. "I made an effort to float, trusting to Providence for my guide. But what was life now to me? The dear object for whom I wished to live, my wife, was deserted at the moment she most needed my assistance; and I fancied I could hear her voice imploring mercy. The thought was agonizing. Three times I attempted to regain the ship, but in vain—she was fast receding from me. I now desired death, and ceased my exertions, in order to hasten

its approach. From that moment, until I arrived in your dwelling, reason left me."

9. The humane fisherman did all he could to comfort the helpless sufferer. He spoke of the consolations of religion, and reminded him of the submission which he owed to that Being from whose hands he had already received such manifold blessings. "I have no doubt," continued he, "but these pirates will soon land in this vicinity to divide their plunder; and let us indulge the hope, that these robbers will yet be brought to justice, and you restored to your affectionate wife."

10. Animated with this idea, the fisherman rose and approached the window; and, as he had suggested, the vessel was distinctly seen standing in for the shore. Not a moment was to be lost. Raising the stranger in his arms, he carried him to the boat, and rowing round a steep bluff of rocks which screened them from observation, he placed him in a cave, retired and secure. He then hastened to some huts a few miles distant, informed the inhabitants of the bloody transactions of the past night, and conjured them in the name of humanity and religion, to aid him in boarding the vessel, which was now at anchor.

11. A small but determined band was immediately collected; and under the direction of the fisherman, they advanced with caution towards his humble dwelling. Providence smiled on their endeavors. They crept to the brow of the crag, beneath which the pirates were seated dividing their plunder; and, watching for a good opportunity, they sprung upon them. The confusion of guilt, and the effects of intoxication, rendered them an easy conquest.

12. The fisherman and his comrades then rowed off for the vessel; and tears of joy bedewed his weather-beaten face, on finding that the wife of his guest had escaped unhurt. When he descended into the cabin, she at first seemed unconscious of his approach, so much had her senses been overpowered by the late scenes of horror. When aroused from this stupor, she informed him that she was the only survivor of all those who had taken passage in the vessel.

13. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "I regret that my life

was spared. Far more dear to me, would have been the watery grave of my dear husband." For some minutes, the distress of the wretched woman unmanned the generous fisherman; having at length composed himself, he began to soothe her agitated feelings, by telling her the murderers had no longer the power of doing her an injury; and that though she was separated from her husband, she should never want a protector while he had an arm to raise in her defence.

14. Fearful of apprizing her too suddenly that her husband was still alive, he continued, "Perhaps your husband may still be alive. Some of the passengers have been picked up, severely wounded, it is true; but not beyond the hope of recovery." In this manner, he gradually unfolded the happiness that was in store for her. But with all his caution, nature fainted under the joyful emotions which the true state of the case produced.—And he trembled lest all his labors should have been bestowed in vain.

15. The pirates being carefully secured, to await the punishment due to their crimes, the woman was conducted to the fisherman's hut, where, by this time, she found her husband. But what a meeting! To describe it, we will not attempt. Suffice it to say, that having devoutly acknowledged the merciful interposition of Divine Providence, they bestowed on the fisherman a sum sufficient to render him independent.

16. Wishing to obtain the animal which had rendered him such a signal service, the stranger offered the fisherman a very large sum for his dog; but no consideration could induce him to part with it. "This dog," said he, patting him on the head, "has been my only companion during the long and dreary winters I have spent among these rocks; and rather than part with him, I would return the generous donation you have made me."

17. "Enough," replied the stranger; "you shall not part from him,—and I am sorry I made a request which could cause a moment's pain, to one, to whom I am under so many obligations. Take this, and if it be more than sufficient for your own wants, I know it will be employed—as wealth ought to be—in alleviating the distress of your fellow creatures."

QUESTIONS.

What was the man's name that owned the dog? Where did he live? What was his business? What did his dog suddenly do? How did he act? when he returned? What did the fisherman find by following the dog? What was the stranger's native country? Where had he been residing for some years? Had he acquired a fortune? What was he desirous of doing? What did he do when the ruffians approached him? Did he attempt to regain the vessel? On discovering the vessel approaching the harbor what did the fisherman do with the stranger? What did he next do? Did they catch the pirates? What did the fisherman then do? What did he find on board that gave him joy? What did the stranger bestow on the fisherman? What did he wish to obtain?

Section V.

THE OLD FASHIONED MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

1. "Thy grandmother," said my Uncle Toby, addressing himself to young Laura, just from London, and who was playing 'the battle of Marengo,' on the piano, "thy grandmother, child, used to play upon a much better instrument than thine." "Indeed," said Laura, how could it have been better? You know it is the most fashionable instrument, and is used by everybody that is *anything*." "Your grandmother was *something*, and yet she never saw a pianoforte." "But what was the name of the instrument? Had it strings, and was it played by the hand?" "You must give me time to recollect the name: it was indeed a stringed instrument, and was played with the hand."

2. "By the hands alone? how vulgar; but I should really like to see one; and Papa must buy me one when I return to London; do you think we can obtain one?" "No, you probably will not obtain one in London, but doubtless they may be found in some of the country towns." "How many strings had it? must one play with both hands? and could one play the double bass?" "I know not whether it would play the double bass, as you call it; but it was played with both hands, and had two strings."

3. "Two strings only! surely you are jesting; how could good music be produced from such an instrument,

when the piano has two or three hundred!" "Oh, the strings were very long, one of them about fourteen feet! and the other may be lengthened at pleasure, even to fifty feet or more." "What a prodigious deal of room it must take up; but no matter, I will have mine in the old hall; and papa may have an addition made to it; for he says I shall never want for anything; and so does mamma; but what kind of sound did it make? Were the strings struck with little mallets like the piano; or were they snapped like a harpsichord." "Like neither of those instruments, as I recollect, but it produced a soft kind of humming music, and was peculiarly agreeable to the husband and relations of the performer." "Oh, as to pleasing one's husband or relations, you know that is altogether vulgar in fashionable society; but I am determined to have one, at any rate. Was it easily learned? and was it taught by French and Italian masters?" "It was easily learned, but Frenchmen and Italians scarcely dared to show their heads in our country in those times." "Can you not possibly remember the name? How shall we know what to inquire for?" "Yes, I do now remem- the name; and you must inquire for a Spinning Wheel."

SKETCH BOOK.

THE LAMENT.

There was a day I never sighed;
There was a time I gladly sung;
Oh, how I wish that I had died,
When mind was pure and form was young.
If I were well, a father stoop'd
Above my bed to bless my sleep;
If I were ill, a mother droop'd
And left my bed to think and weep.
My playmates were as brothers tried;
Yes, winter days had sunshine then;
I could not tell why people sigh'd,
Nor felt the cares of busy men.
Friends I have had, as kind and brave,
As ever shared a pliant soul:
But now, affection's foe, the grave,

Has made the floods of sorrow roll.
Repentance hangs upon my heart;
Sweet thoughts e'en yet are in my mind;
I would not throw a venom'd dart,
O no! I never was unkind!
Yet, when my stream of tears is wide,
My willow'd harp to this is strung—
O how I wish that I had died,
When mind was pure and form was young.

SKETCH BOOK.

QUESTIONS.

Which of the two musical instruments do you suppose cost the most money? Which of them do you think was most profitable? If the piano cost 250 dollars and the spinning wheel 10, how many spinning wheels might be bought with the price of the piano? If a young lady could spin two skeins a day at ten cents a skein, how many days must she work in order to buy a piano?

Section VI.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

1. The night was intensely cold, and we were delayed many hours longer than had been anticipated, by an accumulation of snow and ice in the river. At this time, I had an excellent view of the countenance of Washington, as he reined up his steed within pistol-shot of me. Never shall I forget the assurance I felt that success would crown our enterprise, when I viewed that countenance, beaming with majesty, decision and energy. Before we came down to the ferry, there was an awful solemnity about him, which clearly indicated that he considered the present as one of the most eventful and important moments of his life.

2. But *there*, when in sight of the troops who kept their eyes fixed on him, even after the boats had put off, his countenance was full of lofty, heroic and animated expression, which infused encouragement and confidence into all that beheld it. General Knox also was present, whose

stentorian voice made the hills echo. My ears rang for a fortnight after, at the same hour of the night; and even now, when I recall to mind the scenes of that eventful night, I think I can hear him vociferating the orders of the commander-in-chief in a voice of thunder; dismounting every five minutes, and lifting his own artillery like a giant.

3. General Green was there also—the only man of all our armies, who was capable, in my opinion, of taking the place of Washington, in case of any disaster,—there he sat, full of religious composure; his broad forehead fronting the fires, that were kindled near the place of embarkation. At last, though not until three o'clock in the morning, we were fairly landed on the Jersey shore, and by five had taken up our line of march.

4. Our whole army passed softly, and silently, by two or three officers, posted upon the road side, continually waving their swords, with a motion, as if to enjoin silence; and silence it was, of a deathlike nature; for nothing could be heard but the blowing of horses, a jolting now and then in the wet snow where the artillery wagons and gun carriages cut through the ground, and a general rush, like a deep and heavy flow of water.

5. Not many minutes afterwards, a troop of Virginians under Captain Washington (a connexion of the General's) paraded in beautiful style through the heavy snow, and brought us intelligence which tended to accelerate our march. Before his arrival, our commander-in-chief had hoped to surprise the enemy at Trenton, while overpowered with the festivities of the preceding night. But now that hope was abandoned; for Captain Washington had encountered his picket, exchanged a few shots, and left him prepared for our intended attack.

6. Yet this very affair, which threatened to be so disastrous, this frolic of Captain Washington, was probably the chief reason why we succeeded in surprising the enemy at last; for as that was not followed up, the enemy retired to quarters after waiting a reasonable time, (as we afterwards learned,) thinking the whole was nothing more than a Virginia *row*.* Our troops were now thrown into two divisions; and I was now separated from my

* Pronounced like *now*.

father, who was detached under Sullivan and St. Clair to take the river road; while we, under Washington himself, with Green, Morris and Stevens soon pushed onward through what is called the Pennington road.

7. In a few moments afterwards, as I was looking about me, and meditating on the dark array of substantial, but noiseless creatures, horses and wagons, which, altogether, resembled a cavalcade of dead men marching from one place of burial to another; I heard a shot, so near me that my horse leaped out of the rank. This was followed by a loud cry—two or three words—a volley—and then, shot after shot, as if a line of sentinels, sleeping upon their posts, had suddenly started up, one after another, fired their pieces, and run in.

8. Our advance was well furnished with bayonets, and they immediately charged upon the picket, and we dashed after them, trampling them to death with our horses, riding over them like a whirlwind, without speaking a word or firing a shot. This was scarcely done when we heard the firing of the other division, at the opposite quarter; so admirably timed had been the arrangement; and we immediately galloped into the centre of the town, determined to ride the enemy down before they had time to form.

9. Washington was dreadfully exposed. The first picket, thinking this a second attack from the same little skirmishing party that had fired into them before, neglected to give the alarm: and the outposts, though they fought gallantly, retreated step by step behind the houses, disputing every inch of ground, and presenting their bright muskets with fixed bayonets, without a flash of powder, wherever we rode in upon them; but as soon as we had faced about, they blazed away upon us, and running to the next house, were finally driven in.

10. Opportunity at length occurred for fair play. The Hessians were formed in glittering and fearful array. On our right a tremendous struggle was commencing, under the very eye of Washington, with the enemy's artillery which we had taken. At this moment Archibald, with a troop, rode down; his cap off, his sword flashing like a fire brand in the light and smoke of the musketry. "Charge, Charge," he cried "charge them, my

brave fellows, and provoke them to fire." Another troop—another, and another thundered down from the right and left.

11. But such was the invincible obstinacy of the Germans, that no effect could be produced. Their front rank kneeled all round, while the rest were forming, and presented their bayonets, without firing a musket. "By heavens," said Archibald, shouting as if his heart would burst, to Capt. Washington, "I will try them again;" And as he spake, rode at full speed so near, that it appeared to me that he could have struck the enemy with his sword, and fired his pistol into their faces.

12. Our front rank followed the example, and the next moment all the Hessians brought their pieces up to their cheeks, and poured a tremendous volley in upon us. I saw my father fall, and my brother Arthur reel in his stirrups; but Archibald, as if prepared for this very thing, shouted, "Wheel, and charge!" "Wheel, and charge!" repeated an hundred voices in our rear—"Wheel, and charge!" My blood thrills through my veins, as I imagine I still hear those magic words.

13. We obeyed,—and the snow flew, and the swords flashed, and the next moment an hundred of the enemy, the whole of his front rank, were trampled beneath our horses' feet, and the dimensions of a number of the enemy were shortened by a whole head. The infantry under Greene, poured in volley after volley, at the same time;—and Knox, having brought round his light field pieces to bear, as if they were blunderbusses, played in upon them an uninterrupted roll of thunder and smoke.

14. It was impossible to stand it; no human being could have endured the hurricane of bullets, and the impetuosity of the cavalry, sweeping, like a tornado, everything before them. The enemy threw down their arms; and then it was—*then*, when it was necessary to move about the more quiet operations of strife, that we began to feel the intense coldness of the night;—it was then we realized how excruciating was the keen air, cutting through our fresh wounds, like rough broken glass.

SKETCH BOOK.

QUESTIONS.

What occasioned a delay in their proceedings? What General had a very powerful voice? What other General was there; and what was said of him? At what o'clock were they landed on the Jersey shore? For what were officers posted along the road? What tended to accelerate their march? What had the Commander-in-Chief hoped to do? Into how many divisions were the troops thrown? Which road did that under Sullivan take? Which, that under Washington? What was suddenly heard? By what was this followed? Did the enemy surrender? If there were fifteen hundred soldiers that crossed over the river, and one hundred and fifty crossed at a time, how many times did the boat cross in carrying them all over? If each soldier had thirty cents in his pocket, how many dollars had the whole?

Section VII.

THE PROVINCIAL.

1. "Now, father, tell us all about the old gun," were the words of one of a number of children, who were seated around the hearth of a New England cottage. The old man sat in an arm-chair at one side of the fire place, and his wife at the other, well seated in one of smaller dimensions. The boys, that they might not disturb the old man's meditations, seemed to keep as much silence as possible for individuals of their age; the fire burned high, with a sound like that of a trumpet; and its blaze occasionally shone on an old rifle which was suspended horizontally above the mantel.

2. "Willingly, my boys," said the old man, apparently animated by his returning recollections. "It may help to give you an idea of old times, when boys could not stay in their quiet homes as you do, but were forced or rather glad, to do what little they could for their country. My father lived in Tewksbury, a small town in Middlesex county. We were not generally much interested in the news of the day, but the spirit of resistance had then spread to every cottage in the country. The younger men of our village, following the example of others, had formed themselves into military bands, who were obliged, by the terms of their association, to be ready to march at a moment's warning; and were, therefore, called 'Minute men.'

3. "Perhaps, if you accent the last syllable of that word, minute, it would better describe a considerable portion of our number, of whom I was one. I armed myself with that rifle which you see over the mantel, though it was a weary labor to me to bear it on a march; and this, with a leathern bag for bullets, and a powder horn, completed my equipments. We relied more on the justice of our cause, not to mention our skill in sharp shooting, than our military discipline, and thence derived courage, which was not a little needed; for the name of 'Regular' was a very formidable one to every American ear.

4. "Having completed our preparations, such as they were, we waited for an opportunity, which the British were expected soon to give us. It was understood that their purpose was to possess themselves of certain military stores at Concord, and a secret arrangement was made with the friends of liberty in Boston, that when they marched out for that purpose, lights should be displayed in certain steeples, to alarm the country. One night in April, after an unusually hard day's labor, we were suddenly startled with a sound which shook all the windows of the house. Another followed it, and we said in deep and breathless tones to each other, 'it is the signal gun!'

5. "I must confess that my heart beat hard at the sound, and my cheek was cold with dismay; but my father, who was lame with a wound received in the old French war, encouraged us by his animation. 'Now, my boys,' said he, 'the time has come. Go, and do your best.' We had no time for sad reflections, so we ran hastily to the meeting-house, where the rest of our number were already collected, by the light of lanterns. With your ideas of military show, you might, in a calmer moment, have smiled at our display.

6. "The younger men were gathered in groups round certain veterans, who rejoiced in that opportunity of fighting their battles over again; but the arrival of the Colonel broke up the conference. He came not in pompous state, with his staff of officers around him, but simply with that sign of authority, the sword, in his hand. He was a man, whose equanimity nothing ever disturbed, and I am free to confess, that I heartily envied him, when

I heard his quiet tones, calling to his men to mind their business; and when they had sufficiently arranged their ranks, saying, 'Come, we'd as good's go along.' Along he went, as quietly as he had followed his plough that day; but there were hearts among his followers that were sorely oppressed by the excitement of the scene.

7. "We moved on in darkness and silence, on the road to Lexington. As we came near the town, we thought we heard the sound of some unusual motion, and as the day began to dawn, were on the watch to discover, when suddenly, as we turned the base of a hill, martial music burst upon the ear, and the bright colors, and long red files of the British army came full in view. As if by one consent, we all stood still for a time; and I declare to you, that helpless as we were in comparison with such a force, and young as I was for such encounters, the moment I saw what the danger was, I felt at once relieved; and nothing doubting that an engagement must take place, I longed for it to begin.

8. "In a few moments we heard the sound of irregular firing, and saw our countrymen dispersing in all directions. Then our senior officer gave orders—not after a military sort, but still the best that could be given on such an occasion—for each man to go into the fields and fight '*on his own hook.*' This was done at once, and with surprising execution. A close fire was poured in on the regulars from all quarters, though not an American was to be seen. They fired passionately and at random, but every moment they saw their best men falling, and found themselves obliged to retreat without revenge.

9. "Unused as we were to blood, we felt a triumph when each one of our enemies fell. I received two balls in my clothes, and one passed through my hat, but so engaged was I in firing, that I hardly noticed them at that time. When my powder was gone, I went out on the track of the retreating army, with a high heart and burning cheek, I assure you. The first of the fallen that I saw before me, was a young officer, not older than myself, who had received a wound in the breast, and was lying by the way side.

10. "There was a calm repose in the expression of his features, which I have often seen in those who died with

gun-shot wounds; his lips were gently parted, and he seemed like one neither dead nor sleeping, but profoundly wrapped in meditation on distant scenes and friends. I went up to him with the same proud feeling I had maintained throughout the battle; but when I saw him lying there in his beauty, and thought of all the hopes that were crushed by that blow,—of those who were dreaming of him as one free from danger, and waiting that happy moment that was to restore him to their arms; and more than all, when I thought that I might have been the cause of all this destruction, my heart relented within me; and I confess to you, that I sat down by that poor youth and wept like a child.

11. "I left the spot with the heavy steps of one that feels the weight of blood upon his head, and returned to my father's house, resolved to expiate my crime. The image of that youth, pale and bleeding, was before my eyes by day, and at my bedside by night, for weeks after; and in every wind, I thought I heard the avenger of blood." "And did you fight no more, father?" "Oh! yes, my boy. As soon as Boston was invested, we heard that our services were needed; and nothing more was wanted to fill the ranks of the army. I arrived at the camp the evening before the battle of Bunker Hill.

12. "Though weary with the march of the day, I went to the hill, upon which our men were throwing up a breastwork in silence, and happened to reach the spot just as the morning was breaking in the sky. It was clear and calm; the sky was like pearl; the mist rolled lightly from the still water, and the large vessels of the enemy lay quiet as the islands. Never shall I forget the earthquake voice with which that silence was broken. A smoke like that of a conflagration, burst from the sides of the ships, and the first thunders of the revolutionary storm broke over our heads. The bells of the city spread the alarm, the lights flashed in a thousand windows, the drums and trumpets mustered their several bands, and the sounds, in their confusion, seemed like an articulate voice foretelling the strife of that day.

13. "We took our places mechanically, side by side, behind a breastwork, and waited for the struggle to be-

gin. We waited long in silence. There was no noise but of the men at the breast work, strengthening their rude fortifications. We saw the boats put off from the city, and land the forces on the shore beneath us. Still there was silence, except when the tall figure of our commander moved along our line, directing us not to fire till the word was given. For my part, as I saw those gallant forces march up the hill, in well ordered ranks, with the easy confidence of those who had been led to victory, I was motionless with astonishment and delight. I thought only of their danger, and the steady courage with which they advanced to meet it; the older officers moving with mechanical indifference, the younger with impatient daring. Then a fire blazed along their ranks, but the shot struck in the redoubt, or passed harmlessly over our heads.

14. "Not a solitary musket answered; and if you had seen the redoubt, you would have said, that some mighty charm had turned all its inmates into stone. But when they had approached so near us, that every shot would tell, a single gun from the right was the signal for us to begin; and we poured upon them a fire, under which their columns seemed to reel like some mighty wall which the elements were striving to overthrow. When the smoke passed away, their line appeared as if a scythe of destruction had cut it down; the place where they had stood, being marked with a long line of now inanimate beings.

15. "Again they returned to the charge: again they were cut down; and then the heavy masses of smoke from the burning town, added magnificence to the scene. By this time my powder-horn was empty, and most of those around me had but a single charge remaining. It was evident that our post must be abandoned, but I resolved to try them once again. They came upon us with double fury. While engaged in personal conflict with a British officer, the enemy's line had passed me in pursuit of the flying Americans, and thus cut off my retreat: one of their soldiers fired, and the ball entered my side. I fell, and was beaten with muskets on the head until they left me for dead upon the field.

16. "When I recovered, the soldiers were employed in

burying their dead. An officer inquired if I could walk; but finding me unable, he directed his men to drag me by the feet to their boats, where I was thrown in, fainting with agony, and carried with the rest of the prisoners to Boston. One of my comrades, who saw me fall, returned with the news to my parents. Not having heard anything more from me, they doubted not but I was slain. They mourned for me as lost, and a rude stone was erected near the graves of my family in the burying-ground, to record the fate of the one who was not permitted to sleep with his fathers. But their sorrow was in a degree mitigated by the reflection that one of their number was counted worthy to suffer death in the service of their country.

17. "I was carried to the hospital in Boston; and never shall I forget the scene presented in that abode of wo. The rooms were small and crowded; the regulars and provincials were thrown in together, to be visited, that is, looked upon, if by chance they could catch his eye, once a day, by an indifferent physician who neither understood nor cared for his duty. It was awful to hear the curses poured out by some dying wretch, upon the rebels, who had given him his death wound; but my heart sunk far more at hearing the last words of some of my countrymen, who entreated the surviving to tell their friends that in death they remembered them, and gave up their lives calmly and religiously as brave men should. One youth of my own age, do I especially remember; his bed was next to mine. One night his gasping informed me that his death was drawing nigh. I rose upon my elbow and looked upon him, as a pale lamp shone upon his features.

18. "There was a tear in his eye, and his thoughts appeared to be far away, evidently returning to that home which was never to behold him again. Long time he lay thus, and I remained gazing on him, expecting myself soon to pass through the same change. At last the expression of his countenance altered; he raised his hands and clasped them as if in supplication; his eyes were turned upwards, and in that prayer, when sleep had happily sealed the eyes of the blasphemers around him, he gave up his soul to God.

19. "When the British were obliged to retire from Boston, I was taken to Halifax, with the rest of the prisoners, in the fleet. I was placed in a prison ship, but was soon removed to a prison in the town. The confinement grew intolerable, as my limbs recovered strength; and the prison door was hardly closed, before I resolved with my companions, that we would not rest until we had made one great effort to escape. Every day we were insulted by the wretches employed to guard us; our food was hardly sufficient to sustain us; we were not permitted to know anything of the success of our countrymen; and as often as any favor was requested, it was denied with bitter scorn.

20. "Our apartment, in which six were confined, resembled a dungeon; but this, though it added to the gloominess of our condition, aided our attempts at escape. I was fortunate enough to find an old bayonet upon the floor, with which I loosened the masonry of the wall. Long and wearily did we labor, relieving each other at the task, and thus keeping constantly at work, night and day, except when the grating of rusty hinges informed us that the turnkey was approaching our room. We had hung up our clothing on the wall where we labored, as soon as we entered the jail; so that it was not suspected to be a screen for our labors. In the course of four long weeks we succeeded in penetrating through the wall, and never did my heart bound with such delight, as when I saw the first gleam of a star through the opening. We waited for a night suitable to our purpose; and it seemed as if the elements had conspired against us; for seven days passed, and each night was as clear and as calm as possible.

21. "At last the night set in dark and stormy. The wind, as it howled from the ocean, and sent the rain rattling against our little window, was music to our ears. We heard the toll of midnight from the bells of the town, and then began our operations. We took the stones of the wall and placed them in the dungeon, removing them silently, one by one. When the passage was opened, we saw it was not very high above ground. We doubted not but the sentry would shelter himself in his box, from the storm; but lest he should discover us, each armed

himself with a stone. He *was* sheltered, as we supposed, but hearing the sound we made in letting ourselves down from the breach, he came towards us. Before he could give his challenge, we threw our stones at the unfortunate man, and heard him sink heavily to the earth, his musket ringing as he fell.

22. "Four of our number were strong; but one, with myself, was infirm from the effect of wounds. They, therefore, at our request, left us behind, though with much apparent reluctance. It was an evil hour for them when they did so; for they were afterwards retaken, and committed to prison again, where ill treatment and depression put an end to their existence before the close of the war. I went with my companion into a swamp about a mile from the town, and we had hardly secured our retreat, and laid ourselves down to rest, when the roar of guns came floating upon the wind, a signal that our escape was discovered. It was followed by the martial sound of the bugle; but near as it was, we could go no farther, and could only quietly employ ourselves in gathering boughs of pine, to form a kind of couch and covering.

23. "Thus we lay sheltered till the day dawned, listening in no pleasing suspense to the sounds of alarm that reached us from the town. In a few hours the sounds drew near us; we could even see our pursuers as they passed by. A small party employed a stratagem to draw us from the swamp in which they thought it possible we had taken shelter. Suddenly crying out, "Here they are," they fired into the shrubbery; but though the balls fell all around us, we saw their motions, and were not frightened from our hiding places.

24. "We rose at night and went on our way, subsisting upon fruits and berries; together with a little miserable bread, which we had saved for this expedition; but we were tortured with hunger, and on passing a barn, my companion secured a fowl, which we ate, raw as it was, with delight. Thus we travelled for seven days, almost without food, and entirely without shelter; but our strength began to give way. I deliberated with my companion, who was resolute, but still more feeble than myself, and we determined to throw ourselves on the mercy of some passing traveller.

25. "This was our only chance of relief; and though it was hazardous, and almost hopeless, we resolved, if we met with but one person, we would make ourselves known and ask his protection. Soon after we had decided on this course, we heard the lingering tramp of a horse, and saw a venerable looking person, who reminded us of one of our New England farmers, going to market with a tempting load of poultry. I came out of the hedge, and requested him to hear me; but he looked at me in a manner that clearly evinced that he was extremely suspicious of my character and calling; his reply was, 'Can't stop,' and began, with much clamor, to urge his beast into a quicker step.

26. "But the beast was my friend on this occasion, and absolutely refused to hasten his movements, without some better reason than he saw at that time. I took advantage of his obstinacy to state my condition to the old man, whose countenance changed at once, on hearing my story. 'Conscience!' said he, 'I thought you no better than a picaroon; but you look most starved.' So saying, he dismounted from his horse, and opening his panniers, he handed me the food he had provided for his journey. This I shared with my companion, who came forward and joined me. 'I was going to ask you to ride double,' said the farmer, 'but the creature can't carry three; however, wait till I return in the evening and I will lend you a helping hand.'

27. "The old gentleman with much caution further observed; 'that he did not know as it was quite right, but he took a notion for the Americans himself, when he heard they were angry about the price of tea. But at all events,' said he, 'I can't see how I should help King George by carrying you back to Halifax, to be hanged, maybe, though I would do anything for the old gentleman in reason.' With many cautions and encouragements he left us. We concealed ourselves through the day, and many suspicions came over us, that our friend might be induced by rewards to give us up to our pursuers. But we did him injustice. At night he came back and seemed glad to see us, when we made our appearance.

28. "'I might have come back before,' said he, 'but I thought we could work better in the dark.' He then

dismounted, and directed us, without delay, to mount the horse, while he would walk by its side. For a long time we refused to suffer him, as aged as he was, to encounter such fatigue; but we were really worn out, and at last consented. We went on all that night, the old man keeping up our spirits by his conversation. It was daybreak before he showed any intention of making a permanent halt; but as the morning grew red in the sky he urged us forward till we stopped under the windows of a solitary farm-house, with its large buildings, not neat as they are in New England, but still indicating thrift and industry in its possessor.

29. "He went to what appeared to be a bed-room window, where he knocked with some caution. Forthwith a night-capped head made its appearance, and at once declared its native land by the exclamation, 'Law me, what brings you home this time o' night.' But the question was answered by a request that she would rise and open the door. It proved to be the old gentleman's help-mate. She immediately commenced preparations for breakfast, without troubling herself much about the character of her husband's guests; he condescended, however, to make some little explanation.

30. "When the breakfast was over, which, however, was a work of time, we were invited to spend all that day in rest, after our long and painful journey. In the evening we met again in the huge kitchen, which was the gathering place of the family, who were amused with some feigned account of our character, and the object of our visit. When the mixed collection had retired, leaving us with the old man and his wife, we gave him a full account of our adventures; and were happy to find, from his unconcern as to politics, that we were in a place of security.

31. "He told us there was much confusion in the town on account of our escape, and that a reward was offered for our detection; while at the same time detachments of soldiers were sent in pursuit. He himself was strictly examined, and he said 'he did not feel quite easy in his mind,' on account of some deception which he had been obliged to use. 'However,' said he, 'I did not do evil that good may come. I did the good first, and

the evil followed.' We proposed to leave him that night, but he would by no means consent to this, and insisted on our remaining with him some time, as he said, 'to pick up our crumbs.'

32. "On the third night we took leave of our Samaritan host, with the deepest emotions of gratitude for his kindness. I *always* looked on the bright side of human nature; but I never received an impression in its favor so decided and *literally reviving*, as from the conduct of this humble man. I never saw him nor heard of him again. On parting, he kindly gave us directions to a place where we could take passage for Falmouth, now Portland. We succeeded in reaching it without difficulty, and though we had no money, his recommendation gained us a place in the vessel. I felt relieved when once more upon the waters, and standing gallantly out to sea.

33. "With what different feelings had I traversed the same ocean-roads before! Then my heart died within me, as I stood on the battlements of the floating castle that bore me through the waves; every moment increased the distance between me and my home and country; which grew dearer to me in the hour of our mutual distress; now, as our little whaleboat bounded over the waves, I felt joyous, bold and triumphant. I thought then there were moments in a life of changes, which atone for the heaviness of many of its hours.

34. "From Falmouth, we went home on foot. Before I reached my native village, my companion left me. His society had become endeared to me by our partnership in misfortune; and I parted with him in much sorrow. He has ceased, long ago, from the number of the living, but I hope to meet him again. I entered my native village in a clear summer's afternoon; the air was calm, the sky was clear, and there was stillness like that of the sabbath, through the whole of the place. I remembered hearing the distant bell, and knew that they were assembled for the lecture which preceded the communion service, according to the custom of our fathers.

35. "I went to my father's door and entered it softly. My mother was sitting in her usual place by the fireside, though there were green boughs instead of fagots in the chimney before her. When she saw me, she gave a

wild look, grew deadly pale, and making an ineffectual effort to speak to me, fainted away. With much difficulty I restored her; but it was long before I could make her understand, that the supposed apparition was, in truth, her son, whom she had so long mourned for as dead.

36. "My little brother had also caught a glimpse of me; and, as might naturally be supposed, was exceedingly alarmed. In his fright, he ran to the meeting-house to give the alarm. When he reached that place, the service had ended, and the congregation were just coming from the doors. Breathless with fear, he gave them his tidings. Having related what he had seen, the whole assembly bent their way towards my father's house; and such was their impatience to arrive at the spot, that minister and deacons, old men and matrons, young men and maidens, quickened their steps to a run.

37. "Never was there such a confusion in our village —The young were eloquent in their amazement; and the old put on their spectacles to see the strange being who had thus returned from the dead. I told my story over and over again. As often as I concluded it, new detachments arrived, who insisted on hearing all the particulars in their turn. The house was crowded with visiters till far in the night, when the minister dismissed them, after calling on my parents to unite with him in returning thanks to God, 'for this son which was dead and is alive again, which was lost and is found."

TOKEN FOR 1830.

QUESTIONS.

Where did the old man say his father lived? What bands did the young men form themselves into? What were they called? Why? What name was then very formidable? Who were expected soon to give them a trial of their strength? For what purpose did they expect the British at Concord? What secret arrangement had been made with the friends of liberty in Boston? For what purpose? When was the signal gun fired? Where did they immediately run to? What road did they take? What order did the senior officer give? When did he arrive at the camp near Boston? On what hill was the battle fought? How many times were the British repulsed before they succeeded in taking the fort? What happened to him while the enemy were in pursuit of the Americans? After being thrown to the boat, where was he carried? When the British left Boston where was he taken to? After being imprisoned, what did he and the rest of the prisoners resolve to do? How long were they in penetrating through the wall? After they got out, what did they do to the sentry? Where did

they then go? Were some of them that escaped retaken? After suffering hunger some days, what did they determine to do? Whom did they soon fall in with? How long did they stay with the old gentleman? To what place did they take passage? How did they travel from Falmouth home? How was his mother affected on seeing him? What did his little brother do? What did the whole assembly do, when they heard the tidings?

Section VIII.

THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADE. (*A Fact.*)

1. Two lovely little children took, when summer was in prime,
An airing through a flowery spot, a garden neat and fine;
A brother and a sister—twins, and each to each endeared,
What either chose to love or fear, the other loved or feared.

And brightly shone the summer's sun upon the gentle pair,
Who plucked each gaudy flower that grew in rich profusion there,
Or chased the brilliant butterflies, those fair, defenceless things,
That round them temptingly did sport upon their silken wings.

With many a flower which they had plucked, a mimic grove they made,
But wondered, when they came again, they had so soon decayed;
And grieving, each the other asked, why all the roses red,
Which freshly bloomed an hour before, now drooping hung their head.

2. 'Twas in that season of the year when on the blooming earth,
Each flower and plant, and shrub and tree, to all their fruits gave birth.
But 'mid them all, and most exposed to catch the passing view,

With purple flowers and berries red, the Deadly Night
shade grew.

Up rose the little boy and ran, upon the bush to gaze.
And then his sister followed quick, and both were in
amaze;
For berries half so beautiful they ne'er before had seen,
So out he rashly stretched his hand, among the branches
green.

"O Edward! Edward! do not touch. Remember, mother
said,
That poisonous fruit in clusters grow, though beautiful
and red;
They truly have a tempting look, inviting to the eye,
But if a single one we eat, we both will surely die."

3. "O! Charlotte, Charlotte, do you think that these can
do us harm,
Or that such pretty fruit as this need cause us such
alarm?
For surely if they poisonous are, they bitter then must
be,
So I will taste a single one and we shall quickly see."

Then forth he stretched his little hand, and one red ber-
ry plucked,
And to his lips he put the fruit, and in the poison sucked;
And when he found the juice was good, he bade his sis-
ter eat,
"For it is pleasant to the taste—so cooling and so sweet."

These berries then the children pulled, and of them ate
their fill,
Nor did they ever dream awhile, that they were doing ill;
"'Tis not the fruit that mother meant," exultingly they
cried,
And merry was their prattling laugh, to see their fingers
dyed.

4. But suddenly the sister stopped, her rosy cheek grew
pale,

"O, brother! brother! hold me up, for something doth me ail,
I feel so weak, I cannot stand,—the trees are dancing round,
O, Edward! Edward! clasp my hand and place me on the ground."

He gently laid his sister down, and bitterly did cry,
And every means to ease her pains, and calm her fears did try;
But soon he felt himself grow sick—and feeble—chilly—weak,—
And as he tottered on the grass, he bruised his sister's cheek.

Exhausted though that infant was, upon his tender breast,
He placed the little Charlotte's head, that she might softer rest;
The hapless creature did but think his sister only slept,
And when his eyesight dimmer grew, to her he closer crept.

5. The evening closed upon these babes, who slept away their breath,
Their tender arms each other locked, and both were locked in death;
And they who had the sacred trust, those cherubs safe to keep,
Beheld them where they quiet lay, but thought they were asleep.

When they the hapless sufferers raised, from that last, fond embrace,
A half formed smile was seen to dwell upon each pallid face;
Alas! that such twin roses fair, which morning saw in bloom,
Should wither in the morn of life, and fade and die so soon.

THE LILY.

one only daughter; and to make her *genteel*, as he called it, he sent her for six months to a boarding-school.

4. When she had been there a short time, such a box arrived at the 'Plough!' Every one in the village thought it must be something very beautiful, as it came from Mary Hill's school; and when it was opened, appeared a piece of embroidery, in a fine gold frame. People were somewhat puzzled, at first, to know what it was. There was an animal, which might be either a pig or a mule, with its heels in the air; and there was a boy somewhat taller than a tree, and another brownish black looking thing; however, the *Poetry* underneath explained the matter.

> "The vicious kicking donkey
> Has thrown my brother and Pompey."

5. The silly people of Callow (for there are silly people everywhere) thought that Mary must be wonderfully improved; but the wise ones knew that it was not right for a girl in her situation of life to waste so much time on such useless work. Indeed, poor Mary was not much better for her six months' trip. She brought home a great many airs; and it was evident, that she had not been properly instructed; for I am almost ashamed to say, that she despised her parents, because they were not as rich or as fashionable, as the "*Pa's*" and "*Ma's*" of the young ladies she knew at school. However, I have said enough about her.

6. Monday was always a busy day with good Dame Mabel; the little floor of the school-room was freshly sanded; laurel, gemmed with bright hedge roses, graced the chimney; the eight-day clock, towering even unto the ceiling, seemed to tick more loudly than ever; and the high-backed chair was placed so as to command not only a good view of the four corners of the room, but of a large cupboard, where books and work were arranged, and where the *very* little people often congregated like a nest of young wrens, and whispered, and twittered, whenever the dame's back was turned; then a little black-looking carved table was placed on the right hand side of this throne, and on it, ready for use, every Monday morning, a new, well-made birch rod.

7 The good Dame seldom wore out more than one a

week, which, considering all things in those days, was not thought too much. But I wish I could describe the dame to you, for I am sure you will never see any one like her, as even the village school mistresses now are very different from what they were twenty years ago: Her apron was always white as snow, and round it a flounce full two fingers deep; her neckerchief clear and stiff, neatly pinned down in front; the crown of her cap in the highest part might measure perhaps a yard, somewhat more or less; and under it was concealed with due caution her nice gray hair; and notwithstanding her dark eyes, and long, hooked nose, she would occasionally show a smile so sweet, that every little child's heart felt happy at seeing it.

8. But there were times when, in very truth, the good dame's anger was excited; and she certainly did look what the young ones called 'very terrible.' "I'll certainly try this new rod on your bare shoulders, Fanny Spence," said the old lady, one 'black Monday morning,' to a little arch-looking girl with blue eyes, who amused herself by eating the corners of her spelling-book.—"I'll teach you how to munch your book as a rabbit does clover. Mercy on me! you have half torn out the pretty picture of the 'Fox and the Grapes;' and you have daubed over as many as ten leaves with—How did you get at my rose pink? Oh! you wicked, wicked girl!"

9. The dame, I am sorry to say, now lost her temper; and elevated her rod and voice, at one and the same moment. Fanny, who had opened her mouth to commence squalling, thought it better to tell the truth; so, keeping as far from the rod as possible,—"Indeed, if you please, ma'am, it was Dick Shaw—he painted 'em for me—and he stole it out of your basket yesterday, while you were taking up the stiches little Kate dropped in the toe of her stocking." Before dame Mabel had decided what punishment to inflict, her attention was attracted by little Kate herself, who crept slowly to her seat with downcast eyes.—

10. "This is a very pretty hour for you to come to school, Miss—Why, all your strings are out, your hands and arms torn and dirty. I see how it is;—open your

mouth—black, as I supposed.—You have been down the lane after blackberries;—very well, I'll find a way to punish you." The old lady then drew forth a string from her cabinet of curiosities, which she carried about her in the form of a work-pocket, and was about tying the culprit's hands behind her, when, in lisping tones, the little rogue declared; "it was all Dick Shaw's fault; he showed me the bush, ma'am, and he promised to hold it; but I ate only two or three when he pulled it away, and I fell into the ditch."

11. "And served you right, too," said the dame—"Girls have no business to play with the boys; but your arm is much scratched just here. Well," she continued, her tone instantly softening,(for she was really very kind-hearted,) "give me my bag, and I will bind it up with some old linen the good vicar's lady gave me." The bag was brought, and emptied; but no old linen was to be found. The children were severally questioned; and at last little Phebe Ford, a merry laughing thing of six years old, who, though she had many faults, always spoke the truth; a virtue, which, even at that age, made her respected—said, that she saw Dick Shaw pull out the roll of linen at noon, on Friday.

12. "That boy," said the dame, "shall be expelled my school;" and I certainly ought not to have kept him since the trick of the spectacles; nor would I indeed, were it not that *others*"—(and her eye glanced at a red faced, red-armed girl of ten—fuzzy head and little twinkling eyes) "were almost as bad as he.—I only said *almost*, Mary, and you have been very good ever since." By the way, I must tell you that the affair of the spectacles occurred two days after Dick came to Dame Mabel's school. He took a fancy to fix the old lady's spectacles on the nose of farmer Howit's pig;—and Mary Greene, the little vixen, agreed to assist him in tying them on to the squealing animal.

13. But as the pig, who, in this instance, showed more wisdom than either Dick or Mary, could see better without than with the spectacles, he pushed Dick into a puddle of dirty water, and left the luckless Mary sprawling near him in the mire; while the conquering pig returned

to his pen, grunting notes of triumph over his fallen assailants, and shaking his bristly ears, which had been unmercifully pulled in the contest. But nothing could cure the boy's love of mischief; and everything that went wrong in the village was laid to his account.

14. His poor mother's heart was almost broken; even his father, hard-working man as he was, had been seen to shed tears over his son's wilful ways; and his sister, a good, industrious girl of sixteen, could have been of great service to her parents, were it not that her whole time was taken up in trying to keep Dick out of mischief, or to repair that which he had already done.

15. While the good dame was wrapping the bandages around the truant girl's arm, a little cluster of whisperers had collected in one corner, discussing the character of poor Dick—"'Twas he," said Lydia Grant, "that pinned Sarah Carey's frock to aunt Colwell's new gown;" "and Sarah cried," said Ann Hill, "because it tore out so large a piece." "Hush! don't speak so loud," said Lydia, "the dame will hear you." "She's not looking," replied Ann, "she is mending little Kate's arm; and I just want to show you the pretty book my mother gave me, because I would not play with Dick Shaw on Sunday."

16. "Bless me, look!" interrupted Mary Dench. "Hark! did you ever hear such a screaming? It is Dick Shaw himself! and Patty is dragging him to school; he kicks like a donkey—there goes his shoe." "His bran-new hat and spelling book, which cost his father a dollar," said the prudent Lydia, "are ruined." Patty pulled;—Dick kicked and roared; but her firmness conquered his violence, and she at last succeeded in carrying him into the school-room, furiously wild with passion; and, like every body else in a passion, he looked very ugly.

17. Here a fresh mortification awaited the young rebel; he had been conquered by a *girl;*—that was bad enough; but it was still worse to be expelled a *girl's* school. He stood stiff and sturdy, while the good dame read him a lecture, which, though simply worded, conveyed many useful lessons, and ended by saying, "that evil communications corrupt good manners," and he

should no longer remain in school. Dick was then formally expelled; and in a little time, Dame Mabel's scholars became as peaceable as they had been, before obstinate Dick set them so bad an example; even the wild Mary Greene became a very good girl.

18. Dick, I am sorry to say, did not improve; and his society was shunned by all; for no boys, whether rich or poor, can ever be respected, or prosper in their several spheres of life, who are wilful, violent, disobedient, or Sabbath breakers. The young rebel's father, finding that his son continued so very wicked, and disobedient, permitted him to go to sea; and for many years no one heard anything of obstinate Dick. The respected Dame Mabel had become so old, that the vicar had procured a new school mistress; but the old lady continued to occupy the same house.

19. One fine spring morning, when Patty Shaw was placing her aged friend on a nice green seat at the school door, (for old people love to breath the pure air, and Dame Mabel felt the sun's rays very pleasant, though she could not see its brightness,) a young man, with a wooden leg and but one eye, in a tattered sailor's dress, stopped and looked earnestly up the village. "Do you want to see any one, young man?" said Patty, in her clear, calm voice—"or, as you seem much fatigued, is there anything I can give you?" "Is there an old man, a carpenter, of the name of Shaw, in your village?" replied he; "and can you give me a draught of water? for I have walked far, and have not a penny to buy food."

20. "Patty," said Dame Mabel, who was now blind, "if your brother Dick is a living being, that is his voice." And she was right. Dick's temper had prevented his advancement, and he returned a cripple to his native village; where, but for the kind exertions of his sister, he must have become an inmate of the work-house; for his parents were both dead, and he had not received even their blessing. But Patty was beloved by every one; and poor Dick was sincerely sorry for his former obstinate ways; and he now accomplishes more with his wooden leg than he formerly did with two good ones.

THE LILY.

QUESTIONS.

What was the name of the school mistress? How did she rule her school? What did her signboard promise? What day was always a busy one with Dame Mabel? What was placed on the table every Monday morning? To whom did the girls lay the fault of their misconduct? What did Dick take a fancy to do? Who assisted him? How did the pig serve them? How did Dick's conduct affect his father and mother? What did Dick's father permit him to do because he was so wicked? What had happened to him while he had been absent? What was the consequence of Dick's temper? Was he sorry for his conduct?

Section X.

THE SCHOOL BOYS.

1. "My dear little boy," said George Parker to Henry Storndale, "you have been very kind and useful to me, ever since I arrived at this place, and I wish very much that"—Here the speaker, a young West Indian, and full three years older than the child he addressed, suddenly made a full stop, and his dark, but intelligent countenance was suffused by a deep blush; on observing which, Henry said,—"What do you wish? I am sure I will do anything to oblige you, for you have been very generous to me, and that is more than I can say of any other of our great boys."

2. "I wish much that you would be my little slave, all the time we are at school together, for I love you better than any other little boy." Henry's blood mounted more quickly to his face from anger, than that of George had done from timidity,—and he answered indignantly, —"I would not be your *slave*, nor that of any grown up man, for all the world. No! not even a king's!" "I beg your pardon, I did not mean *slave*; that was not the word; but I was told when I came here, that I should have a little boy who would help me, and to whom I must in turn be kind."

3. "I suppose, they said you would have a Jack."

"Yes, that was it; that was what I wanted." "Well, I have no objections to be your Jack, for it is better to have one master than many, and the boys here, because I am a free boy, (by which I mean I don't belong to any one of them,) have a great trick of ordering me about, on all occasions. Yes! I will be your Jack with all my heart, but pray be careful never to use that word *slave* to a free-born British boy like me, or there will be an end of all friendship between us. Why, man, it would set our blood a boiling in December, to be mistaken for one of your West India negroes."

4. "I shall never mistake you for one of those poor things," said George, as he gently laid his hand on Henry, "so you need not speak in such a loud voice; and even if you were one, and bought with my own money, I should neither treat you ill, nor suffer any other boy to do it. All that I mean is, that I am a stranger, and find myself very ignorant compared with those much younger than myself, and I want some one to help me, as you have already done, for which I would be very grateful."

5. Henry was an orphan, placed at school by a relation, who, unwilling to pay the expenses of so genteel an establishment as the one his pride and not his affection had pitched upon, subjected the poor child to many mortifications. His clothes were generally much coarser than those of his schoolmates; he had no home on the holydays, whither he could invite his companions; and what was worse than all, he had no pocket money: and though he had learned manfully to resist the temptations of such things as usually please youth, he had by no means acquired the power of enduring the sneers which the vulgar and unfeeling indulged in, on witnessing his poverty

6. At these moments his indignation rose, while his heart bled with sorrow; and as he sought to hide his emotions in solitude, he had hitherto mingled so little with his school-fellows, that he had not made that connexion with any, which was generally resorted to; by which the youngest acquired a protector, and the elder an assistant or servant. This circumstance had been favorable to Henry's improvement, for he had often spent that time in reading, which others gave to play; and in consequence

he was more in favour with the most judicious part of the teachers; but their kindness, did not, of course, advance him in the good graces of his companions, who looked down upon him with contempt.

7. Pride of circumstances is peculiar to narrow minds, and, therefore, all children are given to it, because they are all ignorant, until properly informed by those who have the care of their education; and it too often happens that this information is neglected for points in fact, much less important.—Young Parker was not aware of this; he came a stranger, and although the son of a wealthy man, his father had no title, nor was spoken of as related to rank: the community did not, therefore, recognise him as one entitled to their special intimacy and kindness.

8. But in the retiring and kind hearted Henry, he soon discovered a valuable and affectionate friend; and that affection was strengthened ten fold as he became sensible of his own deficiencies, and of Henry's willingness to save him from shame or blame; and it is certain, that although Parker made a great blunder in his offer, yet it was in the mode only; for from the time of their bargain, his purse and his power were alike at Henry's service; and when his ample stores were known, all the rest were quite willing to share his friendship and his presents.—

9. Henry soon found that his generous friend had good abilities, but great idleness; and he set himself, with every means in his power, to excite the former and conquer the latter. For this purpose, whenever Parker wanted him to write an exercise, or do anything else for him, he used to show him how to do it, but positively refused to prepare it; and so far from accepting gifts for his services, he uniformly declined taking even an apple from him till the task was finished,—"When," he would say, "we can eat them together with pleasure."

10. Parker would sometimes be so vexed with his firmness, as to be ready to abandon his contract; but the remembrance of Henry's usefulness and affection, prevented him.—In time, he began to feel the pleasure resulting from having conquered his difficulties, subdued his indolence, and acquired a habit of application; and while he

found himself the equal of Henry, yet he did not forget that it was to his influence he owed the advantage he had gained.

11. Parker remained at school till he was nearly eighteen, as his father wished to give him every advantage; but Henry was removed when he was but fourteen, as his uncle desired to make him early useful; and being a tall, manly looking boy, as well as an industrious and clever [illegible], he soon became of importance in the counting-house of his wealthy relative, who was a flourishing merchant. The lads were thus effectually divided, in person; but their hearts long clung to each other; and very hard did poor Henry think it, when his uncle (a severe and cold hearted man,) forbade all correspondence with Parker, as a foolish and expensive waste of time and money.

12. Years passed on: the uncle died; and after denying his nephew, during life almost every indulgence, left him, at twenty-three, a large fortune, and extensive business, of which he was the uncontrolled possessor. Perhaps the sudden acquisition of so much property and liberty, might have been injurious to one so young, and hitherto so straitened in circumstances, had he not, at a very early period, been taught a lesson, which could not have been learned in the dissipation and pleasures of the metropolis.

13. One morning, as he sat at breakfast, his servant announced a stranger; and after earnestly surveying him, he threw down his newspaper, and rushed impetuously towards him, exclaiming, "Surely, I have the pleasure of seeing my dear friend Parker." "Yes, sir, you see *him* it is true, unchanged in heart; but alas! very different in circumstances. You are a man now conversant in the affairs of life; you are aware of the great losses often experienced by West India planters; my father, and of course myself, have been among the greatest sufferers." "I am exceedingly grieved to hear it; but come, sit down, my dear friend, we can talk over these matters at our leisure."

14. "No, I will not sit down till I have told you all. My poor father is at this time settling all our affairs, and will

follow me with the wreck of our property; this I fear will prove barely a support to myself and my sister; and therefore I now come to ask you to change with me *as men*, the relative situation we held together as boys—take *me* to be a *slave*, or Jack, or clerk, whatever you choose to call it, in your counting-house." "I will take you to be all three, dear Parker, for one year, and then most gladly make you my partner, if you shall have found the duties demanded of you agreeable; in the meantime, do not grudge me the pleasure of feeling I am your friend."

15. "Generous Henry!" exclaimed Parker, as he affectionately embraced him; "ah! how different is your reception of me from that of many others, since the days when misfortune frowned upon me! Thankfully do I accept of all your offers, for I am well aware that I am welcome to your house and your heart. You never flattered my faults as a boy, you never cringed to me in the days of boyish bounty, and therefore you will never wound me by your pride now the tables are turned upon us."

16. "My dear friend," said Henry, "remember also that I took freely that which you gave freely, and that I owe debts to you without end, which, as a regular tradesman, it is my duty now to discharge. How often did you slip money into my hand when you thought I wanted it! how often has your kindness anticipated my desire for books! How many battles did you wage for me! Oh! what pleasure we shall have in talking over our early days!"

17. Parker became vigilant in business; and as his father eventually realized a considerable property, he was enabled to enter into business with his friend on nearly equal terms. But this made no difference in the minds of either party, for they were alike generous and confiding, though prudent and industrious. With the talents and cultivation of refined men, they retained the warm affection, the simple kindness, and enthusiastic friendship of early life; and many of the companions of that period proudly press round them now, to partake the praise of being also—the friends of the School Boys."

THE LILY.

SILENT WORSHIP.

1. Though glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,
On the day of its first dedication,
When the Cherubim's wings widely waving were seen,
On high o'er the ark's holy station.

2. When even the chosen of Levi, though skilled,
To minister, standing before Thee,
Retired from the cloud which the temple then fill'd,
And thy glory made Israel adore Thee:

3. Though awfully grand was thy majesty then;
Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

4. And by whom was that ritual forever repealed?
But by Him, unto whom it was given
To enter the Oracle where is revealed,
Not the cloud but the brightness of heaven

5. Who, having once entered, hath shown us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in *Spirit* and *Truth* to adore thee.

6. This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she, of Samaria, found him,
By the Patriarch's well sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

7. How sublime, yet how simple, the homage he taught,
To her who inquired by the fountain,—
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought,
Or adored on Samaria's mountain?

8. Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if you rightly would seek him;
Will neither be worshipped *exclusively* here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

9. For God is a Spirit, and they, who aright
Would perform the pure worship he loveth,
In the heart's holy temple, will seek with delight,
That Spirit the Father approveth.

10. And many *that* prophecy's truth can declare,
Whose bosoms have joyfully known it;
Whom God hath instructed to worship him there,
And convinced that his mercy will o[illegible]it.

11. The temple that Solomon built to his nam[illegible]
Now lives but in history's story;
Extinguish'd long since is its altar's bright fla[illegible]
And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

12. But the Christian made wise, by wisdom divine,
Though all human fabric's may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar.

SCRAP BOOK.

QUESTIONS.

What did the young West Indian wish Henry to be? How did Henry answer him? What was Henry? By whom was he placed at school? How were his clothes, compared with those of his school-mates? Was he treated unkindly on account of his poverty? What was it he sought in consequence of such treatment? Was his doing so favorable to his improvement? Why? Was young Parker's father rich? In whom did Parker find a friend? What is said of his purse and his power? What did Henry soon find his friend had? What method did he take to conquer Parker's idleness? Would he accept anything before Parker had finished his task? Was Parker often vexed with his firmness? Did he finally conquer his difficulties? How long did Parker remain at school? How old was Henry when he was removed from school? Where did he become of importance? What did Henry's uncle forbid? Why? After some years had passed, what is said of his uncle? What did the uncle leave his nephew Henry? What took place one morning while Henry was at breakfast? Whom did he say he had the pleasure of seeing? Were Parker's circumstances altered? What did Parker wish to be? Did Henry comply with his wish? Did Parker enter into business with Henry?

If Parker gave Henry fifty cents a week, what did it amount to in a month? In a year? If Parker bought eighty-one peaches and gave two ninths of them to Henry, how many did Henry have? How many did Parker have left?

Section XI. (1)

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

1. We had been in the saddle about an hour, under the intrepid Pulaski, who, with his own hands, examined our swords, pistols, and other equipments, as if assured, that the struggle would be a deadly, and a long continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful, that ever broke over the earth. We were about half a mile from the main body, ranged along a green slope, facing the west; our horses, about four hundred in number, standing as patiently, as so many marble statues: until just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate; and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heave like a great curtain upon the wind, and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness, upon one spot

2. I happened to turn about, and saw the tall Pole (Pulaski) bare-headed, tilting his horse, like some warlike presence come up out of the solid earth, to worship upon the very summit of the hill behind us; it might be, (for the noble carriage of the man, the martial bearing of the soldier, would permit either interpretation,) it might be, in the awful employment of devotion, or in the more earthly one, of martial observation. But suddenly he reined up his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap, replaced it, and leaped headlong down the hill, just as a bright flash passed away on the horizon, followed by a loud report; and, the next instant, a part of our ranks were covered with dust and turf, thrown up by a cannon ball, that struck near the spot he had just left.

3. Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound, and all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in his advance. Pulaski unsheathed his sword, called out a select body, and set off at a full gallop, to a more distant elevation, where we saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one, under Knyphausen, which moved in tremendous steadiness, in a dark solid mass, towards the spot occupied by General Maxwell; the other, under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence

was immediately sent to Washington, and reinforcements called in, from the posts we had left.

4. We kept our position, awaiting for a whole hour, the sound of conflict; at last, a heavy volley rattled along the sky; a few moments passed, and then another followed, like a storm of iron, upon drum heads. The whole air rung with it; another, and another followed; then, gradually increasing in loudness, came peal after peal, till it resembled a continual clap of thunder, rolling about under an illuminated vapor. But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a general, and knew his duty too well, to hazard any movement till he should be able to see with certainty, the operations of the enemy in the vapor below.

5. Meanwhile, several little parties that had been sent out, came in, one after the other, with the intelligence that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style,—been beaten back again; but that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had retreated across the river. A thin vapor had now risen from the green earth below us, and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sound of his tread, which we could feel in the solid earth, jarring ourselves and our horses; and now and then, a quick glimmering in the mist, as some standard was raised above it; some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through it like a rocket.

6. About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke, on the very verge of the horizon, and after scouring the fields, for a whole mile, within view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions; one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the commander in chief was determined to fall on Knyphausen with all his power, before Cornwallis could come to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game. And Pulaski, whose war horse literally thundered and lightened along the broken and stony precipice by which we descended, kept his eyes warily to the right, as if not quite certain that the order would not be countermanded.

7. We soon fell in with General Greene, who was posting, all on fire to give Knyphausen battle; and the next moment saw Sullivan in full march over a distant

hill towards the enemy's flank. This arrangement would, doubtless, have proved fatal to Knyphausen, had not our operations been unfortunately arrested, at the very moment we were prepared to fall upon him, man and horse, by the intelligence that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. It was a moment of irresolution—doubt. It was the death blow to our brilliant hopes of victory. Greene was recalled, and Sullivan commanded to halt.

8. Hardly had this happened, our horses being covered with sweat and froth, fretting on the bit like chained tigers, and ourselves covered with dust, it being an excessively hot and sultry day, when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank; and Greene, to whose division we had been attached, was put in motion to support Sullivan, whom we had left some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunderclap. The enemy had passed, concentrated, as we supposed; and fallen upon our right.

9. I shall never forget Green's countenance, when the news came; he was on the road side, upon an almost perpendicular bank; but he wheeled where he was, dashed down the bank, his face white as the bleached marble, and calling to us to gallop forward, with such a tremendous impulse, that we marched four miles in forty minutes. We held on our way in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan all in disorder, nearly a mile from the field, retreating step by step, at the head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse, covered with blood and sweat, and striving in vain to bring them to stand, while Cornwallis was pouring in upon them an incessant volley.

10. Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the broken fences, and there stood awhile upright in his stirrups, reconnoitering, while the enemy, who appeared, by the smoke and the dust that rolled before them in the wind, to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts; but, at last, Pulaski saw a favorable opportunity —The column wheeled; the wind swept across their van, revealing them, like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke. He gave the signal; Archibald repeated it; then Arthur; then myself. In three minutes we were ready for the word.

11. When Pulaski, shouting in a voice that thrilled through and through us, struck spurs to his charger; it was half a minute, so fierce and terrible was his charge, before we were able to come up with him. What could he mean! Gracious Heaven! my hand convulsively, like that of a drowning man, reined up for a moment, when I saw we were galloping straight forward into a field of bayonets; yet he was the first man! and who would not have followed him?

12. We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that, when we wheeled, our whole path lay broad before us, with a wall of fire on the right hand and on the left; but not a bayonet or a blade in front, except what were under the hoofs of our horses—My blood rushes now, like a flash of fire through my forehead, when I recall the devastation that we then made, almost to the very heart of the enemy's column.

13. But Pulaski, he who afterwards rode into their intrenchments on horseback, sword in hand, was accustomed to it; and having broken over them once, aware of his peril if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled, in a blaze of fire, with the intention of returning through a wall of death, more perilous than that which shut in the children of Israel, upon the Red Sea. But no! the walls had rolled in upon us; and we were left no alternative, but to continue as we had begun.

14. The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of his joy! I remember well how he passed me, covered with sweat and dust, riding absolutely upon the very points of their bayonets. But, at last, they pressed upon him, and horseman after horseman fell from our saddles; when we were all faint and feeble, and even Archibald was fighting on foot, over his beautiful horse, with Arthur battling over his head, we heard the cry of "Succor! Succor!" Immediately we felt the enemy give way, heaving this way then that, and finally concentrated beyond us.

15. "Once more!" cried Pulaski, "once more!" and away he went, breaking in upon them as they were forming; and trampling down whole platoons, in the

charge, before a man could plant his bayonet or bring his piece to an aim; and the next moment we were scouring over the ground, where I could see my brothers battling it with several of the enemy's horse; but our aspect, as we came thundering round upon them, was sufficient; the enemy fled, and we brought off our companions unhurt.

16. I have been in many a battle, many an one that made my hair stiffen afterwards in my sleep, when I dreamed of it; but never in one where the carnage was so dreadful, and fire so incessant and tremendous as that which followed the arrival of Greene. But the enemy had so effectually secured his exposed points by ranks of men kneeling with planted bayonets, that we could make no impression upon them, although we rode upon them again and again, discharging our pistols in their faces.

SCRAP BOOK.

QUESTIONS.

Under what leader was the writer of this piece? What is said of the day on which this battle was fought? How far were they from the main body of the army? What was it that covered part of the ranks with dust and turf? What did Pulaski do, on seeing the enemy? In how many divisions were the enemy advancing? Under what two leaders? What intelligence was received respecting Knyphausen? What is said of Greene when he heard that the enemy had passed them? After marching forty minutes, whom did they meet? What did Pulaski do? Into what did they appear to be galloping? Was Pulaski followed? And how? After fighting for some time what did they hear?

If there were six hundred men in Pulaski's regiment and one sixth of them were killed, how many were left alive? And if two tenths of those alive were wounded, how many escaped unhurt? And if one in every twenty of those who escaped unhurt, lost a horse, how many horses were killed? And if each of those horses was worth fifty dollars, what were the whole of the horses killed, worth?

Section XI. (2)

THE TWO FRIENDS.

1. It was a very cold evening in November; the ground was covered with snow, and the wind blew bitterly and piercingly round the corners of the streets when Emily,* wrapping an elegant cloak closely round her, entered her carriage. At this moment a letter was handed her by her servant. She opened it and read as follows: "A being once warmly esteemed—the companion of happier hours—now languishes on a bed of sickness, deprived by the hand of Providence of every earthly relative, every earthly comfort. She would fain see her early friend once more, before a state of utter destitution drives her from this world.—P. S. If Emma will pity a suffering friend, she will inquire for Mrs. St. Clair, at No 12, Courtland Street."

2. Emily's character, as her years increased, had acquired a great degree of selfishness; which, mingling with her other unamiable propensities, did not render her a very benign dispenser of comfort to the unfortunate. She had, however, some starts of a charitable inclination, and would fain have been a benefactor, could she have done so without sacrificing any of the luxuries in which her soul delighted. But this was a striking appeal: she yet held the paper in her hand—"A being, once warmly esteemed, the companion of happier hours."—Who could it be?

3. The coach rolled on; half an hour elapsed, and it stopped opposite a miserable entry. With a singular sensation Emily stepped from her carriage; she walked up the entry, and knocking at an inner door, inquired for Mrs. St. Clair. An elderly female directed her to the back room on the third floor; and finding Emily hesitate, she offered her guidance, and preceded her with a morsel of a candle, which was every moment upon the point of being extinguished. Curiosity, more than any other motive, led Emily on; they at length reached the door; and the aged female having opened it, left her to enter alone.

* This is the same Emily whose early history is given in the "Union No. IV."

4. The room was capacious and dreary; a broken down chair, and a rickety table, a glimmering light in the chimney corner, with the low comfortless bed, formed the whole of its furniture. But who was lying on that bed? Emily took the light from the chimney corner, half trembling, for selfishness ever abounds with indefinite fears, and vague terrors. She approached the bed. —Merciful heaven! It was Rosa, the companion of her playful infancy, the admired associate of her riper years, —the lovely, the accomplished, the beautiful Rosa: Alas! how changed! And can that wasted form, that pallid cheek, that languid eye, be all that remains of so brilliant a being?

5. Emily wept, as a gleam of days gone by, passed over her memory; she took the thin, chill hand of her friend, and sitting down on the bed, listened to the long series of misfortunes, which, after her union with one most beloved, had followed each other in succession,—the death of that lamented being, followed by that of two beautiful children! She painted the progress of want and despair, in the eloquent language of an elegant mind; and Emily felt, for a moment, the renewal of feelings and sensations once experienced; she soothed her friend with the promise of her protection, and that she would carefully guard every future hour, until returning health, and restored comfort should again shed their cheering influence.

6. A melancholy smile gleamed over the features of the poor invalid, as she warmly pressed the hand she held. "But, my dear Rosa, have you no one to take care of you?" She replied, that the aged female, who directed her thither, had been her only nurse and attendant. Some would have thought, that Emily might have sent her a servant from her own household to attend the wants of her friend; that she would instantly have sent every comfort which might have tended to render that miserable and lonely chamber supportable, until she could have had her removed to a better, even to her own.

7. Rosa would have acted thus, had circumstances been reversed; but Rosa's mind was highly cultivated; her heart was generous as it was warm and sincere. But Emily's was cold and selfish; it therefore need cause no surprise, when the fact is stated, that she took out *one*

guinea and gave it to her friend, with a promise to return on the morrow. When she was leaving the room, she quickly returned to make some inquiries relative to the poor invalid's clothing; she then bade her a second good night and departed. To her credit, however, it should be stated, that she did really urge the old lady, whom she met on the staircase, to take every care of the poor sick woman; and gave her an additional half guinea to ensure her attention.

8. But *poor* and *distressed friends* are a great annoyance, and Emily as she stepped again into her carriage, could not help thinking so. When she returned to her house, she ordered her house-keeper to look up an old blanket, and a pair of the *servants'* sheets for a poor woman, very much in want of them. Emily's waiting woman had that perquisite, which most other waiting women have, namely, the cast-off wardrobe; and this had been regularly arranged, and given her only the day before; so that Emily's only alternative for the keeping of her promise with her friend, would have been to have purchased some of the requisite articles of clothing new.

9. But no! the elegantly educated female, born to affluence and accustomed to splendor, was now sunk into 'the poor woman,' and must be treated as such. "Select a couple of each of those articles I gave you yesterday," said Emily to her waiting woman; "one change will be quite sufficient; and I will replace them with new. Put them into a parcel, and let John take them early in the morning according to the direction I have given him." So saying, she wrapped herself in an elegant shawl, and ordering the sofa to be wheeled closer to the fire, prepared to take her tea.

10. The next morning John took the parcel, and inquired after the health of "the poor woman," for Emily would not for worlds, that either her husband or domestics should know that anything so distressed, had ever been her companion. With respect to the former, there might have been a stronger motive to secrecy, for envious minds are ever jealous of superior worth and acquirements. On the day following, Emily dined out; she did not return until late, and went to bed so tired, that she quite forgot to inquire about her friend.

11. The next evening Emily gave a tea party, and the extreme fatigue of giving orders for the necessary preparations through the day so much overpowered her, that Rosa's wants and distresses never once entered her head. The next morning, however, these few lines written with a trembling hand, for a moment, at least, awakened her attention.

12. "My dear Emily,—My kind attendant is very ill, so that I fear I shall not long be able to secure her assistance; I have been very much annoyed by my landlady for the sum I am indebted to her; and have given her the greatest portion of your kind present, that I may not be disturbed, or even absolutely deprived of the miserable abode, which is at least a shelter. I find my strength fast wasting; when your happier fate will allow you a few moments to devote to the unfortunate, I wish most anxiously to see you. Adieu dear Emily,

Your obliged friend, ROSA."

13. A new dress was at that moment brought in by her waiting maid, and orders were given for the alteration of some of her old dresses; she then directed her writing desk to be brought, and wrote the following note:

"My dear Rosa,—I am really sorry that preparations for a journey, that Mr. Barnard insists on my taking into the country for a week, will prevent my coming to see you until I return. I trust that I shall then find you better; and believe me,

Yours affectionately, EMILY."

"P. S. Do not write at present, for fear of accidents; I will send to you when I return."

14. On the following day, Emily and her wealthy husband stepped into their snug travelling carriage, themselves comfortably defended from cold. They arrived without any accident or inconvenience at the place of destination; and were greeted with all that frank, good-natured, warm welcome, that the rich generally receive. A week elapsed; another passed; and the third saw them again comfortably housed in their snug habitation in the city.

15. "Have any letters arrived?" said Emily, on entering her dressing room. "No, madam, only this little dirty scrap of paper, that a little half naked, wretched

boy brought last Saturday." Emily snatched it angrily, for she was fatigued: She opened its twisted folds, and read as follows—

"You said, my dear Emily, that you would write on your return; and that return would be in a week. A fortnight has elapsed, and not a word, not an inquiry. Have you then forgotten me? Alas! death presses heavily upon me! its shadows are even now flitting before my eyes! Emily, shall we ever meet again?"

16. Emily's heart sickened; a severe reproach, mingled with the pleadings of compassion, of affection, of the sympathy of early friendship, but she made an effort to stifle each private emotion. "To-night I am very much fatigued," said she petulantly, in reply to a voice within her own bosom, which said "Lose not another moment; order your carriage; be with your unfortunate friend as early as possible; a day, an hour, a minute, may be too late." "I dare say, poor thing! she is very ill; but she always expresses herself so romantically; she, no doubt, fancies herself much worse than she really is; to-morrow will be quite time enough to go to her."

17. So saying, and having dressed herself for the evening, she joined her good-natured husband in the parlor, where tea was in readiness. She never once calculated how far the few shillings she had given her, would go towards procuring subsistence, for now nearly three weeks, for her hapless friend, who had been brought up in affluence and accustomed to every luxury. Emily had found her breakfast, dinner, and tea, elegantly arranged for her, at their stated periods; her bed of down received her at night; her maid was ready to dress her in the morning.

18. How then, could Emily dream of the agonies of hope delayed, the pangs of expiring hunger? No! petulant, fantastic, mean, and miserable—courted and flattered for her wealth, though not esteemed for her worth, she had forgotten all things excepting that goddess of her idolatry—self:—The evening passed rapidly away, and a sleepless pillow recalled to memory many a scene, she fain would have banished from reflection. In vain did she try every position; repose both of body and of mind was denied her; at the approach of morning, she fell into a feverish slumber that pictured sights of calamity, wo and death.

19. She arose unrefreshed, took a hasty breakfast, dressed, ordered her carriage, and drove to the entrance of the aforesaid miserable court, that led to her unfortunate friend's wretched and desolate abode. She once more ascended the staircase; the wind howled through the ruinous fabric, which almost tottered beneath even her light step. She met the lodger on the lower floor, and inquired for Mrs. St. Clair. "I really don't know, Madam, how she is," the person replied; "poor old Mrs. Dunlap, who used to attend a little to her, died a few days ago; and I have not seen any one go up to her since; indeed," she continued, acrimoniously, "those who have rich friends will naturally be well taken care of.

20. Emily's heart smote her most bitterly; her frame trembled as she reached the door; it was fastened; she called "Rosa! Rosa!" all was silent as the grave. In desperation, she set her foot against the crazy shattered door; it yielded; she entered; she approached the bed,—Avenging Heaven! her once loved, once cherished Rosa, the consoler of her infant sorrows, her gentle adviser, her sweet companion, lay a lifeless statue! her lovely features fixed and motionless; her beautiful lips closed, and patiently smiling in death!

21. Melancholy, and heart-rending smile! it seemed to say, "my sufferings were bitter, but they are over, and I have now reached the haven of peace and felicity!" her head reclined on one arm, over which the natural ringlets of her fine hair fell graceful even in death, while the other hand grasped a paper, which Emily, frantic with horror, extricated, and read the following words.—

"I have passed three days without sustenance; I feel I am dying. Emily, do you remember the fawn? Alas! how little did I dream in those days of golden sunshine, that its fate would be my own; and that, too, from the same hand."

22. Emily read no more; a horrid dream of agonizing retrospection visited her heart; she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless on the body of her friend.—The length of her delay induced her servants to inquire; finding the door open, they entered, and with the people of the house witnessed the melancholy scene. Mr. Barnard was instantly sent for; no effort was left untried to restore

the hapless pair. Alas! Rosa's gentle spirit had fled forever! Emily's life was restored, but not her reason. Her husband gazed on the interesting, lifeless form before him, with the tenderest regret and sympathy.

23. He gave orders for the funeral of the lovely unknown in the most elegant style; and she was consigned to her silent and dreamless bed respectably attended, and followed by himself. But where is Emily's repose? poor, nightly wanderer! what avail thy wealth, thy mansion, thy attendants, thy jewels? One single hour of self-approving conscience would be of more value than all: for no repose visits her pillow, no word escapes her lips, but these—

"Emily, do you remember the fawn?"—

ANON.

QUESTIONS.

What was handed to Emily just as she was entering her carriage? Whom was she directed to inquire for? What had Emily's character acquired? Did she call on Mrs. St. Clair? Whomdid she find Mrs. St. Clair to be? Was Rosa sick? Had she met with misfortunes? And what were they? How much money did Emily give Rosa? How much to the old lady? What did Emily do when she returned home? Was she attentive to Rosa's wants? Did she receive another letter from Rosa? Did Emily take a journey? How long was she gone? Did she find a letter on her return? From whom? Did she go to Rosa immediately? Did she rest quietly? How did she find Rosa? What had Rosa grasped in one of her hands? What took place with Emily on reading this paper? Was Emily's life restored? Was her reason? If Emily had given Rosa as many dollars as she did give her shillings, how many shillings would she have had? How many days would it have supported Rosa at three shillings a day.

Section XII. (1)

LIES OF VANITY.

1. I shall begin by defining what I mean by the Lie of vanity, both in its active and passive nature; these lies being undoubtedly the most common, because vanity is one of the most powerful springs of human action, and is usually the besetting sin of every one. Suppose, that,

in order to give myself consequence, I were to assert, that I was actually acquainted with certain great and distinguished personages, whom I had merely met in fashionable society. Suppose, also, I were to say that I was at such a place, and such an assembly on such a night, without adding, that I was there, not as an invited guest, but simply on some temporary business. In the first, I should assert a direct falsehood; in the other, I should withhold part of the truth; but both would be lies, because in both, my intention was to deceive.

2. But though we are frequently tempted to be guilty of the active lies of vanity, our temptations to its passive lies are more frequent still. The following are illustrations of my meaning. If I assert that my motive for a particular action was virtuous, when I know it was wholly selfish, I am guilty of an *active* or *direct* lie. But I am equally guilty of falsehood, if, while I hear my actions praised and imputed to worthy motives, I tacitly confirm such impressions by not directly disclaiming my right to such commendation; only, in the one case I lie *directly*, in the other *indirectly*; the lie is *active* in the one, in the other passive. And are we not all of us conscious of having sometimes accepted incense to our vanity, which we knew we did not deserve?

3. It is no less lamentable than true, that many, who would shrink with moral disgust from perpetrating an active lie, are apt to remain silent, when their vanity is gratified, without any overt act of deceit on their part, and are contented to let the flattering impression remain uncontradicted. Yet the turpitude is, in my opinion, at least, nearly equal, if my definition of lying be correct—namely, *the intention to deceive*. I am myself also convinced that this *withholding the truth*, or, as it is sometimes called, "*White lying*," is a sin equally as irreconcilable to moral principles, as an active lie: And although most people think differently, I cannot refrain from suggesting to such, a caution, to beware how they suffer themselves to violate truth—that is, to *deceive*, for any purpose whatever. I give the following story in illustration of the *Active Lie of Vanity*.

THE STAGE COACH.

4. Amongst those whom successes in trade had raised to considerable opulence in their native city, was a gentleman by the name of Burford. Having been successful in business he was able not only to indulge in the luxuries of a carriage, country-house, garden, hothouses, and all the privileges which wealth bestows, but could also appropriate an ample sum to the future welfare of his children. His only daughter had been adopted when very young, by her paternal grandmother, whose fortune was employed in her son's trade, and who could well afford to take on herself all the expenses of Annabel's education.

5. But it was with painful reluctance, that Annabel's excellent mother consented to resign her child to another's care; nor did she accede to the measure, till Mr. Burford urged the arrangement, as being essentially necessary to the existence of his mother, who was now in a lonely and widowed state. Annabel's mother therefore, resigned her up, but not without a great mental conflict, only too prophetic of the mischiefs to which she exposed her child's mind and character by this surrender of a mother's duties.

6. The grandmother was a thoughtless worldly woman; the mother, a pious, conscientious and exemplary person. With the latter, Annabel would have acquired principles,—with the former she could only learn accomplishments. Vanity was the girl's ruling passion; and this her grandmother fostered by every means in her power. She procured for her the most elegant dresses, and had her taught all the fanciful and showy accomplishments. The old lady delighted to hear her speak of herself, and boast of the compliments paid to her beauty and talents.

7. But while Annabel and her grandmother were on a visit to Mr. Burford's country-house, and while the parents were beholding with sorrow the conceit and flippancy of their only daughter, they were plunged at once into comparative poverty, by the ruin of some of Mr. Burford's correspondents, and by the fraudulent conduct of a friend in whom he had trusted. In a few short days, therefore, the ruined grandmother and her adopted child,

together with tne parents and their boys, were forced to seek an asylum in the heart of Wales, and live on a small estate that fell to Mr. Burford's amiable wife.

8. For her, every one expressed their sorrow, as it was thought that she was ever economical, and discouraged extravagance and expensive living. As Mr. Burford was a violent politician, some of the opposite party rejoiced at his downfall, and were ready to believe and propagate the story that he had made a fraudulent bankruptcy in concert with his friend who had absconded, and that he had concealed money to a considerable amount to cheat his creditors.

9. But the tale of calumny which has no foundation in truth, cannot long retain its power to injure; and, in process of time, the feelings of the creditors in general were so completely changed towards Mr. Burford, that some of his most decided opposers were at length brought to confess that they might have acted precipitately in refusing to sign his certificate, and that they would reconsider the matter. When, therefore, one of his former distinguished friends, who had been strongly prejudiced against him at first, repented of his unjust suspicion, and offered to make amends by allowing him a share in his own business, the rest of the creditors, except two of the principal ones, became willing to sign the certificate.

10. Nothing, perhaps, is so difficult to remove from some minds as suspicions of a derogatory nature; and the creditors in question, who piqued themselves on their shrewdness, could not brook the idea of being overreached; and seemed to exult that he, whose prosperity had excited their envy, was now humbled before them as a suppliant. However, even they began to be tired, at length, of holding out against the opinion of so many; and Mr Burford had the happiness of being informed, after he had been some months in Wales, that matters were in a train to enable him to get into business again, with restored credit and renewed prospects.

11. "Then who knows, Anna," said he to his wife, "but that in a few years I shall be able, by industry and economy, to pay all I owe, both principal and interest? for until I have done so, I shall not be really happy; then,

also, will poverty be robbed of its sting." "Not only so," she replied, "but such a proof of their father's integrity, would be the best inheritance we could give our children." While these hopes were uppermost in the minds of this amiable couple, and were cheering to the weak mind of the grandmother, Annabel was absent on a visit to one of her school mates, some distance from her father's dwelling.

12. The vain girl had felt the deepest mortification, at this blight to her golden prospects, and bitterly lamented being no longer able to talk of her grandmother's palace and carriages, and her father's hot-houses and grounds. Circumstances having now deprived her of her accustomed indulgences, she was delighted with the opportunity of leaving home, and equally regretted being under the necessity of again returning thereto. To add to her mortification, she was compelled to return alone in a public coach; she therefore submitted to it, with as good grace as her wounded pride would permit.

13. In the coach were a young man and two elderly gentlemen, all of whom seemed disposed to pay her attention. She, therefore, gave way to all her loquacious vivacity; hummed tunes, sketched something like landscapes, talked of her waiting maid, and all the past glories of her former state, as if they still existed. In short, she tried to impress her companions with a high idea of her consequence, and that some unusual circumstance required that she should travel in her present disguise.

14. During the journey, one of the elderly gentlemen opened a basket which stood near him, containing some fine hot-house grapes and flowers. "There, young lady," said he to her, "did you ever see such fine fruit as this before?" "Oh dear, yes, in my father's grapery." "Indeed! but did you ever see such fine flowers?" "Oh dear, yes, in my father's hot-houses. There is nothing, I assure you, of that sort," she continued, "that I am not accustomed to:" condescending, however, at the same time, to eat some of the grapes, and accept some of the flowers.

15. It was natural that her companions should now be very desirous of finding out, what princess in disguise was deigning to travel in a manner so unworthy of her;

and when the coach stopped within a few miles of her home, one of the gentlemen having discovered that she was known to a passenger on the top of the coach, got out and privately asked him who she was. He was answered, her name was Burford. "Burford!" exclaimed he, "Burford! what! the daughter of Burford the bankrupt?"—"Yes, the same," was the answer.

16. With a frowning brow, he re-entered the coach, and, when seated, whispered the old gentleman next him; and exchanging glances of indignant meaning, looked at Annabel with great significance. Nor was it long before she observed a marked change in their manners towards her. They answered her with abruptness and even with reluctance; till, at length, the one who had inquired her name, said, in a sarcastic tone, "I conclude you were speaking just now, young lady, of the fine things which were *once* yours. Your father has no graperies and hot-houses *now*, I take it."

17. "Dear me! why not sir?" replied the conscious girl, in a trembling voice.—"Why not?" "Why! excuse my freedom, but are you not the daughter of Mr. Burford, the Bankrupt?" Never was a child more tempted to deny her parentage than Annabel was; but, though with great reluctance, she faltered out—"Yes; and to be sure my father was once unfortunate, but we are very well off now, I assure you; and our residence is so pretty! Such a sweet garden! such a charming hot-house."

18. "Indeed!" returned the old man, with a significant nod to his friend; "well, then, let your father take care he does not make his house too hot to hold him, and that *another* house be not added to his list of residences." Laughing heartily at his own wit, he continued—"But, pray, how long has he been thus again favored?"—"Oh dear! I cannot say; but for some time; and I assure you our style of living is—very complete."—"I do not doubt it," said he, "for children and fools speak truth, as saith the proverb."

19. "So, so," he muttered aside to the other traveller, "Gardens! hot-house! carriage!—What a swindling, specious rascal!" Annabel, misapprehending the drift of these cutting exclamations, erroneously imagined she had recovered all her consequence in the eyes of her

fellow-travellers, resumed and continued the conversation, till the coach stopped according to her desire, at a cottage by the road side, where, as she said, her father's groom was to meet her, and take her portmanteau. Her reasons for doing thus were very obvious; she well knew, that if she were set down at her humble home, its very appearance would give the lie direct to all her assertions

20. When the coach stopped, she exclaimed, with well acted surprise—"Dear me! how strange the servant is not waiting for me! But no matter; I can stop here till he comes." She then left the coach, unregretted by her elderly companions, but admired, as she fancied, by the young man who handed her out. Her parents, meanwhile, were eagerly expecting her return; for, notwithstanding the lamentable defects in her character, her vivacity seemed peculiarly necessary to cheer them under their sad reverse of fortune. Matters thus stood, when thay saw a coach stop at a distant turn of the road, and soon after beheld Annabel coming towards them.

21. She was joyfully received by those affectionate parents, for whom her unprincipled falsehoods, growing out of the most contemptible vanity, had prepared fresh trials, and fresh injuries: for her elderly companions were her father's principal and relentless creditors, who were then on their way to London; and part of their business there, was, to assure Mr. Alberry, the friend of Mr. Burford, that they were now willing to sign Mr. Burford's certificate; being at length convinced that he was calumniated.

22. But this unfortunate interview with Annabel had renewed and confirmed all their former suspicions; since it was easier for them to believe that Mr. Burford was a villain, than that the simple girl, his daughter, should have told so many falsehoods at the mere impulse of vanity. They therefore became the more inveterate against her poor father than ever; and their object now in seeing Mr. Alberry, was not to serve but to injure Mr. Burford. How differently would they have felt and acted, had Annabel, by telling the truth, permitted the coach to set her down at her father's poverty-stricken door.

23. The dwelling of Mr. Burford was that of a man who had benefited by past trials—neat, but exceedingly

plain; and such was the orderly arrangement within, that little regret was felt for leaving their splendid house by any except the grandmother, who never ceased to mourn and murmur. Mr. Alberry, as already stated, was the friend of Mr. Burford, and had lately made him the very kind offer of taking him into partnership with him in his business. The hope, therefore, of seeing brighter days, was no less delightful to the grandmother, than to the rest of the family.

24. But she was doomed to be disappointed, through those very errors in Annabel, which she had encouraged, if she had not occasioned. After the fervency of the mutual joy which her return had created, was in some degree abated, Annabel communicated to her grandmother, when alone, all that had passed relative to the fruit and flowers; and repeated the cruel question of the old man, "Are you not the daughter of Mr. Burford the Bankrupt?" and owned what her reply was; on which her grandmother exclaimed with great emotion, "Unthinking girl! you know not what injury you may have done your father!"

25. She then asked for a particular description of the persons of the old men, and said, "Well, well, it cannot be helped now—I may be mistaken; but be sure not to tell your mother what you have told me." For some days, all went on well; and nothing seemed wanting to make their domestic felicity complete, but a sufficient income, to enable Mr. Burford to give his boys a good education. To do this, he had the liveliest hopes from the kind offer of Mr. Alberry, from whom he was daily expecting a summons to London. The idea, however, of leaving their present abode, was very unpleasant to all, except Annabel and her grandmother, who thought the rest of the family devoid of proper spirit for desiring to live in Wales.

26. But a stop was now put to eager anticipations, on the one hand, and tender regrets on the other; for, while Mr. Burford was daily expecting remittances from Mr. Alberry, to enable him to move his family to London, that gentleman wrote to him as follows:

"Sir,—All connexion between us is at an end; and I have given the share in business, which I intended for

you, to the *worthy* man who has so long solicited it. I thought I had done you injustice, sir; I wished therefore to make you amends. But I find you are, what you are represented to be, a fraudulent bankrupt; and your certificate *now, will never be signed.* Should you wonder what has occasioned this change in my feelings and proceedings, I am at liberty to inform you, that your daughter travelled in a stage coach, a few days ago, with your two principal creditors; and I am desired to add, '*that children* and fools are apt to speak truth.' J. ALBERRY."

27. When Mr. Burford had finished reading this letter, it fell from his grasp, and clasping his hands convulsively together, he exclaimed, "Ruined and disgraced forever!" then rushed into his own chamber. His wife followed, with feelings too agitated to permit inquiry. "Read that letter," said he, "and see what Mr. Alberry deems me —a villain!" She did read, but with a shaking frame But it was not the false accusation of her husband, nor the loss of the expected partnership, that thus distressed her; it was the painful conviction that Annabel, by some means unknown to her, had been the cause of this misfortune to her father.

28. Annabel, accordingly, was immediately summoned and desired to explain Mr. Alberry's mysterious meaning. "Dear me! father," cried she, changing color, "I am sure, if I had thought——I am sure, I could not think—— ugly, ill-natured old man! I am sure I only said——." "But what *did* you say," exclaimed the agitated father.— "I can explain all," said the grandmother, who had entered uncalled for, and read the letter. She then repeated what Annabel had told her, but softening it as much as she could; she told enough, however, to convince the agonizing parents that their child was not only the cause of disappointment and disgrace to them, but a mean, vain-glorious, and despicable liar!

29. "The only amends you can now make us, unhappy child," said Mr. Burford, "is to tell the whole truth; and then we must see what can be done; for my reputation must be cleared, even at the painful expense of exposing you." Annabel, awakened to contrition and deeply mortified, then made an ample confession of all that had passed in the stage coach; on hearing which, Mr. Burford in-

stantly resolved to set off for London. But how was he to get thither? He had no money; nor could he bear to borrow of his neighbor what he feared he should never be able to pay.

30. "Cruel, unprincipled girl!" cried he, as he paced their little room in agony; "see to what misery you have reduced your father! However, I must go to London immediately, though it be on foot."—"Well, really I don't see any very great harm in what the poor child did," observed the grandmother, distressed at seeing Annabel's tears. "It was very trying," continued she, "to be reproached with her father's bankruptcy and her fallen fortunes; and it was very *natural* for her to say what she did."

31. "Natural!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "natural for my child to utter falsehood on falsehood, and at the instigation of a mean vanity! Natural for my child to shrink from the avowal of poverty, which was unattended with disgrace! Make us not still more wretched by trying to lessen Annabel's faults in her own eyes! Our only comfort is, the hope that she is ashamed of herself." "But neither her shame nor penitence," said Mr. Burford, "will give the quickest means of repairing the effects of her error. However, as I cannot ride, I must walk to London."

32. His wife, alarmed at his resolution, knowing his feebleness, inquired, whether writing to Mr. Alberry would not be sufficient? "No," said he, "my appearance will corroborate my assurances too well. The only writing necessary will be a detail from Annabel, of all that passed in the coach, and a confession of her fault." "What!" exclaimed the grandmother, "exact from your child, such a disgraceful avowal, my son?" "Yes," replied Mr. Burford, "for it is a punishment due to her transgression; and she may think herself happy, if the consequences end here."

33. "Here is a fuss, indeed, about a little harmless fing and white lying!" said the grandmother angrily. Iarmless!" exclaimed Mr. Burford with indignation, Do not aggravate our feelings, and cause us more eply to deplore that fatal hour when we surrendered r dearest duties, at the call of compassion for your

loneliness and sorrows; when we entrusted the formation of our child's character to your erroneous tenderness. Our only hope is, that time will counteract the effects of a mistaken education."

34. The next day, having procured the necessary document from Annabel, he set off on his journey, intending to travel occasionally on the tops of coaches, being well aware that he was not in a state of health to walk the whole distance. In the meanwhile, Mr. Alberry, whom Mr. Burford was now journeying to see, had already begun to suspect, that he had acted hastily, and perhaps, unjustly. He had written the distressing letter in the first moments of his indignation, on the statement of the two creditors; and, in some degree, under their dictation; Consequently he had condemned and punished a supposed culprit, before he was even heard in his defence.

35. Having dismissed the two creditors and accusers of Mr. Burford, Mr. Alberry informed his wife of the course he had taken with his former friend, Mr. Burford. Being a woman of a candid spirit and discriminating judgment she perceived that he had done wrong, and exclaimed, "Is it possible that, on the evidence of these two men, who have shown themselves the inveterate enemies of the poor bankrupt, you have broken your promise to him, and pledged it to another?"—"Yes," says he, "and the letter has gone. I regret my hastiness, but surely Mr. Burford's child could not have told them falsehoods."

36. "If," replied she, "the child had been brought up by her mother, I should have thought so too; but you well know that she was placed, at an early age, under the care of her grandmother, whose weakness and vanity are proverbial." Mrs. Alberry was a woman who adhered strictly to that holy command, 'not to take up a reproach against her neighbor.' She, therefore, requested to have an interview with those two creditors. "It cannot be," said she, "that the husband of such a woman as Annabel's mother can be a villain." The two gentlemen, at the request of Mr. Alberry, returned, accompanied by Charles Danvers, Annabel's young fellow-traveller.

37. When seated, Mrs. Alberry requested of them an exact detail of all that had passed in the coach. "And

this girl, you say, was a forward, conceited, set-up being, full of herself, and her accomplishments; in short, the creature of vanity?" "Yes," replied one of the elderly gentlemen, "it was quite a comedy to look at and hear her!" "But what says my young friend?" inquired she. "The same," he replied; "she was a model of affectation, boasting and vanity."—"But I dare say," said Mrs. Alberry gravely, "that you paid her compliments, and pretended to admire her, notwithstanding?" "I own it; for how could I refuse the incense which every look and gesture demanded?" "A principle of truth, young man," said she, "would have enabled you to do it."

38. "Now, gentlemen," she continued, "I appeal to you all, *as just men*, whether it is not more likely that this vain-glorious girl told lies, than that such a man as Mr. Burford should be guilty of the grossest dishonesty?" "I must confess," said her husband, "that I greatly fear I have done the man injustice, and shall not rest easy until I ascertain his real situation." The two creditors frowned, and seemed angry at the charitable remarks of Mr. Alberry. But Mrs. Alberry, finding her husband favorably inclined, pressed him immediately to set out on a journey, which they already had fixed upon, to visit a friend residing not far from Mr. Burford's neighborhood. "For if," said she, "you have done him injustice, the sooner you make him reparation *in person*, the better."

39. To this proposal, Mr. Alberry cheerfully acceded; and the next day they set off for Wales, accompanied by one of the creditors, with Charles Danvers, his nephew. On retiring to rest at the close of the second day's journey, they were startled at the sound of deep groans in an adjoining chamber; and, on inquiring the cause, they learned, "that it was a poor man who was picked up on the road yesterday; that he had walked from the heart of Wales; that fatigue had compelled him to request a ride on the top of the stage, from which, it is supposed, he fell off through weakness; and not being missed, he lay until found and brought here this day."

40. On hearing that he was from Wales, a suspicion instantly flashed upon the mind of Mrs. Alberry, that it was Mr. Burford, on his way towards London to seek an explanation of her husband's letter. She accordingly

inquired very minutely as to his general appearance; and was informed, "that as soon as he was able to talk he requested a garret, for he was very poor; yet," said the informer, "he looks and talks very much like a gentleman."

41. The feelings, as well as the curiosity of Mr. and Mrs. Alberry had, by this time, become much excited; and permission having been asked and granted, they proceeded to the chamber of the sick man, which they entered just as he exclaimed, in his delirium, "cruel Alberry! I a fraudulent bankrupt?" They recognised at once, in the poor raving being, the calumniated Mr. Burford! "I know him," said Mrs. Alberry, and burst into tears; her husband, no less affected, directed that a physician should be sent for immediately, and said "that he would be answerable for all expenses."

42. Having waited some time in the vain hope of being recognised by Mr. Burford, they proceeded to examine his *threadbare coat*, in which they found a pennyless purse, Mr. Alberry's letter, and Annabel's confession; all which they carried out and exhibited to their fellow-travellers, the creditor and his nephew. On seeing these, and hearing the melancholy tale of the poor man's delirium, even the harsh creditor shed tears, and regretted the hasty credence which he had given to Annabel's falsehood.

43. Mr. Alberry next sent for Mr. Burford's wife, until whose arrival, he and his lady continued to watch over and nurse the poor man. In two days she arrived, accompanied by Annabel, and was entirely overcome at the sight of Mrs. Alberry, who received her with open arms as an attached friend. Mrs. Burford was speechless with sorrow, when, on entering the sick chamber, she perceived she was not recognised by her husband. After her feelings had become, in some measure, composed, she took Annabel by the hand, and thus adressed her:—"See! dear, unhappy girl! to what your errors have reduced your fond father! Humble yourself before that Great Being whom you have offended, and learn wisdom from this awful warning."

44. Annabel's feelings, arising from shame and remorse for her conduct, as well as grief for her poor father's situation, were intensely powerful; and when she exclaimed,

"I am humbled, I am warned," and burst into an agony of tears, it was evident that the lesson would prove a permanent and salutary one to this hitherto self-important girl. Mr. Burford's life was granted to the agonizing prayers of affection; and when his recollection returned, he had the joy of knowing that his reputation was cleared, and that his angry creditors were become his kind and valuable friends.

45. Notwithstanding this occurrence had blighted his prospects, and brought him to the verge of the grave, yet he had reason to bless the event, so far as it respected his daughter. For in the depths of her humiliation, she resolved to struggle with her besetting sins and subdue them. Nor was the resolve of that trying moment broken. Let the young reader reflect, that though retributive justice in this world, like that which attended Annabel, may not always immediately follow your falsehoods, yet they will not escape unpunished, because all lying is contrary to the moral law of God.

MRS. OPIE.

QUESTIONS.

What was the name of the vain girl? What was her father's name? By whom was she educated? How was Mr. Burford reduced to poverty? Where did he seek an asylum? How many of his creditors refused to sign his certificate? To whom did Annabel make a visit? Was she mortified at her father's poverty? How did she return home? Who were in the coach with her? Did she talk a great deal? What did she try to do? Was the conduct of the men towards her altered after finding out her name? Where did Annabel wish to be set down by the coach? Why? How was she received by her parents? From whom did her father receive a letter? Had Mr. Alberry's feelings become unfavorable towards Annabel's father? By what means? Was Mr. Burford much afflicted on reading the letter? After hearing the grandmother's statement of Annabel's conversation in the stage, what did Mr. Burford instantly resolve to do? How was he obliged to travel to London? Why? Did he require Annabel to write down her confession? Did Mr. Alberry begin to suspect he had acted rashly in writing the letter to Mr. Burford? Did he and Mrs. Alberry set out to visit Mr. Burford? On retiring to rest after their second day's journey what were they startled to hear? Who did it prove to be? What did Mr. Alberry direct to be immediately done? How was the creditor affected on learning the real situation of Mr. Burford? What did Mr. Alberry next do? By whom was she accompanied? Did Mr. Burford know his wife when she arrived? Was Annabel much affected? On what account? Was Mr. Burford's life spared? When he recovered, what did he have the joy of knowing? What did Annabel resolve to do? Was her resolve ever broken? Why will not lying escape punishment?

Section XII. (2)

THE SCOTTISH FAMILY.

1. GILBERT AINSLIE was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labor, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined; and through all the mist, and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on, from year to year, in that calm and resigned contentment, which unconsciously cheers the hearth-stone of the blameless poor.

2. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thraldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

3. There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three, and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for

awhile, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons were farm-servants in the neighborhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

4. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated valleys, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moor-land; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features.

5. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter, who was out at service, came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and hired servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick,—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potato field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm, noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and

joyous in common talk,—sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn or psalm.

6. One after another, they all continued going up to the bed-side, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow field, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy,—now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropped with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes will wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for Heaven.

7. "Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well, in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words—all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears; yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror.

8. There were wandering, and wavering, and dreamy phantoms in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green, silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the sunny side of the mountain. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favorite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm.

The Lord's my Shepherd, I 'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

9. The child was now left with none but her mother by the bed-side, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while, in silence. In about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel and toil of humanity."

10. In a short, silent half hour, the potatoes and oatcakes, butter and milk were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them,—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

11. While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned his head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off.

Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former color. "I feared,"—said the youth, with a tear in his eye,—"I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonor." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence.

12. At this moment his wife came from her child's bed-side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our child is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter, with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear child. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bed-side.

13. Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued

at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribbon and an ivory comb that she had bought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball.

14. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up, weeping, in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring over, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he, whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of the parish never left his Manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room, and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

15. They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles, and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb, irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain. sparkled with a sort of joy.

The letter received by the rude horseman proved to be from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie fifteen hundred pounds. "This sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, and will do more, far more than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe that with it, I may buy this very farm on which my forefathers have toiled. May God, whose Providence has sent this temporal blessing, send us also wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to him for his goodness."

16. There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed, could scarcely be said to have slept; and when, about morning, little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

QUESTIONS.

What was the character of Gilbert Ainslie? What was his situation in life? How many children had he living? What had the children done in the garden? Were the children all well? What was the matter with her? What did the doctor think about her? Did they expect she would die? Did she recover? What good fortune happened to the family about this time? If 1500 pounds were given to Gilbert Ainslie, how many dollars would that be, if every pound was equal to twenty shillings?

Section XIII.

THE DUTIFUL SON.

1. In a regiment of Hussars, in Silesia, there was a brave soldier, who was extremely exact in all the duties of his station; but on account of age, and of his gray hairs, he was considered by his general as a blemish to the company in which he served. The general had long endeavored to persuade him to put himself upon the invalid establishment. It must be observed, that to be dismissed as an invalid, in Prussia, is nearly the same thing as to be condemned to starve, since its pensioners are allowed only three half pence per day for their support. It should also be remembered, that, in that country soldiers are enlisted for their whole lives; consequently, none are dismissed the service, but such as labor under incurable diseases, or are extremely old. This is sufficient of itself to justify the extreme horror felt by the Prussian soldier at the idea of being dismissed, however wretched his situation.

2. The old Hussar constantly refused to leave the company, and the more strenuously, as he was a married man, and his wife was but little younger than himself. They would also lose the advantage of receiving towards their support, a portion of the pay of their son, an honest stripling, who, according to the regulations of the army, served in the same corps, and messed with his parents. The general, unable to impute the smallest fault to the father, and not daring to dismiss him on his own authority, determined to deprive him of his son, hoping, by this means, either through his grief or poverty, to get rid of him. To this effect, he wrote to the king, that he had in his regiment an excellent young soldier, who was too tall for an hussar, and offered him to h[illegible] majesty for his regiment of guards, which he said wo[illegible] be a more proper situation for him.

3. The king accepted his offer, and the young [illegible] set out for the capital, leaving his parents in an af[illegible] hat was the more severe, as they knew that the r[illegible] f guards was that of which every soldier had th[illegible]

est dread, since, being always under the eye of the king, it was subject to a stricter discipline, and greater exertions than any other regiment. When the soldier arrived, the king wished to see him. Frederick, having slightly examined him, ordered him to put on a suit of the uniform of the guards. When the hussar re-entered, in a dress so new, and so much handsomer than the one he had before been used to, the king asked him how he liked it. The young man replied, that he should always be pleased with any sort of uniform, if he had but the happiness to please his sovereign, by doing his duty well.

4. "Very well," said Frederick, "keep these clothes, remain here, do your duty, and I will take care of the rest. Your comrades will tell you what you have to do; but, my good fellow, you must be exact to a minute in your department: to this effect, you must be furnished with a good watch. Go, therefore, to the watchmaker, tell him you are in my service, and he will give you a good silver watch, for which he will ask you fifty crowns. You will want, besides, half a dozen of shirts, some stockings, cravats and pocket handkerchiefs, which will come to about as much more. Go and purchase these articles, and be always exact, faithful and discreet in my service. As to means for your subsistence and sundry expenses, I will allow you ten crowns per month, which will be sufficient to procure all you will want."

5. The first thought of the young soldier, in the midst of his joy, was directed to his parents: "I have such an abundance of money," said he, "and my father and mother are in the greatest necessity! Is there no means of sending them the forty crowns given me for the watch, and of borrowing that sum of my fellow soldiers, on the condition of repaying them at the rate of five crowns per month? What remains will be quite enough for neces- " He could not resist the idea, and accordingly wed the forty crowns among several of his fellow He procured the watch and relieved his pa- he was yet ignorant that kings know every- e first law imposed by Frederick on those m, was to disclose to him whatever facts quainted with.

6. The next day he sent for his new recruit, and said to him, "I gave you money to buy a watch, and you sent it to your parents. You supposed you were doing a noble action, without being conscious that it was a breach of your fidelity to me. It is right and meritorious to assist one's relations when they are indigent, and particularly when they are infirm or old. To do so, is a most sacred duty. But at the same time, we should appropriate to such a purpose, only what is our own. In sending the money I gave you, you disposed of what did not belong to you. This money was not yours, since I gave it you only on condition that you should use it as I directed. It was no more than a deposit in your hands, and you have violated the law imposed on persons who receive a trust For this time, however, I pardon you, because your fault has arisen from a sentiment both respectable and pure; from a kind feeling; and without once reflecting on the nature of the case, as I have now explained it to you." JUV. COM.

QUESTIONS.

Why was the soldier considered a blemish to the company in which he served? Why did he refuse to leave the service? What measure did the general take to get rid of him? Did the king receive the son into his guards? What did he tell the young man? What did he do with the money? Why did he send it to them? How much wages was he to receive? How did he get the watch? Did the king find out what he had done with the money? What did he tell the young soldier? Why was it wrong for him to send the money to his parents? Did the king pardon him? Why?

Section XIV.

THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST

1. A soldier in the Macedonian army, had in many instances, distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of valor, and had received many marks of Philip's favor and approbation.—On some occasion, he embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself was cast on the shore, helpless and naked, and with scarcely the appearance of life. A Macedonian,

whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress; and, with all humane and charitable tenderness, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him on his own bed, revived, cherished, comforted, and, for forty days, supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require.

2. The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, uttered the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor, assured him of his interest with the king, and of his power and resolution of obtaining for him from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was now completely recovered, and his kind host supplied him with money, to pursue his journey.

3. Some time afterwards, he presented himself before the king: he recounted his misfortunes; magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands, where he had been so tenderly and kindly entertained. Philip, unhappily, without examination, inconsiderately granted his infamous request; and this soldier, now returned to his preserver, repaid his goodness, by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry.

4. The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief; and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own, and the soldier's conduct, in a lively and affecting manner.—The king was fired with indignation—He ordered that justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid; and, having seized this soldier, caused these words to be branded on his forehead:—"*The ungrateful Guest;*" a character infamous in every age, and among all nations, but particularly among the Greeks, who, from the earliest times, were most scrupulously observant of the laws of hospitality.

JUV. COM.

QUESTIONS.

What happened to the Macedonian soldier? By whom was he found and relieved? How was he treated by the peasant? How long did he continue there? What did he promise the man who had so kindly treated him? What did he ask of the king? Did the king grant his request? What did the poor peasant do when he found he was turned out of doors by this same man? When Philip knew the circumstances, what did he do? What punishment was inflicted on this ungrateful man?

Section XV.

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT.

1. At the time the Russian troops were in Holstein, says Capt. Bruce, General Baur, who commanded the cavalry, and was himself a soldier of fortune, his family or country being a secret to everybody, took an opportunity to discover himself, which surprised and pleased those who were about him. Being encamped near Husum, in Holstein, he invited all his field officers, and some others to dine with him, and sent his adjutant to bring a miller and his wife, who lived in the neighborhood, to the entertainment.

2. The poor couple came, very much afraid of the muscovite general, and were quite confused when they appeared before him; which, perceiving, he bade them make themselves quite easy, for he only meant to show them kindness, and had sent for them to dine with him that day. He talked with them familiarly about the country, and dinner being set, he placed the miller and his wife next to himself, one on each hand, at the head of the table, and paid great attention to them, inviting them to make free and eat hearty.

3. In the course of the entertainment, he asked the miller a great many questions about his family and his relations. The miller told him that he was the eldest son of his father, who had also been a miller, at the same mill he then possessed; that he had two brothers, tradesmen, and one sister, married to a tradesman; that his own family consisted of one son and three daughters. The general asked him if he never had any other brother

than those he had mentioned; he replied, he had once another, but he was dead many years ago, for they had never heard of him since he enlisted, and went away with the soldiers, when he was very young, and he must certainly have been killed in the wars.

4. The general, observing the company much surprised at his behavior to these people, thinking he did it by way of diversion, said to them, "Gentlemen, you have always been very anxious to know who and whence I am; I now inform you, this is the place of my nativity, and you have now heard, from this, my eldest brother, what my family is." And then turning towards the miller and his wife, he embraced them very affectionately, telling them, he was their supposed dead brother, and, to confirm it, he related everything that had happened in the family before he left it. General Baur then made a generous provision for all his relations, and sent to Berlin, for his education, the miller's only son, who turned out an accomplished young man. Juv. Com.

QUESTIONS.

State the manner in which Gen. Baur made himself known to his officers? What did he for his relations? Take your slate and see if you cannot alter the last sentence, and make it better.

Section XVI.

IDLE ROBERT

1. As Harry Barton was busily engaged in digging in his father's garden, a little ragged, dirty boy came along, and called out to him, "Come, Harry, go with me to training." Harry, without stopping his work, or raising his head, said, "I cannot go, Robert; because my father wants all this bit of ground dug over to-day, so that he can put the seeds into it when he comes home to-night."

2. "Well, but he can dig it himself, can't he?" said Robert. "I suppose he can if he chooses; but he told me to do it, and I mean to mind him," said Harry, resolutely. "Besides, mother says little boys should be

taught to work when they are young, and then they will like it when they are men." "I don't want to hear all that now," said Robert. "I am in a hurry to get to training; the troops are all out, and the cannon, and the gingerbread pedlars will be round as thick as hops. Come, you had better go with me." But Harry notwithstanding this tempting array of gingerbread, troops and cannon, remained firm.

3. "The drum and fife, Harry! the drum and fife! O, don't you hear them?" exclaimed Robert, as Harry continued to work with all his might. "Yes, I hear them, and can resist them too," said Harry, proudly; "so you need not urge me any more. I had rather stay at home than to be marching round after the trainers all day."

4. Robert was angry, and he muttered some very wicked words to himself, as he went on with his ragged coat, collarless shirt, and dirty face, to see the training. We shall follow him and endeavor to give a history of his unlucky adventures during the day. When he first presented himself among the neat, well dressed boys that thronged the spacious green in front of the village inn, he was greeted with loud shouts of, "Here comes the rag man! Old clothes for sale, old clothes for sale." Now Robert, if he were seldom willing to work, was always ready to fight.

5. In his rage and mortification, he struck the boy, who happened to stand next to him, a violent blow; the boy was larger and stouter than Robert; he returned the blow with interest, and a furious battle ensued. Our hero fought manfully, but he was finally brought to the ground, covered with blood and bruises. His conqueror proved a generous boy; he assisted Robert to rise and wash the blood from his face and clothes; while the laughing bystanders advised him not to be so ready to declare war for the future. Robert skulked away, and the next that was seen of him, he was standing close to the heels of a spirited horse which belonged to one of the officers.

6. "Take care, my lad, take care; I cannot answer for my horse," said the gentleman. But Robert did not choose to take care; and in a few minutes the soldiers discharged their guns: the horse reared and plunged, the little boy was thrown down, covered with dirt, and receiv-

ed, besides, a deep cut in the leg from the sharp shoe of the horse. He was taken up and placed upon his feet, and as soon as the people were satisfied that he had received no serious injury, they advised him to go home, and learn better next time. "I will have some gingerbread," said he to himself, "before I go home;" and he set off in search of some.

7. In a few minutes, he reached a vender of the article; he hung round the cart, and whenever a purchaser appeared, officiously offered his assistance; and at last, when he thought no one was looking at him, he put his hand into the box which contained the gingerbread, and pulling out a piece, tucked it under his coat, and walked away as fast as he could. But the owner had been carefully watching him all the time, and he called out, "Stop the thief; stop the thief." Robert was accordingly seized, taken back and compelled to give up his booty. He was extremely frightened, for he thought he should be sent to gaol; and he began to beg and pray the man to forgive him.

8. "I never stole before, *sartin, sartin,* I never did; oh! pray forgive me this once; only this once; I never'll do so *again;* I never will." The man pitied him. "Poor child," said he, "so young, and yet a thief! You will get into the state-prison before you are a man, I fear." Robert gathered courage from the good old man's words and looks, and he redoubled his prayers. "Oh! do not send me to gaol; oh! do not send me to gaol," he repeated again and again.

9. "No, I will not send you to gaol, for you would be likely to learn much evil from the miserable wretches confined there. I forgive you. Go home, and never again forget that God has said, 'Thou shalt not steal.'" Robert now felt quite ashamed, and hastened out of the crowd as fast as he could. But he knew not where to go. If he went home, he knew he should have to tell how he got bruised and wounded, and then his father would punish him: besides, his father had sent him to work in the morning, and told him not to leave it till he was called to dinner.

10. Robert knew very well, therefore, that when all his offences were known, he could hope for no mercy; so

he determined to conceal himself till it should be quite dark, and then he intended to go home and steal to his little bed, unobserved by his parents. He crept under a bridge, not far from his father's house, and while he sat playing with the water, and wishing for night, he began to think it was his own misconduct which had brought all his troubles upon him. "If I had gone to work in the morning, as my father bid me, I shouldn't have been thrown down by the horse, nor beat by Charles Lyman, nor I shouldn't be afraid to go home now."

11. The poor fellow felt very unhappy, and perhaps if he had had some kind friend to teach him what was right and what was wrong, and to encourage him to choose the right, he might have become a good boy. But little Robert had nobody to care for him. His father was intemperate, and passionate, and seldom took the trouble to administer reproof and correction, which looks to the future good of the child; though he often beat Robert unmercifully, when he had been drinking, or was out of temper. And his mother loved her ease, and her cup of tea, better than she loved her child; so little Robert was left to his own management.

12. You, my little readers, who have affectionate parents and guardians to lead you gently along in the path of duty, to watch over you and pray for you, and if you go astray, tenderly point out your errors, and bring you back to virtue; and who grant all your reasonable wishes, and do everything in their power to make you happy; you can know nothing of the miserable and forlorn situation of this poor boy. He was very hungry before sunset, for he had eaten nothing since morning; as soon as it began to grow dark, he left his place of concealment and turned his steps towards home, with the prospect of going supperless to bed, much as he needed food. He had to pass the house where Harry lived; Harry was out milking his mother's cow; and Robert stopped and begged for a little milk to drink.

13. "I cannot give you any milk, Robert, because it is not mine; but I have a nice piece of gingerbread in my pocket, that mother gave me; you may have half of that, and welcome." Harry divided his gingerbread, and generously gave Robert the largest share; and we

are sure he felt more satisfaction in seeing the half famished boy devour it, than he would in eating it himself. But perhaps you would like to know how Harry has been employed all day. I can tell you in a few words; for the quiet and industrious, who stay at home and mind their own business, have seldom any adventures to relate.

14. Mr. Barton gave his son his task in the morning before he went to his own work, but as he was an affec- [illegible] ate father, and did not wish to overwork his little boy, [illegible] was not a hard one. Harry completed it in time [illegible] his own raspberries, and play a good game at [illegible] younger brother. "And to-morrow, moth- er, [illegible] giving her a history of his day's work, "if [illegible] will permit me, I will weed my straw- berry bed [illegible] sadly." His mother said he might weed [illegible] he trudged off after his cow, quite as happy [illegible] en with Robert to see the training. When it [illegible] milking, he carried the milk to his mother, and [illegible] a nice bowl of it for his supper; then he went [illegible] tle bed, and his sleep was sweet.

15. When he arose the next m[illegible] [illegible]her said to him, "Harry, should you like [illegible] of ground of your own, and raise some m[illegible]! very much, very much," said Harry. "But [illegible] l- ready raspberries and strawberries to take ca[illegible] do you think you can find time to take care of melons, ith- out neglecting my work?" "I think I can," said Har- ry; "for I have a great deal of time to play now; and if you will be so very good as to give me a bit of ground, and some seeds, I will take care of it in my play hours."

16. "You shall have a piece of ground, and some seeds, my son," said Mr. Barton; "for I can trust your promise." Harry's father marked off a piece of ground and put the melon seeds into his hands that very morn- ing; and Harry was very happy for several hours digging and planting it. Like many other little boys, he was fond of building castles in the air: and experience had not yet taught him that they vanish at a touch. Already in imagination, he saw his luxuriant vines covering the now naked ground, and the tempting fruit inviting him to the delicious repast—already he had spread the product

of his labor before his smiling mother and the pleased little ones, and drank in their thanks and praises. Poor boy, he little thought he was toiling in vain; he little dreamed what a disappointment awaited him.

17. Harry looked at his vines every day; he saw the first bud and watched it till it burst into flower, and he counted the tiny melons as they appeared one after another, a hundred times; at last they began to ripen, and his happiness was almost complete. "To-day, mother," said Harry, as he rose from the breakfast table, "you promised to go and see my melons. Will you be so good as to go now? I hope there are some almost ripe, but you will know best." His mother went with him, for Harry was so good a boy that his parents always liked to gratify him.

18. Harry pointed out the melons which he thought ripe; his mother told him she thought they would do to gather in two or three days; and Harry clapped his hands and danced about with childish glee, and he exclaimed, "Oh how happy we shall be eating them." His mother put her hand upon his soft hair, and fondly smoothing it, said, "In a few days, my little son, I hope, will reap the reward of his diligence and industry."

19. Harry stood counting his melons and looking at them long after his mother had left him; and when he turned to go away he saw Robert not far from him, looking at them too. Robert asked him to go a fishing with him. Harry told him he could not go, and hurried away; for he did not wish to listen to Robert's endless entreaties. The next morning, Harry, as usual, went to visit his vines; and what a sight was there! They were all torn up by the roots, and the nice melons which had greeted his eyes yesterday, were broken and cut to pieces, and trampled into the ground.

20. Harry was struck with sorrow and surprise; but he was too manly to weep, even at the destruction of his dear and long cherished hopes; he struggled nobly with his tears, and finally conquered them. He looked about to see if he could find one melon to carry home with him; but there was not one; the destruction had been omplete; so he walked sorrowfully away to tell his arents, and asked them what it was best to do. His

father went immediately to the oft visited spot, and examined it carefully. Prints of little naked feet were plainly to be seen; and Mr. Barton followed them through the soft ploughed ground, towards the house where Robert lived.

21. Harry was much distressed when he saw this; and seizing his father's hand, he said, "Do not look any more; and do not try to find out who did the mischief. 'Tis no matter." "Why, what does all this mean, Harry?" said his father. "A few minutes ago, you were very anxious to find out who did it." "I am afraid, father, it was Robert; and you know his father will whip him cruelly, if he finds it out." "If we find him guilty, my son, I trust he will suffer as he deserves; it would be cruelty, not kindness, Harry, to screen him from punishment."

22. Mr. Barton went directly in search of Robert; he found him kicking and rolling about on the ground in his father's yard. The guilty fellow looked much frightened when he saw Mr. Barton, and soon confessed his offence.—Robert remembered how he had moved the poor gingerbread pedlar upon a similar occasion, and he hoped to be as successful now. But to all his prayers and promises, Mr. Barton steadily answered, "It would be no kindness to you, Robert, to allow you to go unpunished; perhaps if you are made to suffer for this crime, you will never be guilty of another; but if you escape punishment when you so richly deserve it, it will only encourage you to go on in wickedness."

23. As soon as Mr. Barton had done speaking, the foolish boy began again, "I won't do so *agin*; I won't do so *agin*." Mr. Barton replied, "Remember the gingerbread-man, Robert; how can I put any confidence in your promises?" And he took him by the hand and led him to his mother. Indifferent as she usually was to her children's conduct, she was roused by such an act of wickedness, and punished him severely. But alas! one punishment, however severe, will not change the character. The mother who wishes to preserve her child from vice, must watch over him constantly. She must patiently, perseveringly, and continually administer reproof, correction and advice. "Precept upon precept, line upon line; here a little and there a little," must be her motto.

24. It is certainly true that "Idleness is the mother of mischief." Robert was still allowed to rove about the fields, or lie basking in the sun all day long, and before he was twenty years old, he was convicted of burglary, and sentenced to the state-prison. One delightful summer evening, as Harry sat in his mother's neat little parlor, reading aloud to his sisters, a neighbor came in and told him of poor Robert's fate. "Poor fellow! has he come to this?" said Harry, laying down his book. "He has indeed," said Mr. Barton. "Behold, my children, the consequences of idleness, and a neglected education." "And behold," said the neighbor, looking at Harry's honest, intelligent countenance, "the consequences of industry and a judicious education."

JUV. MISCELLANY.

QUESTIONS.

Where did idle Robert desire Harry to go with him? Did Harry consent to go? Why? Was Robert angry with him because he would not go? Mention some of Robert's adventures during the day. What do you recollect about the gingerbread? Was he sent to jail for stealing it? Was he afraid to go home? Why? What did he think while sitting under bridge? Did he have good advice and care at home? How did spend the day? Which do you think was best employed? Do you r ber anything about Harry's melons? What happened to them? W Robert do this? Did he confess it? What was done with him? finally became of him? What were the chief causes of his unhappy fate?— How did Harry succeed? What were the causes of his prosperity?

Section XVII.

ANN WHITE.

1. Ann White's father was a respectable New England farmer. He was not rich; but everything about his farm looked neat, comfortable, and pleasant. His house stood at some distance from the main road, and was situated on the southern side of a very high hill, over-ing a beautiful meadow, dotted with trees, through clear stream of water wound its way; on the side of the stream the factory village peeped

out between the oaks, elms, and locust trees; the view beyond was terminated by a range of varied hills.

2. Mr. and Mrs. White were sensible people: they had no ambition that their children should be distinguished for useless accomplishments, and silly gentility; they knew that such things would make them frivolous, vain, and discontented with the situation in which God had placed them. Their chief desire was to instil a strong love of knowledge, and to cherish habits of order, neatness, usefulness, and close observation.

3. Ann, their eldest daughter, was hasty and heedless, but was, on the whole, a good, sweet tempered child. Her grandmother was so very fond of her, and was so anxious to have her live at her house, that her father and mother consented she should spend a year there. The old lady loved the child very much, and meant to do everything for her good; but by indulging her in everything, she really did her harm. Ann was a very generous child; and her grandmother allowed her to give away everything in the house, if she chose. If the old housekeeper made any complaint about her pies and cakes being carried off, she would only exclaim, "Dear little creature! she will not stay much longer with me; and she does take so much comfort in giving away things, that I cannot bear to refuse her."

4. Now it was no virtue in Ann to give away what did not belong to her; but her grandmother praised her generosity so much, that she thought herself a remarkably good child, because she gave away what cost her nothing, and what she did not want. A woman was kept on purpose to mend her clothes, and put them in order; and this made the little girl very careless, and very helpless. Before she returned home, her grandmother supplied her plentifully with money to purchase presents for every one of her father's family; and it would have done the old lady's heart good to have seen the happy young creature seated on the carpet, unpacking her trunk.

5. "Look, mother," said she, "I have bought the Pilgrim's Progress for old Mrs. May!" "How came you to think of Pilgrim's Progress, my dear?" "Because I once heard Mrs. May say she should like it; and it is the only thing I ever heard her w

all my life. I remembered it for that reason; and I thought it was a sad pity she should not have it. Here is 'The Good Grandmother,' for Mary; I know she will like it for the sake of the title."

6. "I think you have reason to love the title too; for your grandmother has been extremely generous to you," said her mother; "but you must remember *she* gave you the money to purchase all these presents—*you* have not been obliged to give up a single wish or pleasure in order to obtain them. Little girls, and great girls, are often very generous in spending other people's money, while they are too selfish to give up a single one of their own gratifications for the sake of doing good to others."

7. "I know grandmother was very, very good to me," said Ann; "and I do love her dearly." The tears came to her eyes for a minute, but they soon went away. "This is for John," exclaimed she, producing a penknife.—"This is to pay him for the little cradle and bedstead he made for my doll. Dear me!" she continued as she bent her curly [illegible]d over the trunk, "where is Martha's present? I [illegible] have not left it behind,"—and as she spoke, she tossed all her nicely ironed dresses topsy-turvy upon the carpet.

8. "What is the present?" asked Mrs. White: "Perhaps I can find it, without all this confusion." "It is a bright calico shawl; covered with red flowers, as large as sun-flowers. Oh! here it is," said she—laughing as she spread it out—"This will please Martha—she loves gay colors dearly;"—and away ran the lively child to give it to her. Martha was not easily suited; but she was quite as much pleased with her new shawl as Ann had hoped. She returned to the parlor in high glee, telling her mother that Martha said "It was the *elegantest* thing she ever looked upon."

9. "And now, mother, may I go to Mrs. May's?" asked the impatient child. "I do so want to see Mary May, I have not become acquainted with any little girl since I [illegible] at I liked one half as well as I do her." "I [illegible] of it," answered her mother; "for Mary May [illegible] excellent girl. I wish you may find many friends, [illegible]od as she is. But first put your clothes in order [illegible]k, that they may be carried to your chamber."

10. Mrs. White turned round to attend to something, as she spoke, and Ann huddled her clothes in without any care, and was half across the street, before any one knew she was gone. Her mother saw that it would take some time to cure her of these careless habits; but she was not disccuraged. She knew that Ann loved her parents dearly; and she therefore hoped she would take pains to do as they wished her.

11. "What is the matter with your frock?" said Mrs. White to Ann, as she came jumping back from Mrs. May's, her face bright with exercise and good humor. "Why, mother, when I got down to the locust grove, I saw Mary May coming down the hill, with her great heavy water-pail, to get some water at the brook; so I ran to help her dip it up. I thought as there were two of us, we could carry it up quite full. Mary said we had better not try, for she knew it would be as impossible for us to carry it, as it was for David to march off in Saul's armor. But I told her I never liked to give up anything after I had once undertaken [illegible] so we trudged up the hill with it. But it was prope[illegible]y; and we could not help spilling a little on our clothes."

12. "You should have taken Mary's advice," replied her mother; "for she is much more careful and considerate than you are. Indeed it would give me great pleasure to see you try to be as neat as Mary is. Your trunk and boxes look as if they had been stirred up with a drum-stick. If you will once learn the habit of putting every thing in its place, as soon as you have done with it, they will never get into such disorder."

13. Ann's thoughts were running upon something else, and she almost interrupted her mother, exclaiming, "But, mother, that pail is quite [illegible] heavy for Mary—I wish you would let me give her the bright tin kettle, that Martha keeps hanging up in the kitchen closet"—at the same time taking a hop, skip, and jump, towards the kitchen door. "Stop, my daughter," said Mrs. White; "I feel sorry to disappoint your kind intention, but you cannot have the kettle. Martha uses it very often, and she takes great pleasure in keeping it bright; the loss of it would be quite a trouble to her. She is old, my dear, and we should always respect the feelings of the old

14. "I thought," said Ann—standing very sorrowfully with her hand on the latch of the door—"I thought you would like to have me give the kettle to Mary, else I would not have asked. Grandmother was always pleased when I gave anything away; she said she admired to see me generous." "Do you know what it is to be really generous, Ann?" "It means to be free-hearted —to be willing to give away things."

15. "True, my dear—but that does not imply a mere willingness to give away the property of others. You should be just, before you think of being generous. If you wish to be truly benevolent, you must first begin by practising self-denial and economy. Many people grow up without thinking correctly on this subject—they mistake wastefulness for generosity, and always call economy meanness. We are not wretchedly poor, therefore we are sometimes able to assist others; but we are not rich—and if we wish to be generous, we must sometimes deny ourselves things we should very well like. I think Mary needs a lighter pail, and I am very willing you should get her one."

16. "But, mother, how can I get her one? I have spent all my money. I cannot earn any more; and as to saving, if I saved, and saved, ever so long, I should never get enough to buy a tin kettle." "Don't you know the old proverb, 'a penny saved is as good as a penny earned?'" asked her mother. "I do not know what it means," replied Ann, rather impatiently; "I have not any pence to save."

17. "I will explain to you, my dear, how you can save money for the purpose of benevolence," answered her mother. "In the first place, since you have been at your grandmother's you have learned to be a very careless little girl about your clothes. The gloves I bought you a few days since, are in great need of mending, and if they are not attended to, they will soon be good for nothing. You left your new prunella shoes lying about, and Pompey, thinking he has an undoubted right to every thing out of its place, has carried one of them out into the yard and gnawed it in such a manner that you 'll never be able to wear it again. The money I paid those shoes would have bought a tin kettle for Mary."

18. "But, mother," interrupted Ann, "if I had the shoes safe in my closet, I could not buy a tin kettle with them." "True," replied Mrs. White; "but I will show you how your carelessness about the shoes puts it out of my power to give you money for the tin kettle. I know just how much I can afford to spend without getting in debt. Of the sum set apart to expend this month, I have but one dollar left; and that dollar I must take to buy you a new pair of shoes. If the shoes had been well taken care of, I could have spared you money to buy the kettle, without infringing a rule, which I know it is my duty to keep very strictly. I hope you now understand the meaning of the proverb, 'A penny saved is a penny earned.'"

19. "Yes, mother, I do; and I will try to be more careful of my things. I never thought anything about saving before; grandmother always praised me for being so generous." "And I, too, would have you generous; but I would not have you so for the sake of being praised; neither would I have you think it is true generosity to give away what does not belong to you. If you were called upon to sacrifice some pleasure you had fixed upon, or to give up something of your own, which you liked particularly well, I am afraid you would find more selfishness than you are aware of in that little heart of yours.

20. I will tell you an instance of true generosity in your friend Mary May. You know she is extravagantly fond of drawing, and as her grandmother wishes to fit her for a teacher, I think her taste ought to be gratified. I promised her a pencil and some pretty engravings. Having a leisure afternoon, she came up here with great eagerness to get them; and I never saw a little girl more delighted than she was when I gave them to her. She was hurrying joyfully through the kitchen, when aunt Martha called to her to thread her needle. The faithful old creature was trying to make a gown for herself; but her fingers were so very stiff and awkward, that she found it hard work to put it together.

21. 'Let me take it home and do it for you, Martha,' said Mary. The offer was thankfully accepted; and the next morning the gown was brought home very neatly

finished, the pieces rolled up carefully, and the snarl of cotton she had taken, wound on a card. She cheerfully gave up her anticipated pleasure, for the sake of doing good to a poor old woman. This is what I call *real* generosity. Nobody praised her for it, and she did not expect to be praised. She felt very happy, as people always do, when they have done a good action from good motives.

22. Her grandmother told me, that as she sat by the fire-side that evening, repeating her evening hymn,

> "Did I this day, for small or great,
> My own pursuits forego,
> To lighten by a feather's weight
> The mass of human wo,—"

she stopped suddenly, and looking up with a bright countenance, said, 'How much happier I feel saying those lines, than I should, if I had left poor Martha to botch up her gown with her old lame fingers.' Self-denial carries with it its own reward."

23. "But the rich can never enjoy this happiness," said Ann. "It is only the poor who are obliged to practise self-denial. Rich people can be as generous as they please." "You are mistaken, my child.—There is no situation in life in which it is not a duty to practise self-denial. The rich are not obliged to limit themselves in spending money; but every week of their lives they have opportunities to make others happy by sacrificing some favorite inclination, or project. I will read you an instance of self-denial in high life, if you will bring me the history of England."

24. Ann brought the book, and her mother then read the well known anecdote of the elegant and celebrated Sir Philip Sidney, who, when wounded on the field of battle, and almost perishing with thirst, refused the bottle of water that was brought him, and pointing to a miserable, dying soldier near him, whose eyes were eagerly fixed on the cooling draught, he said, "Give it to him; his necessity is even greater than mine." "I am sure," said Ann, thoughtfully, "that Sir Philip Sidney's mother taught him to deny himself, for the good of others, when I was a little boy. I will try to practise self-denial—

Let me see—what can I do without? Mother, can I do without a new pair of shoes?"

25. "No, my dear, you cannot; for above all things in dress, a little girl should keep her feet looking neatly. If you will mend your gloves and clean them with India-rubber, they will answer very well for the present; and if you had rather have thirty-seven cents, than the pair of new gloves I promised you, I will give it to you with pleasure." Ann said she had much rather have the money. "Is it half enough to buy the kettle?" said she, "Not quite," said her mother. "O dear, where shall I get the rest?" exclaimed the impatient little girl. "Resolve to be neat and industrious, and to save every cent you can during the week," replied her mother, "and I dare say Mary will soon have her kettle."

26. "You told me I might have all the rags I could pick up," said Ann, "I will sell them to the rag-man; —every little helps." "Very well," said her mother, smiling; "deny yourself everything you can well do without, and be careful of your clothes, and I dare say you will find it an easy matter to save five shillings for Mary's kettle." "O dear, I don't know how I am going to do it," replied the little girl, despairingly. At some future time we will inform our young readers how Ann succeeded in her project. JUV. MISCELLANY.

QUESTIONS.

What was the character of Ann's parents? What kind of education did they wish to give her? What was Ann's character and temper? With whom did she go to live for a year? Did her grandmother indulge her very much? What effect had this upon her? Was she taught to mend her own clothes and keep them in order? Who attended to this? Did this make her careless? When she returned home what did she carry to her brothers and sisters? Name some of the articles which she purchased for the family. What was the character of Mary May? What did Ann wish to give her? Why was she not permitted to do it? Do you recollect an instance of real generosity in Mary May? Did Ann understand the meaning of generosity? Do you remember the anecdote of Sir Philip Sidney? What measure did Ann take to obtain money to buy the new kettle for Mary? When Martha said, "the shawl was the *elegantest* thing she ever saw," did she speak correctly? Why? When Ann said the pail of water was "*proper* heavy," did she speak correctly? What ought she to have said?

Section XVIII.

THE LOST BOY.

1. Late in the summer of 1816, I was on a visit in a remote village in Maine, situated on the sea shore. The house in which I lived, was about a stone's throw from the water, and was occupied by a family with which I had for many years been intimate. It consisted at that time, of Mr. Mason, his lady, and a boy about eight years of age. The event which occurred during my stay with them, I shall never forget. The distress which it for a time caused to the parents, and the excitement it occasioned in the little village, have fixed it too deeply in my memory.

2. At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the cottage of Mr. Mason, was a small cave, which the few fishermen who inhabited the village, used as a harbor for their boats. At the time of this story, most of the fishermen were at sea, and a single crazy sloop, with a few small skiffs, were the only boats in the harbor. Mr. Mason had often given charge to his son, to avoid the boats, and on no account to venture into them alone, or with his school-fellows: but only with his particular permission, under the care of some one to whom he could trust.

3. On the afternoon of a day in August, Charles Mason was idling along the sea shore, skimming the surface of the water with pebbles, and wishing that he could swim, when he saw a little boat carelessly fastened to a stake in the bank. Without thinking a moment of the commands of his father, he jumped into the boat, and began paddling it about with a broken oar he found in its bottom. After he had been playing half an hour, passing to and fro, within a dozen yards of the land, he began in spite of all his efforts, to be carried farther and farther from the shore. The tide had changed, and was carrying the little boat swiftly along with it.

4. Charles was a brave boy, and not to be frightened at trifles. He laid down contentedly in the boat, expecting, at the change of the tide, to be carried back in the same manner as he had been brought away. The bay

in which he was thus adrift, without any prospect of help, was five or six miles in length, dotted here and there with little islands of three or four acres in extent. As he was carried along, he hoped, that by good fortune, he should be thrown upon some one of them: but one after another was passed, and Charles was still on the water. Still, however, it was some hours to sunset, and the little boy kept up his heart. The last island in the bay was about ten miles from the main land. Charles patiently waited to see if he should be landed there. The boat touched at last on the extremity of a jutting point, and Charles leaped out on the shore.

5. The island on which he landed, was about three miles in circumference, lined with rocks, covered by a small wood, with a few straggling whortle-berry bushes. Charles pulled the boat ashore, as well as he was able, and left it, intending to run about till the tide changed. He strayed to some distance from the boat, and the sun went down while he was trying in vain, to find his way back again. Meanwhile, great anxiety was occasioned at home, by the absence of Charles. Hour after hour passed, and still he did not return. No conjecture could be formed concerning him. He had not been seen during the whole afternoon by any of his usual playmates. No trace of him could be found.

6. Parties of the villagers were soon prepared to issue forth in every direction, in search of the lost child. Old and young of both sexes, with the most praiseworthy activity, explored every part of the neighborhood. The whole village was in motion, and lanterns were glancing from hill and valley, till the gray of the morning rendered their light unnecessary. The search was continued with unabated vigor, till the noon of the succeeding day. It was then supposed that he had fallen into some one of the sheets of water in the vicinity, and been drowned. Lakes and ponds were dragged and drained to no purpose. It was impossible to find any means of judging as to his fate. The distress of his mother was deeper than language can tell. I have never seen such utter and inconsolable anguish. She refused to listen to a word of encouragement. She had given up all hope, and would not be comforted.

7. Four days had now passed by since his loss, and no information concerning him could be anywhere obtained.—On the afternoon of the fourth day, a home bound fishing smack, picked up in the harbor, the boat in which Charles had been carried away, and which had been swept by the returning tide from the bank where he had fastened it.—The boat had not before been missed; but it was immediately supposed to have some connexion with the loss of the child. This circumstance revived a slight hope. It was possible that he might have been saved on some one of the islands.

8. Early the next morning, all the boats that could be procured, were engaged in visiting the islands in the harbor. All the nearest had been touched upon, and no traces of the child had yet been found. The largest and most distant yet remained unvisited. The weather had come in very stormy and lowering, and it was very dangerous for small craft to be on the water. Most of the boats were obliged to put back. Mr. Mason and myself were in the only sail boat that was at that time in the harbor, and we determined to persevere at whatever hazard, while there was any chance of finding the child.

9. With a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in reaching the island in question. We examined it from one end to the other, shouting at every pace, to attract the notice of the child, if he should be anywhere within hearing. But it was all in vain. We had given up the pursuit, as hopeless; and as the storm had, in a good measure abated, we entered our boat, and put off, tired and distressed, from the shore. We had not sailed twice the boat's length, when, on turning my head to give a last look at the spot, I saw, on the top of a rock, about twenty yards from the beach, the weak and emaciated figure of the child.

10. We found him entirely exhausted from fatigue, want of sustenance, and fear. For five days he had subsisted on a few wild berries, over the island. He had heard our shouts; but from his weakness, was unable to answer them. He had just sufficient strength to raise himself upon the rock where we discovered him, and when we reached him, fainted in our arms. He recovered in a short time, his usual health. The mother

was thrown into a fever, by the distress into which she had been thrown by the loss of her child, and the violence of her joy at his unexpected return. How much sorrow and suffering may spring from an act of thoughtless disobedience! JUV. MISCELLANY.

QUESTIONS.

Do you remember where Charles Mason and his parents lived? Do you know in what part of the world *Maine* is? How did Charles disobey the commands of his father? What happened to him? How far was he carried from the main land? Where was he landed? What did he do with the boat? Did his parents become alarmed? What was done by the villagers? How long had he been absent before they discovered any traces of him? What led the people to believe he had been carried out to sea? What was done when they made this discovery? How and where was the child discovered? What was his situation when discovered? Did he recover his health? What effect had this upon his mother? If Charles had obeyed the commands of his father, would all this trouble and distress have happened?

Section XIX.

THE JUST JUDGE.

1. A gentleman, who possessed an estate worth about five hundred pounds a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it. In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn; telling him he was an impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnessess to prove it.

2. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a most dismal situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth

and evidence are on your brother's side. However, I will undertake your cause on this condition; you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you: If I lose it, I know the consequences; and I venture with my eyes open. Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

3. The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the young man, and, stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best method to gain his end. At last, he hit upon this happy thought; that he would consult the first judge of his age, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The judge, who was a great lover of justice, heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power. The lawyer having taken leave, the judge arranged his business so as to be at Chelmsford before the assizes began.

4. When arrived within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his attendants, and entered a lonely house. He found it occupied by a miller. After some conversation, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, he readily assented. Accordingly, the judge clothed himself from top to toe with the miller's best. Thus prepared, away he marched to Chelmsford, and procured good lodgings. The next day, when the trials came on, he walked, like an ignorant country fellow, backwards and forwards along the county hall. He had a thousand eyes within him; and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him: "Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?" "Why," replied the plaintiff, "my cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it, I am ruined for life."

5. "Well, honest friend," said the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret, which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman through the whole twelve. Now do you insist upon your privi-

lege, without giving the reason why; and, if possible, get me chosen in his room; and I will do you all the service in my power." Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

6. The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time taken in consideration, "Sir," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court he said, "There is that miller in the court, we will have him, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a dexterous little fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten guineas into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "how many have you got." "Ten pieces," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself.

7. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel and the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed as well as the judge. The evidence deposed, that they were in the self same country, when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence, and everything went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation—"And now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict, as you shall deem most just."

8. They waited but a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "gentlemen, are you agreed, and who shall speak for

you?" "We are all agreed, may it please your honor," replied one, "our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed." "Why?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with you? what reasons have you for disagreeing?" "I have several reasons," said the miller: "The first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of the law, and was expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence, that astonished the judge and the whole court. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, tho judge, in a surprise of soul, stopped him.

9. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale. I am lord Chief Justice of the king's bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore come down from a seat which you are noways worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again." Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's hat and dress on, began the trial from the very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He proved the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasonings of the pleaders; unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice. JUV. COMPANION.

QUESTIONS.

What was the cause of the lawsuit between the two brothers? What did the elder brother do? On what condition did the lawyer undertake the cause? Whom did this lawyer consult on the subject? What did the judge promise him? How did he contrive to get chosen on the jury? Were the jury bribed? What is a bribe? What reason did the supposed miller assign for not agreeing with the other jurymen? What did he tell the judge when he asked him who he was? Did he try the cause over again? What was the result?

Section XX.

GERMAN NOBLEMAN.

1. The Germans of rank and fortune, were formerly remarkable for the custom of having their sons instructed in some mechanical business, by which they might be habituated to a spirit of industry, secured from the miseries of idleness, and qualified in cases of necessity, to support themselves and their families. A striking proof of the utility of this custom occurs in the following narrative.—A young German nobleman, of great merit and talents, paid his addresses to an accomplished young lady of the Palatinate, and applied to her father for his consent to marry her. The old nobleman, amongst other observations, asked him, how he expected to maintain his daughter. The young man, surprised at such a question, observed, that his possessions were known to be ample, and as secure as the honors of his family.

2. "All this is very true," replied the father, "but you well know that our country has suffered much from wars and devastations, and that new events of this nature, may sweep away all your estate, and render you destitute. To keep you no longer in suspense," continued the father, with great politeness and affection, "I have seriously resolved never to marry my daughter, to any person, who, whatever be his honors or property, does not possess some mechanical art, by which he may be able to support her, in case of unforeseen events."

3. The young nobleman, deeply affected with his determination, was silent for a few moments; when, recovering himself, he declared that he believed his happiness so much depended on the proposed union, that no difficulty or submissions, consistent with his honor, should prevent him from endeavoring to accomplish it. He begged to know whether he might be allowed six months to acquire the knowledge of some manual art. The father, pleased with the young man's proposal and affection for his daughter, consented to it, and pledged his honor, that the marriage should take place, if, at the

expiration of the time limited, he should succeed in his undertaking.

4. Animated with the tenderest regard, and by a high sense of the happiness he hoped to enjoy, he went immediately into Flanders, engaged himself to a white-twig basket maker, and applied every power of ingenuity and industry to become skilled in the business. He soon obtained a complete knowledge of the art; and before the expiration of the time proposed, returned, and brought with him, as specimens of his skill, several baskets adapted to fruit, flowers and needle-work. These were presented to the young lady, and universally admired for the delicacy and perfection of the workmanship. Nothing now remained to prevent the accomplishment of the noble youth's wishes, and the marriage was solemnized to the satisfaction of all parties.

5. The young couple lived several years in affluence, and seemed, by their virtues and moderation to have secured the favors of fortune. But the ravages of war, at length, extended themselves to the Palatinate. Both the families were driven from the country, and their estates forfeited. And now opens a most interesting scene—The young nobleman commenced his trade of basket making; and by his superior skill in the art, soon commanded extensive business. For many years, he liberally supported, not only his own family, but also that of the good old nobleman, his father-in-law;—and enjoyed the high satisfaction of contributing, by his own industry, to the happiness of connexions doubly endeared to him by their misfortunes, and who would otherwise have sunk into the miseries of neglect and indigence, sharpened by the remembrance of better days.

JUV. COM.

QUESTIONS.

For what were the Germans of rank and fortune formerly remarkable? Do you remember what induced the young nobleman to learn a trade? Where did he go for that purpose? Did he succeed? Was this trade of any service to him? Why was it necessary for him to work? If a man should make five baskets in a day worth ten shillings apiece, how much would they come to in dollars and cents? If he should continue this business, what would it amount to in a week, reckoning six working days? How much in a month? How much in a year? If he should be unable to work one third of the time, what would be his yearly income?

Section XXI.

THE ROSES.

1. The celebrated and amiable Malsherbes, a minister of the French court in the reign of Louis XVI, used to spend part of the summer at his beautiful estate of Verneuil, near Versailles. He took great delight in cultivating flowers, and above all, in attending to a shrubbery of roses of his own planting, which stood in a semicircular grove near the village. A great variety of rose trees in that rural and solitary spot, formed a most pleasant and striking contrast with the wild trees which surrounded them. Notwithstanding his peculiar modesty, this venerable man could not help feeling a pride in conducting his visiters to this charming grove, which he called his solitude. With his own hands he had constructed a grotto with mounds of earth and branches of trees, to which he frequently repaired to avoid the rain, or to shelter his gray head from the burning rays of the sun.

2. Often would he exclaim to his visiters, "Behold how fresh and blooming are all my rose trees! I cannot account for my success in not losing a single one, though it is now many years since I commenced their cultivation. Never was the most able gardener more fortunate." One morning, when this learned naturalist had arisen earlier than usual, he walked to his favorite grove, long before the rising of the sun. The morning was delightful; a slight breeze, and an abundant dew refreshed the soil, parched by the heat of the preceding day.

3. Setting down near his grotto, he contemplated with awe the sweet stillness of morn, and the enchanting revival of nature; but suddenly he heard a slight noise. He first thought it was a hare or a timid fawn, running across the wood. He looked up, cast his eyes around, and perceived, through the branches, a young girl, who, coming from the village with a milk-pail upon her head, stopped at a fountain, filled her pitcher with water, walked up to the grove, watered it, returned several times to the fountain, and by that means, left at the root of each rose tree a sufficient quantity of water to revive them all.

The gentleman who, during this time, remained quiet in a corner of his grotto, that he might not interrupt the young milk-maid, followed her eagerly with his eyes, not knowing to what cause he should ascribe the zealous attention which she paid to his rose trees.

4. Curiosity drew him involuntarily towards the young stranger, when she was pouring out her last pitcher on a white rose tree. At the sight of the proprietor she trembled, and stood mute with astonishment. He approached her, and gently inquired "who had ordered her to water the grove." "O, sir," said she trembling, "my intentions were good, I assure you; I am not the only girl in the neighborhood who does it: To-day it was my turn." "How, your turn?" "Yes, sir, yesterday it was Betsy's, and to-morrow it will be Mary's." "What do you mean, my good girl? I do not understand you." "As you have caught me in the fact, I can no longer keep it secret, neither do I think you will be very angry. You must know, sir, that having seen you from our fields, planting and attending these fine rose trees, it was agreed among us, girls of the neighboring hamlets, to prove to the man who scatters so many blessings amongst us, and does so much honor to agriculture, that he is not surrounded by ungrateful beings.

5. Since he finds so much pleasure in cultivating his flowers, we agreed to assist him privately; so all the girls of fifteen years of age, on coming back from the village with their empty milk-pails, take it by turns to fetch water from the fountain close by; and every morning, before the sun rises, to water the rose trees of our friend, the kind benefactor of us all. For these last four years, sir, we have not neglected this duty, and I can even tell you that every girl is anxious to reach her fifteenth year, to have the honor of watering your roses."

6. This ingenuous narrative made a lively and affecting impression on the minister, who declared he had ver received a greater gratification from any source atever. "I am no longer surprised," said he with ep emotion, "at my rose trees being so beautiful, and aden with so many flowers. But since all the young girls of the neighboring hamlets are so good as to give me every morning, such convincing proofs of their re-

gard, I engage, on my part, never to let a day pass without visiting my solitude which is now dearer to me than ever." "In so doing, sir," said the young girl in a respectful manner, "you will increase our obligations and our pleasures; for then we shall drive our flocks this way, that we may have the happiness of seeing you at your ease, of regaling you with our songs, and of receiving occasionally lessons of instruction and wisdom from the paternal lips of your excellency."

7. "Yes, my child," replied the venerable man, "I shall be glad to see you all. If any misfortunes befall you, I shall endeavor to alleviate them; if any differences arise between you, I shall be able, perhaps, to remove them; and in any other way in which I can assist you, you may depend on my readiness to listen to your requests." "In that case," said the blooming girl, with vivacity, "your excellency will not want employment; and I myself may in a little time have a word to say on that subject. But with your leave, sir, I will now return to my mother, who is waiting for me, and communicate to her my happy adventure."

8. "Stay a moment," said the minister, detaining her; "what is your name?" "Susan Bertrand, may it please your excellency." "Well, Susan," replied he, taking her by the hand, "give your companions, who, like you, take care of my rose trees, what I am going to give you for them." "O! sir, we want nothing; the receiving of your gold can never be equal to the pleasure we feel." "You are very right—no, all the fortune I possess," said he, "is not worth the delight you afford me at this moment; but until I shall be able to return my thanks to your young friends, take to each of them a rose: tell them that their kindness enlivens my old age, and will never be erased from my memory." With this token of paternal regard, the delighted maiden retired to her hamlet, proud and happy in being the bearer of such an honorable message.

9. The minister rigidly performed the promise he had given to the young girl; and never let a day pass without visiting his rose trees. Often, whilst a numerous and brilliant company were assembled in his castle, this amiable man, the counsellor and friend of his unfortunate king, sitting near his solitary grotto, participated in the

amusements and pleasures of the shepherds of the neighborhood; and late in the evening would return to his castle, attended by some, and blessed by all.

10. The day following the interesting interview with the innocent maiden, he heard that the youth of the neighborhood were to dance that evening on the green before his celebrated grotto. "Now," exclaimed the good natured sage to those present, "now I may say farewell to my roses, as the girls will doubtless cull the finest of them to adorn themselves. But they will be happy; they will, perhaps, speak of me; and though I may have fewer roses, I shall have a greater share of pleasure." Presuming that his presence would probably impose some restraint on their festivities, and dampen their innocent enjoyment, he refrained from directing his usual walk to his grove that evening. But early the next day, he was impatient to inspect the mischief which he thought the dancing must unavoidably have done to his grove, and to repair the damage.

11. Great was his astonishment, when he found everything in the best condition, and proper order. The spot where they had danced was raked over; the green seat had kept all its freshness; not a single rose had been taken, and over the entrance of the grotto was affixed in yellow flowers the inscription—*To our friend.*—He observed to a friend on his return from the grotto, "that it was impossible for him to restrain his emotion, at this unexpected and delicate instance of gratitude and respect from an uneducated and numerous assembly of young people. How sweet," he observed, "it is to be thus beloved! I would not exchange my grotto for the finest palace in the world."

12. A few days subsequent to the above occurrence, his valet informed him that a young girl, bathed in tears, wished to speak with him. He ordered her to be ushered in, and when she appeared, he inquired the cause of her sorrow. "Alas! sir," said she, "I am undone unless you take pity on me." "But what is the matter," inquired the minister, "speak, my young friend, and be composed." "I have first to tell you," said she, "that it was my turn this morning to water your roses, and as it was the birth day of the wife of one of your farmers, with

whom I have lived ever since I became an orphan, I ventured to pluck one of your roses, contrary to the vow we had made among us, 'never to touch them.'"

13. "A rose," said the minister smiling; "surely, who has a better claim to them, than those who have so assiduously cultivated them as you and your companions have done?" "And although I would by no means, impress your mind, that oaths or vows may be trifled with, yet I cannot but declare that you are absolved, in my view, from that vow, inasmuch as the obligation was unjustly imposed upon yourselves. Be assured, therefore, that I am far from viewing it as a misdemeanor on your part; and shall consider you as having taken that which was fairly your own." But the mortified maiden, after thanking him for the favorable construction he was pleased to put on the subject, observed, with much emotion, "that her conduct was viewed in such a light by the rest of the villagers, as rendered her the scorn and contempt of the community." "Indeed," said the minister, "how was the circumstance made public?" "A lad," said she, "who is the spy of the village, saw me commit the trespass, and told it to my companions, who have banished me from their society, and from their dances at the grove for one year.

14. "The lady with whom I live, in vain pleaded for me; they all condemned me, even he whose frown, to me, is a living death. The distressing circumstances, sir, under which I am placed, must plead my apology for this frank confession." The minister, struggling to conceal his emotion, said to her, "be comforted, my child; I myself, will implore your pardon:" and having learned from her, that the young villagers held a rural ball that same evening, he said, "come, give me your arm: I always considered it my duty to defend the accused." Having arrived at the scene of mirth and festivity, the aged, but eloquent minister, pleaded the cause of the young offender with all the enthusiasm which an occurrence so interesting to his heart inspired. It was with much difficulty, however, he could obtain her pardon. He succeeded at last, and then promised to give her a portion on the day of her marriage.

15. Susan Bertrand, the interesting girl who had been

the first that acquainted the minister with the tender veneration in which he was held, received a similar portion, on her being married, soon after, to an amiable young man of the village. The two happy pairs were united at the minister's castle on the same day, when he, to manifest his gratitude, adorned both brides with roses from his grove; and from that day made it a rule, that every girl of the village on being married when the roses were in bloom, should be entitled to the same distinction.

16. "It shall be," said he to the girls around him, "the emblem of your attention, and of my gratitude. When I am gone, my roses will remind you of your friend. You may fancy that I am still in the grove, and through your kind remembrance, I shall assist at the happiest day of your life." This custom, or rather interesting commemoration, is still preserved in the village. This amiable man, with his lovely daughter, perished on the scaffold in April 1794, during the French revolution, for their loyalty and fidelity to their king. Ever since which mournful occurrence, the country people pay particular attention to the grove of roses, and vie in showing it the most respectful regard. YOUTH'S MIS.

QUESTIONS.

Where did Malsherbes reside during the summer? Do you know wher the city of Versailles is? If not, find it on your map. Of what employmen was this gentleman very fond? Whom did he discover one morning in his grove? What was she doing there so early? What reason did she g why she and her companions took so much pains with his roses? Was gentleman pleased with this account? What did he promise her he wou do for them? What was the name of the little girl? When the villagers held a dance at the grove what injury did they do to his roses? What did they do which very much affected the gentleman? Do you recollect the circumstance which very much distressed one of the girls? How did she obtain pardon? What more did he do for this girl and Susan? What rule did he adopt at their marriage? Is this custom still preserved? What became of this amiable man and his daughter? When and for what?

Section XXII.

BERTRAND, AND HIS LITTLE FAMILY.

1. Bertrand was a poor laborer, and had six young children, whom he maintained with the greatest difficulty. To add to his distresses, an unfavorable season much increased the price of bread. The honest laborer worked day and night to procure bread for his family; and though their food was of the coarsest kind, yet even of that, he could not procure a sufficiency. He one day called his little family together, and with tears in his eyes, and a heart overflowing with grief, said, "My sweet children, bread is now so dear, that I find all my efforts to support you to be in vain—my day's labor is barely sufficient to purchase this piece of bread which you see in my hand; it must be divided among you, and you must be contented with the little my labor can procure for you. Though it would not afford you a plentiful meal, yet it would be sufficient to keep you from perishing with hunger." He could say no more, but lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven.

2. His children wept in silence; and, young as they were, their little hearts seemed to feel more for their father than for themselves. Bertrand then divided the small portion of bread into seven equal shares, reserving only one to himself. But his son, Henry, refused his share; telling his father he could not eat, but wished to go to sleep. Bertrand then carried him to bed, and tenderly embracing him, wished him a good night. The following morning, Bertrand, overwhelmed with anxiety, went to a physician, and begged of him, as an act of charity, to come and see his poor Henry. The physician, though sure of never being paid for his visit, with the greatest humanity instantly repaired to the laborer's house. On examination, he found no particular signs of illness, though Henry was in a very feeble state.

3. The doctor proposed sending him some cordials; but Henry, fearing the expense would increase his poor father's burdens, begged he would forbear. The doctor being displeased at his behavior, insisted on knowing

what his disorder was, and threatened that if he did not tell him immediately, he would acquaint his father with his obstinacy. Henry earnestly entreated that he would not say anything about it to his father, which still more increased the doctor's wish to get at the bottom of the mystery. At last, poor Henry, finding the doctor resolute, desired that his brothers and sisters might leave the room, when he would acquaint him with every particular.

4. The children having retired, little Henry said, "Alas, sir, in this season of scarcity, my beloved father cannot earn bread enough to feed us—what little he can get, he divides equally among us, reserving to himself the smallest part. To see my dear brothers and sisters suffer hunger, is more than I can bear; and as I am the eldest, and stronger than they, I have therefore not eaten any myself, but have divided my share among them." The physician, affected to tears at the recital of such tenderness, asked him if he were not then hungry. He acknowledged that indeed he was; but said that hunger did not give him so much affliction, as to see the distresses of his family.

5. "But, my good lad," said the doctor, "if you do not take some refreshment you will die." "I am indifferent about that," replied Henry, "since my father will then have one mouth less to feed, and I shall go to heaven, where I will pray to God to assist my dear father, and my little sisters and brothers." The generous physician, taking up Henry in his arms, and clasping him to his bosom, said, "no, my dear boy, you shall not die with hunger.—I must leave you for the present, but shall soon return." The good doctor hastened home, and ordered one of his servants to load himself with refreshments of every kind; with which he immediately returned to the relief of poor Henry and his starving brothers and sisters. Having arranged them at the table, he requested them all to eat till they were satisfied.—Oh, what a delightful scene! six pretty, little innocent creatures, smiling over the bounty of their generous and humane friend.

6. The doctor, on his departure, desired Henry to be under no anxiety, for he should take care that their wants should be supplied. He faithfully performed his prom-

ise, and they had daily cause of rejoicing at his bounty and benevolence. His generosity was also imitated by every good person, to whom he related the afflicting scene. From some they received provisions, from some, money; and from others clothes and linen. So that in a short time, this little family, which was but lately in want of everything, became possessed of plenty.—Bertrand's landlord, who was a gentleman of fortune, was so struck with the tender generosity of little Henry, that he sent for his father, and paying him many compliments on his happiness in having such a son, he offered to take Henry under his own inspection, and bring him up in his own house. This matter being agreed on, Bertrand's landlord settled an annuity on him, promising, at the same time, to provide for the other children, as they grew up. Bertrand, transported with joy, returned to his house, and with deep humility offered up his most grateful thanks to that good God, who had graciously condescended to bestow on him such a son. ANON.

QUESTIONS.

Do you recollect the situation of Bertrand's family? What did he tell his children? How did he divide the bread? What was the cause of little Henry's illness? Was he willing to tell the doctor what was the matter with him? Did he tell him at last? What did the physician do for the children? Did any others assist them besides the physician? What did Bertrand's landlord do for little Henry? What did he promise to do for the other children? What effect had this on their father?

Section XXIII.

THE LAPLANDER AND HIS REINDEER.

1. The Laplander and his reindeer appear to have been created for each other, for without the assistance of the reindeer, there could be no human inhabitants in Lapland. Nothing could compensate for its loss. Its flesh and its milk, prepared in various ways, afford luxury and nourishment, supplying every other article of food; its furry skin furnishing, in a simple manner, comfortable

clothing, and the means of resisting the severity of an arctic winter, which nothing else could do. Wrapt in these, the Laplanders sleep on the snow or frozen ground, with their infants, in comfort and safety. When the change in the season requires their removal from one hut to another, the reindeer offers the ready means for transporting them with their families and goods.

2. There is no part of a reindeer useless to its master. Besides the food it furnishes, as already stated, its sinews supply thread, cordage and harness; and its bones and horns are manufactured into furniture and ornaments. Of the instinct and docility of the reindeer, some pleasing instances are recorded by Mr. Bullock, whose interesting exhibition of the Laplanders and their friends, has attracted more than 60,000 persons to see them. When Mr. Bullock arrived at a town on the coast, it was found necessary to remove the deer to an island about two miles from the town, for the purpose of keeping them quiet.

3. They were marched to the shore opposite to the island, where large boats were prepared by lashing them together. The deer walked immediately to the quay, but the leader, observing the boats move, stopped and examined them very minutely: he hesitated, and the herd became instantly alarmed: it was the first time they had seen a boat. After some further hesitation, and a little fear, the leader walked in. The eyes of the whole herd were instantly fixed upon him, and they distinctly expressed their fears for his safety; and some then turned their eyes towards the mountains.

4. The leader was at this time, examining the planks with his feet: the motion did not please him. Salva, the mountaineer, who had the care of them, seated himself by the leader's head, patted his neck, and laid his face to that of the deer. Another Laplander was, by this time, in the other boat; upon seeing him, the leader turned his head, looked attentively at his followers, and in a kind of snort, gave the signal for them to come in. It was not, for a moment, obeyed; and he repeated it in rather an angry manner, stamping with his foot.—In a moment, the boats were both filled. In jumping in, a weakly deer fell, and lay in the bottom of the boat in

such a situation, that its destruction was considered inevitable; yet it received no injury. Their care and love for each other are truly admirable.

5. As soon as they were in, the leader, observing there were more in one boat than in the other, looked at one of the old males, which appearing perfectly to understand him, instantly went into the other boat. The ropes were then cast off; they remained perfectly quiet till they reached the island; when, following their leader, they leaped on the rock, ascended the side of a small hill, and got a plentiful supply of their favorite white moss. The deer are as fond of brandy as their masters; and it is often given them, in cases of extreme fatigue, or loss of appetite, with considerable effect.

6. In Lapland, herds of these animals are extremely numerous.—Their greatest enemy is the *wolf*, which sometimes breaks into a fold, and destroys twenty or thirty at a time. The Laplander holds him in the greatest detestation, and is almost in a rage, when his name is mentioned. The first question put to Mr. Bullock, by a Laplander, was, "Are there wolves in England?" And when told they were entirely extirpated, he clapped his hands and said, "If it had snow, mountains, and rein-moss, what a happy country it would be!"

YOUTH'S MIS.

QUESTIONS.

Can you tell where Lapland is? What useful animal have the Laplanders? Can you state its different uses? Is Lapland a warm country? Why? Can you tell anything of the deer which were purchased by an English gentleman? Were they afraid to go into the boats? How were they got in at last? What do they live upon?—What animal is there greatest enemy? Why did the Laplander think England must be a happy country?

The Reindeer of Lapland, and the Camel and Dromedary of Asia and Africa, are most striking instances of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

Section XXIV.

SALT MINE IN POLAND.

1. At a small town, about eight miles from Cracc in Poland, is a remarkable salt mine, excavated in a rid

of hills at the northern extremity of the chain which joins to the Carpathian mountains, and has been wrought about 600 years. There are eight openings or descents into this mine, two of which are in the town, and are chiefly used for letting down the workmen, and taking up the salt; the other six are used for taking in wood and other necessaries. The openings are about five feet square, and are lined throughout with timber; and at the top of them is a large wheel with a rope as thick as a cable; which wheel is worked by a horse.

2. When a stranger wishes to gratify his curiosity by seeing the works, he must descend by one of these holes. He must first put on a miner's coat over his clothes; a miner, who acts as guide, then fastens a smaller rope to the main one, looped so as to form a seat, in which he places himself, and taking the stranger in his lap, gives the signal to be let down. When several persons go down together, the custom is, that when the first has descended about three yards, the wheel stops, and another miner adjusts himself as above described, and takes another visiter in his lap, and the rope again descends another three yards, and so on until the whole company are seated; which being effected, the adventurers descend all together. Frequently forty people go down in this manner.

3. When the wheel is finally set agoing, it never stops till they are all down. The descent is very slow; and the idea, that their lives depend entirely on the strength of the rope, renders their journey extremely uncomfortable. As soon as the first miner touches the ground, he and his companion slip out of the rope, which keeps on descending till all the rest do the same. The place where they are set down is perfectly dark; and the miners having struck a light, each takes a stranger by the arm, when they all proceed along, continually descending passages and meanders, till they come to certain ladders, by which they descend an immense depth, and enveloped all the way in perfect darkness.

4. The damp, cold, and darkness of these places, and the horror of being so far beneath the surface of the ground, generally make strangers repent before they get far; but when at the bottom, they are well rewarded

for their pains, by a sight that never could have been expected after so much horror. At the foot of the ladder, the stranger is received in a small dark cavern, walled up on every side. To increase the terror of the scene, it is usual for the guide to pretend the utmost alarm, through fear that his lamp may go out, declaring that such an accident would be attended with the most fatal consequences. When arrived in the dreary chamber, he puts out his light as if by accident; but after some time, catches the stranger by the arm, and drags him through a narrow creek into the body of the mine; when there bursts, at once, on his view, a little brilliant world, the lustre of which can scarcely be imagined.

5. It is a spacious plain, containing a whole people, a kind of subterranean republic, with houses, carriages, roads, &c. This vast plain is scooped out of one immense bed of solid salt, bright and glittering as crystal; and the whole space before him is formed of lofty arched vaults, supported by columns of salt, and roofed and floored with the same; so that the whole fabric seems composed of the purest crystal. A great many lights are continually burning in this place, for general use; the blaze of which reflected from every part of the mine, gives a more glittering prospect than any thing above ground can possibly exhibit.

6. To enhance the astonishing beauty of the scene, the salt, in many places, is tinged with all the colors of precious stones, as blue, yellow, purple and green, which, combining, darts a radiance upon the eye, which it can hardly bear, and which has given many people occasion to compare it to the supposed magnificence of heaven. The roofs of the arches, are in many places adorned with salt, hanging from the top in the form of icicles, and having all the hues and colors of the rainbow.

7. In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and families; some single, and others in clusters, like villages. They have very little communication with the world above ground; and many hundreds of people are born and live all their lives here. Through the midst of the plain lies a road, which is always filled with carriages loaded with masses of salt from the more distant parts of the mine; and carrying them to the place,

where the rope belonging to the wheel receives them. The drivers of these carriages are all merry and singing, and the salt looks like a load of gems. A great number of horses are kept here, and when once let down they never see daylight again; but some of the men take frequent occasions of going up, and taking the fresh air.

8. The instruments principally used by the miners are pick-axes, hammers, and chisels, with which they dig out the salt in the form of huge cylinders, each of many hundred weight; this being found the most convenient form for getting them above ground, where they are immediately broken into pieces, and sent to the mills. The finest sort of salt is frequently cut into toys, which often pass for real crystal.—Among the thousand wonders of this subterranean paradise, the most surprising is, that there runs through this place a constant stream of pure *fresh water*, sufficient to supply the inhabitants and their horses. The horses usually grow blind after they have been some time in the mine; but they do as well for service afterwards as before. The known breadth of this mine, is 1115 feet, its length 6691 feet, and its depth 743 feet. YOUTH'S MIS.

QUESTIONS.

Where is the celebrated salt mine? Where is Poland? Which way is it from where you stand? Near what mountains is it? How long has this mine been wrought? How many openings are there into the mine? How do people get down into the mine? What is the appearance at first? When the visiter arrives at the body of the mine, what is the appearance? Can you give a description of the mine? Are there a great many people in this mine? Are there any houses here? Is there any road? How do they get horses here to work? What happens to them? As this is a salt mine, how do the people get fresh water? Do you recollect the dimensions of this mine? What instruments are used in digging out the salt? In what form do they get it out? What is done with it when it is raised above ground?

Section XXV.

THE THUNDER STORM.

1. On a fair morning, in the latter part of the sultry month of July, James Blount, an amiable and intelligent lad of fifteen, in company with his cousin Henry, much

younger than himself, walked out in the pursuit of berries. After some hours rambling, Henry, who was not very brave, became much alarmed at the threatening aspect of the weather; the sky becoming suddenly overcast with wind clouds—At the same time, the rolling thunder began to be heard at a distance, and a dark, dense cloud, rising slowly and majestically from the west, gave strong indications of an approaching tempest. "James," exclaimed Henry, with much anxiety, "what shall we do here in this wide and open pasture, so far from home? How much I wish there was no such thing in nature as thunder and lightning."

2. "Henry," replied James, "that is a very wrong and wicked *wish*. All the works of God are founded in wisdom, and are calculated to answer some benevolent purpose: And did you but understand the absolute importance of lightning to our atmosphere, you could not but consider it, as one of the most essential blessings our world enjoys." "Blessing;" said Henry, "can that be called a blessing, which destroys men's lives, and sometimes burns up houses and other buildings? Only think, how often we hear and read of people and beasts being killed, and buildings burnt by lightning." "I freely admit," said James, "that such awful occurrences sometimes take place.—But come, it already begins to rain, and we must seek a shelter, where I will endeavor to explain to you what appears so contradictory."

3. "But where shall we go?" asked Henry; "shall we run to that tall shady tree yonder?" "No," replied James, "we must not go there." "Well, then, shall we pull for that barn, that stands on the hill yonder?" "No," answered James, "neither must we go there." "But what do you mean," asked Henry, pettishly; "where shall we go then?" "I will tell you," said James, "where we must go; and after we get there, I will tell you what I mean. Let us run to yonder thick cluster of under-brush, and take shelter beneath its foliage." Accordingly, they hastened to the spot, and found a tolerably safe retreat from the rain. After resting a few moments, James said, "I will now endeavor to explain to you, Henry, why you should consider lightning as a blessing, rather than as a calamity.

4. In the first place you must understand, that the atmosphere or air which we breathe, is continually subject to be poisoned with noxious vapors, arising from the earth; and whenever it becomes overloaded with these vapors, disease and death will follow. Now lightning burns up these poisonous vapors; and renders the air pure and wholesome. And, notwithstanding the frequent instances of the awful effects of lightning in destroying life, &c. to which you have alluded, yet consider, for a moment, how small is the number of people thus killed, when compared with the great mass of mankind who are enabled to live and breathe in consequence of the purity of the air produced by this self-same agent—lightning.

5. Besides, you might with the same propriety complain of the wind and the waves, which so often prove destructive to human life and property. But who would dare to wish that the winds might cease to blow; or the waters of the rivers and oceans might be dried up? Let us not be unthankful for these great blessings, merely because some remote and possible evil may be connected with them." "I perceive, and candidly confess my error," said Henry; "but pray inform me, James, why you objected to going to that tree for shelter; it was full as" —— At that moment, a tremendous crash was heard not far from them, immediately followed by an appalling clap of thunder.

6. They looked towards the tree, about which Henry was just speaking, and beheld it riven from the top to its very roots, with many of its branches scattered about the ground. "There," said James, "is a better answer to the question you were about asking, than was in my power to give you. You will now understand that it is extremely dangerous to take refuge, during a thunder storm, under a tree of any kind; and more especially under one so high as that you mentioned. But, that you may know the reason why it is thus dangerous, I would observe, that the electric fluid or lightning is generally attracted or drawn towards the object which is nearest to it, and as trees commonly rise higher, and approach nearer the clouds, than any other object, so they are more exposed, and are more frequently struck by lightning, than any other object. Had we repaired to that

tree for shelter, we probably should have been either torn to pieces, or dreadfully injured by the shock."

7. "But the barn," said Henry, "what were your reasons for not going to the barn? That, surely, is not a very high object." Scarcely were these words uttered, when another vivid flash and startling peal rent the heavens, and produced a pause in their conversation; and looking out from under the thick copse, they beheld that same barn enveloped in flames. Deeply agitated at the sight, and at their almost miraculous escape, Henry looked towards his companion with a kind of reverential awe, which seemed to say—"Surely; you are a prophet." James, beholding his astonishment, recommenced the conversation by saying, "Think not, Henry, that I have been favored by High Heaven to foresee these events. In refusing to go to those two places you proposed, and, which, it now appears, have suffered so dreadfully by lightning, I acted only on the ground of reasonable probability. As to the first case, I hope I have already satisfied your mind. It now only remains that I assign my reason for not going to the second place you mentioned.

8. I have somewhere seen the fact stated, that barns are much more liable to be struck by lightning than any other building—and the reason assigned in support of this assertion was, as nearly as I can recollect, 'that the heat or vapor arising from the vegetable matter in barns creates an ascending current, which constitutes an excellent conductor for the electric fluid.'—The cloud had now passed over, and the sun, beaming forth with increased splendor, the two youths issued from their humble covert, deeply impressed with a sense of the power and goodness of that Being 'that holds the lightning in his fists,' and that had so mercifully shielded their heads in the hour of danger.

9. As they walked onward, silently musing on that powerful agent which had dealt destruction around them, Henry renewed the conversation, by observing, "that this had been a profitable walk for him; that the information he had received had added considerably to his little stock of knowledge; but," said he, "there is one more subject, on which I wish your opinion, James; and that

is, what situation and position in a dwelling-house, do you think the safest from the effects of lightning?" "Our lives," replied James, "are at all times at the wise disposal of our Creator; but he has connected our welfare, and, in some measure, our very existence with the use of means. It becomes our duty, therefore, to employ all the means within our reach to support our existence, and to avoid every thing that has a tendency to destroy it.

10. To answer your question more directly, I will only repeat, as well as I can remember, the remarks of a great natural philosopher on this point.—'Shut the doors and windows of the room in which you are, to prevent, as much as possible, a draught through the room.—A feather bed placed as nearly as convenient in the middle of the room to recline on, would be the safest position; but in lieu of that, a seat near the centre of the room, with the feet in another chair, or on something elevated a few inches from the floor, would be advisable; it would be prudent, also, to divest yourself of every metallic substance which you may have about you.'"

11. "The information you have communicated in this walk," said Henry, "I value infinitely more than all the pleasure we could have derived from those diversions, in the pursuit of which we commenced this ramble."—"Every object," replied James, "in the mighty universe of God, from the most minute insect and spire of grass on this earth, to those brilliant orbs that float in the immensity of space, would afford matter of equal interest, and profitable reflection, were we disposed to investigate Nature's works; and would lead us to exclaim, 'How wise, how good, *He* must be, who made and governs all.' But as we have now arrived home, we will defer further conversation on these subjects to another opportunity."

SCRAP BOOK.

QUESTIONS.

What were James and Henry in pursuit of? At what was Henry alarmed? What did Henry wish? What did James tell him? Are not all the works of God designed for some benevolent purpose? What is the use of lightning? Where did Henry wish to go to get shelter from the rain? Why did James object to going under the tree? Why to going to the barn? What happened to these while they were talking about them? Can you tell why it is dangerous to go under a tree during a shower? or into a barn? What did Henry think of James? What place and position is safest during a thunder storm? Was Henry pleased with the walk? Why?

Section XXVI.

GENUINE HEROISM.

1. When the plague raged violently at Marseilles, in France, every link of natural affection was broken: The parent turned from the child—the child from the parent.—Cowardice and ingratitude no longer excited indignation.—Self-preservation, the first principle of action, ruled predominant in the breasts of all. Misery is always at its height, when it thus destroys every generous feeling, dissolves the ties of humanity, and intercepts the flow of sympathetic commiseration. The city became a desert—grass grew in the streets—and a funeral met you at every step.

2. In the midst of this reign of terror, consternation and death, the physicians of the city assembled in a body at one of the hotels, to hold a consultation on the disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided unanimously, that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which could only be discovered by dissection. Such an operation, it was considered, could not be effected, since the operator must infallibly fall a victim in the attempt, beyond the power of human art to save him; as the violence of the attack, to which such an exposure would subject him, would utterly preclude the opportunity of administering the usual remedies.

3. A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration.—Suddenly, a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in the profession, rose, and said, firmly, "Be it so: I devote myself to the cause of humanity, and to the safety of my fellow citizens. Before this numerous assembly, I promise, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at break of day, I will dessect a corpse, and write down, as I proceed, what I observe." A spontaneous shout of joy and gratitude burst from the assembly; and he instantly retired from the meeting to make preparations. They admired his devotion, lamented his fate, and some doubted whether he would have courage to persist in his design.

4. But the intrepid and pious Guyon was a man of decision; animated by all the sublime energy religion could inspire, he acted up to his word. He had never married; he was rich, in the full flow of health, and surrounded with every comfort that could make life desirable. He immediately made his will, dictated alike by justice and piety. Being a Roman Catholic by profession, he confessed himself; and in the middle of the night, received the sacraments. A man having died in his own house within four-and-twenty hours, furnished him, at ready hand, a subject for dissection. Having completed all his arrangements, he proceeded with admirable intrepidity and composure to his last earthly work; and taking with him an ink-stand, paper, and a little crucifix, together with his instruments, he shut himself up in the room with the corpse; and kneeling before it, he sketched the following apostrophe:—

5. "Mouldering tenement of an immortal soul! not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude.—Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy; thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. O God, thou wilt bless the action thou thyself hast inspired." He began—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded, in detail, his surgical operations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and immediately sought the hospital, where he died in twelve hours.—A death infinitely more glorious than that of the warrior, who, to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks; for he is sustained by hopes at least, and admired and seconded by a whole army. SCRAP BOOK.

QUESTIONS.

At what place did the plague rage so violently? Tell where it is situated? What did the physicians conclude? What did they think would be the consequence of this operation? Who undertook it? Did he succeed? What did he do when he had finished? Did he die soon?

Section XXVII.

THE LAND STORM—A MILITARY ANECDOTE.

1. The retreat of the British army under his royal highness the Duke of York, will long be memorable for its hardships, its hazards, and the uncommon intrepidity of the soldiers. Those features will not be overlooked by the historian of the extraordinary events and signal changes of the time. But mine is a private story; one of those brief narratives of fondness and courage, which, though forgotten in the great transactions of empires, make the virtue and loveliness of human life.

2. On the stormy twilight of a November morning, in the year 1794, an order came from head-quarters to a brigade of the flank companies to turn out on the eastern road, and repel an attack from a strong force of the enemy, that had been attempting to turn the flanks of the position for several days. The winter, at all times severe in the Netherlands, was one of the severest that had been known; and the necessary exposure of the troops in a hurried march through a wasted country made its severity still more formidable. The brigade was immediately under arms; but the storm thickened, enormous drifts of snow suddenly covered the route, the wind dashed it in the faces of the men, and before they had marched a quarter of a league in the direction of a village on the high road to the Ems, they were completely brought to a stand.

3. The men were blinded with the snow; every direction of their way was covered; the field, road and lake were one sheet of white; and the only landmark was one of those low groves, or stunted forests, which the Flemings preserve for firewood. To this shelter, imperfect as it was, the brigade moved; but disgust at being sent out thus unnecessarily to fight the elements, for there was no other enemy to be seen, rapidly rose among the troops. The officers as much in the dark as themselves, and equally exposed, felt scarcely less irritation.

4. The memory of their quarters the night before, where they had, at least, roofs over their heads and fires to keep them from being frozen to death, at length pre-

vailed, and one by one the men began to return, until the movement became general. The British are proverbial for being unable to retreat; and the march from the Flemish frontier had already disorganized the army. The officer in command of the brigade, finding resistance useless, and anxious to avoid the public appearance of insubordination in the finest corps of the army, at length putting himself at the head of the movement, marched back with them.

5. A thicket in one of the angles of the forest had been taken possession of by a company of grenadiers, under the command of a young officer, lately promoted for his conduct in action. He was a favorite in the regiment, and one of the men ran back to acquaint him with the general retreat. "Have you brought me any orders, serjeant O'Regan?" said he, to a fine showy Irishman who stood at once smiling and shivering before him. "Not a word, your honor," was the answer. "Why then, serjeant, I must stay where I am." "To be starved out of the world, and cold as a stone besides, Captain Charlton." "No, serjeant; but to fight the French, if they come on; and if they don't, to stay here and do our duty like gentlemen and soldiers."

6. The grenadiers cheered the sentiment. The serjeant remained, and on the abatement of the storm only "begged as a favor" that he might be allowed to go with a few men and see what the enemy were about, or whether there were any enemy at all. Charlton looked upon himself as lost. The country in the rear was becoming completely impassable; he had not more than a day's provisions, and the advance of the enemy must cut him off. But, with the military maxim that all that can be done ought to be done, a maxim worth all others besides, he commenced fortifying his post; and by felling a few trees, and clearing away the snow from the interior of the thicket, rendered his position comparatively comfortable and defensible.

7. The employment passed off the dreariness of the day, but with the fall of evening many an anxious eye was turned in the direction of the retreating army. Charlton had made up his mind to remain until he was ordered to move, and meanwhile took out a few men to look

for the serjeant. They had not gone above a few hundred yards from the thicket, when some straggling shots were heard in front. The serjeant and his party were next seen sheltering themselves from a troop of mounted skirmishers under one of the low hedges common in Flanders, and alternately running and firing to secure their escape. Charlton's arrival was at a critical moment, for the hussars had seized their only path, and they must either be killed or taken prisoners. He threw in a volley, and the hussars, surprised at the reinforcement, instantly wheeled to the rear, leaving three of their men wounded on the ground.

8. To abandon them there was inevitable death, and Charlton ordered them to be carried to the thicket. Two died on the way, but the third had been merely stunned, and when brought to the fire he rapidly recovered. His appearance was that of an individual accustomed to the highest ranks of society, and his remarkably handsome countenance gave full authority to his declaration, that he had been forced into the republican service. He expressed himself deeply grateful for the humanity of his preservers, and expressed his determination to quit his country for ever, if it was to be under the government of the ferocious tyranny that then disgraced France and human nature.

9. The serjeant had been active, and spent the day in the environs of the French camp, where he succeeded towards dusk, in capturing a provision-mule belonging to one of the generals, and making prisoner a dragoon with despatches. But the dragoon's pistol had gone off in the capture, and the patrol of hussars had dashed out after the serjeant, with what success we have seen.

10. Nothing could be more welcome than both his prizes. The mule was laden with an excellent dinner, and its wine; and the despatch stated, that an attack would be made on the British that night at twelve. The grenadiers supped luxuriously on the general's stock, and long before midnight every man of them would have scorned to stir from the spot where they were to make the enemy feel that "the British grenadiers were not to be beaten." Charlton, drinking a health to their cause, made his preparations with skill and rapidity.

11. The young hussar acquainted him that the French general-in-chief had arrived on that morning from Brussels, and, in high indignation at the continued repulses of his army in his absence, had brought down several fresh columns from the interior. The advance was to be composed of cavalry, and the purpose was, to outflank the British, thus cutting them off from embarkation. "In two days," said the French general's order, "the English will be on the Ems, or in it. If the former, we are disgraced; if the latter, we shall have conquered peace, and earned immortal honors."

12. The storm lulled towards midnight, and the grenadiers were falling asleep upon their arms, when the young hussar's quick ear perceived the trampling of cavalry. Every one was on the alert in an instant, but no sound was heard; and even Charlton, pronouncing that they might sleep for that night at least, threw himself in his cloak beside the fire. The hussar could not be prevailed on to rest. In a quarter of an hour the thicket was surrounded by the whole French advanced guard; but to their astonishment they found it impenetrable; they were received with a heavy fire.

13. A trench had been cut in front of the principal passage through the forest, which was soon masked by the snow, and into which great numbers of the cavalry, coming up in the dark at full trot, plunged head foremost. Others stumbled over the felled trees, or were entangled in the branches, tied together with ropes as a sort of rude breast-work. Behind those the grenadiers poured in a heavy and deliberate discharge. The struggle continued so long, that the French staff, conceiving some general movement of the British army to have taken place during the night, halted the divisions already in march, and galloped up to the thicket.

14. They found the hussars falling fast, by a fire from an invisible enemy. A battalion of chasseurs were now ordered to reinforce the attack. The young hussar pointed out their advance by the flash of the musketry. A wing of the company reserved its volley until they came close, then fired in their faces, and drove the battalion of five hundred men back into the trench. In this moment of victory Charlton received a ball in the

side, and fell back into his gallant companions' arms. The post would probably have yielded to the immense superiority of force at length brought against it, but the firing had been heard in the British camp; reinforcements came at full speed, and the French general, perplexed by the unexpected and extraordinary resistance, drew off before daybreak. This was the final struggle. The French gave up the hope of defeating the British; and the army proceeded toward the place of embarkation with nothing to contend against but the weather.

15. Charlton must have perished on the retreat but for the care of the hussar; who declaring that he owed his life to this brave officer, insisted on being allowed to attend him; placed him in almost the only wagon that remained to the brigade, and watched him with an anxiety that was the admiration of all. A storm, remarkable even in that time of tempest, suddenly came on. The trees were torn up by the roots; the village roofs were torn off and swept into fragments; sheets of lightning and bursts of thunder of the most awful and destructive kind filled the air, and every man flew to the first shelter that he could find.

16. The hussar galloped towards his friend. To his horror he saw that the horses had taken fright at the flashes, and were become unmanageable. The Ems was roaring within view, and the slightest deviation from the road must engulf the whole in its bosom. The wagon, one of the huge machines of the country, and loaded with baggage, rolled and tottered on. The drivers contended in vain with their startled horses; a sudden blaze shot athwart the team, they sprang to one side, and the wagon was plunged into the torrent, like a falling mountain.

17. The hussar, who had stood paralysed, now, with a wild outcry, darted to the bank, and, putting spurs to his horse, sprang in. The bank was instantly covered with the soldiers, throwing out planks and ropes to the young hero; but the torrent, swelled to an unexampled height by the rain, was irresistible. The wagon and the baggage were soon broken into a thousand fragments and hurrying to the ocean. The hussar's horse was at length seen disengaged from his unfortunate master, and escaping to the shore All was over; and there was but one

feeling of regret in the whole army for Charlton and his friend. The preparations for embarking occupied some days more, and the melancholy fate of those two individuals, so singularly combined in success and misfortune, was the topic in every quarter.

18. The brigade of the flank companies formed the rear-guard, as usual; and they were entering the boats just as a peasant brought a note to the brigadier, requesting a double passage. The note was soon followed by the writer, who, to the infinite satisfaction of his whole corps, proved to be Charlton, accompanied by the young hussar. The hussar had saved him in the river, by catching his sword-belt as he was sinking, and by a wave they had been thrown on shore together. This brave and grateful hussar proved to be a French Countess, attempting to escape, in disguise, from the troubles in her own country, and to whom Capt. Charlton was shortly after united. LON. FORGET-ME-NOT.

QUESTIONS.

Where did the events take place recorded in this story? At what season of the year? For what purpose was the brigade ordered out? Did they march to the place where they were ordered? Why? Where did a company of grenadiers encamp? Who commanded them? Were they attacked in their fortress? Was any one wounded? Who took particular care of him? How came this French hussar among the English? What happened in their retreat? How was Capt. Charlton saved? Who did the hussar prove to be? Why was she attempting to flee from her own country? What else do you recollect of the story?

Section XXVIII.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1. It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine
She saw her brother Peterkin,

Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round
Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by.
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

2. I find them in the garden, for
There 's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.
Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin, he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.
It was the English, Kaspar cried,
Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said, quoth he,
That 't was a famous victory.

3. My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childling mother then,
And new born infant died.
But things like that, you know must be

At every famous victory.
They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here,
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like this, you know must be
After a famous victory.

4. Great praise the duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good prince Eugene,
Why 't was a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.
And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win,
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 't was a famous victory. SOUTHEY.

Section XXIX.

EASTERN APOLOGUES.

THE DIVINITY OF SONG.

1. As Sadac, the son of Azor, was sitting at the door of his pavilion in the cool of the day, he saw a man approaching, who soon riveted his whole attention. The man was lame, for he had lost a limb; and that limb was replaced by an awkward and unpolished piece of sycamore-wood. When he came nigher, Sadac perceived that he had also lost an arm and one of his eyes; and yet hat man, as he came halting along, was singing a strain f so much mirth and gaiety, that he not only appeared possess a share of happiness, but to be happiness itlf personified.

2. Now Sadac, the son of Azor, was prince of Cath-

ema, and governor over all that country, from the confines of Persia to the great desert of Amerabia; and when he saw this mutilated man of mirth passing by, he called to him to come; but the man regarded him only with a slight glance and a nod, and skipped away over his crutch, singing his song with increased vigor and glee. Then Sadac called his servants, and said unto them "Go, bring that cripple back unto me; for what is he, or what is his father's house, that he should despise the order of Sadac, prince of Cathema?"

3. And the servants followed the lame man; and the first that overtook him strove to detain him, but he struck the servant of Sadac on the head with his crutch until he fell down, and then the lame man went on singing: and the second and the third came up, and, lo! he did unto them even as he had done to the first; and the men were greatly astonished, and they rose up, and returned to their master, and the cripple went on his way, singing as before. And Sadac was very wroth with the men; and he said, "Why have ye not detained him and brought him back?" But they answered and said, "Lo! he struck us on the head and on the hands, and we had no power to stand before him, but fell down as dead men." And they said, "Perhaps he is an angel sent from Mahommed;" but Sadac laughed them to scorn.

4. And he sent out other servants, who were more in number, and mightier than the first; and he said unto them, "Bring back the man;" and they brought him. And Sadac communed with him, and said unto him, "Why didst thou not come when I called thee? How daredst thou disobey the command of thy prince and ruler?" "Because I was then singing to myself a song," said the lame man; "and rather than have stopped short in my song, without finishing it, I would that thy head had been struck off and mine to boot."

5. And Sadac said, "thou shalt surely suffer death for speaking in this manner to the son of Azor, thy prince, and also for lifting up thine hand against the messengers that he sent unto thee." And the lame man said, "If my life will oblige my prince, I shall be exceedingly happy to give it up to him. It is but half a life; for I have given up one half of my body for him and his famil-

already, and the poor remainder is at his service whenever he shall see meet to require it. I will give him up my life, but not my song."—And Sadac said, "Was it that wild and foolish strain which thou wert singing as thou passedst along, and which made thee caper as with ecstasy, and extend thy voice unto strains of happy delirium? Now, by the life of Mahommed! thou shalt sing it before thou stirrest from that spot."

6. "Nay, that I shall never do at the behest of mortal man," said the cripple. "My prince may take my life, for it is his right; but my song is mine own, and in it he has neither right nor portion." And Sadac said, "How can that be?" And the lame man said, "Because it is the child of the soul, and over the soul of man and its lineage thou hast neither power nor dominion. Knowest thou not that the gift of song is an emanation from the Deity? that it is a ray of paradise, enlightening and endowing the immortal part of man with the qualification of angels? that it enriches the soul with a measure of the capabilities of those seraphs who hymn their everlasting hallelujahs around the throne of heaven? O thou divine and hallowed gift! what are all the gratifications of sense; what is might or dominion; what are thrones, principalities, and powers, compared with thee, thou sublime, intellectual radiance, that connectest man with the hosts above? It was thy holy flame that poured from the mouths of Moses, of David, of Isaiah, and of Mahommed; therefore, hallowed be thy essence, and may no human ruler ever claim dominion over thee!"

7. And Sadac was greatly astonished, and he gazed upon the lame and mutilated figure as on some superior being;—and he thought within himself, "Why did it not please God and our prophet to endow me, Sadac, the son of Azor, with the gift of song?" And he said unto the lame man, "What is thy name?" And he answered, "Ismael, the son of Berar, thy servant." And Sadac said, "Verily thou art wise as thou hast proved thyself valiant; come within the cover of my tent, and sit thee down here on my left hand, that I may converse with thee about many things;" and the man did as Sadac had commanded him.

MAXIMS OF SADAC, THE SON OF AZOR.

8. And Sadac gave unto Ismael a house near to the palace, and a maiden to wait on Abra; and Ismael became a favorite counsellor to his master, who conferred many benefits on him, and conversed with him daily; and the latter days of the old soldier and son of song, glided on in happiness. But the nobles of the land envied him exceedingly, and they consulted together and said, "We must banish this fantastic old man from about our court, else our dignity shall depart from us, and the mean and the vile shall have the dominion." And one said after this manner, and another after that; but at last it was agreed that out of his own mouth they would condemn him, by reason of the freedom of his expressions. So they forced him into argument, and drove him to wrath by their wrangling, and he uttered words unadvisedly against the divinity of the prophet.

9. Then they rejoiced in heart; and gnashing with their teeth, as in great wrath, they seized him and carried him before the tribunal of Sadac to receive sentence of death, for there were not wanting abundance of witnesses, who said, "He hath blasphemed God and his prophet Mahommed." And Sadac was exceedingly grieved for his friend for he perceived that there had been a conspiracy against him, and he devised how to save him out of their hands."

10. And he said unto them, "O ye nobles and men of Carhema, I perceive the truth of your accusation, and believe that this man's heart is not right as it ought to be with the Lord and with Mahommed his prophet. But, know ye not, that our holy prophet has all power under God to punish the transgressors of his law, and the unbelievers in his doctrine?" And they said, "We know and believe it."

11. Then said he unto them, "Perceive ye not, also, that our prophet hath vindicated his cause in the eyes of all men? for, lo! hath he not punished this man already for his errors and unbelief as never man was punished before? Hath he not first deprived him of a limb, then of an eye, and latterly of an arm? And since it is so that our supreme prophet hath taken up the vindica-

of his own cause, it would be unmeet for man to intermeddle between the aggressor and his righteous judge. The cause now lies between them, and let us leave the culprit to the terrible chastisement which the injured Mahommed shall see meet to inflict. I will punish injustice and offences committed against men; but with those committed against God I dare not interfere. He can punish if he will; but if he sees meet to bear with the offences and contumely of an erring creature, well may I."

12. And the men said, "Our prince hath spoken that which is just and right;" and they went to their houses, and Ismael, the son of Berar, also went unto his house. And Sadac sent for him afterwards, and said; "O son of Berar, beware how thou again venturest out of thy proper sphere; for as a lamb is among young leopards, or a roe among the cubs of the lion, so is a poor man entering the ranks of the great. Is it not better for thee to be at the head of those of thy own degree—to thrill them with thy songs, to astonish them with thy adventures, and to tell unto them tales that instruct in the beauty of virtue, than to mingle with the nobles of the land, who abhor every excellence in humble life, and among whom thou wilt find thyself like the buffalo among wild oxen, every one having his horn in thy side? Thou art brave in spirit, brilliant in imagination, and intelligent in the virtues of the soul of man; but of the rules of life thou knowest no more than a babe at the breast; yet it is by these that society is directed, and in these can I be thy monitor.

13. Fear thy God, and reverence all his statutes. Honor and obey thy ruler, for a good ruler is the greatest blessing bestowed on a nation; know thy place, and pay deference to all who are above thee in rank and learning, for self-conceit is the mark of Cain stamped on those of low origin. Love all who depend on thee for comfort; do good as far as thou art able; and wish well to the whole human race. These, O Ismael, are the rules of Sadac, the son of Azor; and in the name of the most merciful God and his prophet he strives to observe them." And Ismael grew in favor with his prince until the day of his death, and those are his songs that are chanted through the coasts of Arabia unto this day.

ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Section XXX.

ST. PETER WALKING ON THE SEA.

1. Swift-rolling clouds the face of heaven pervade,
And cast o'er night's dark brow a deeper shade;
Whilst still in sullen calm the whirlwinds sleep,
Presaging murmurs moan along the deep,
Hush'd is the sea-bird's cry, the billow's roar,
And gloomy silence broods along the shore.

2. Now bursts the storm, the clouds are rent in twain,
And rise at once the terrors of the main:
The forked lightnings flash with lurid fire,
To quench the flaming bolts the waves aspire,
The rattling thunder rolls along the sky,
And bursting breakers to the roar reply;
Whilst the fierce whirlwind flies with direful sweep,
And rouses all the monsters of the deep;
And the swift pattering hail and drenching shower,
On yon half-sinking bark their fury pour,
Where seem alike in vain the fervent prayer
Of holiest saints, or ravings of despair.

3. But who is He, that mild, yet awful form,
That rises midst the horrors of the storm?
O'er the still heaving wave he calmly treads,
Whilst back the billows roll their shrinking heads.
Around his brow celestial splendors play,
And the white sparkling foam reflects the ray:
Unmoved by wind, his flowing locks repose,
Unbathed his foot, unwet his garment flows;
Onward he moves majestic o'er the wave,
The messenger of boundless love, to save.

4. Oh, mighty lesson! see obedience tried;
At His command, now Peter climbs the side,
And leaves the bark—such is the force of love,
Which yields e'en life its fervent zeal to prove!
But when around he sees the waves aspire,
Weak Nature's fear attempts to quench the fire,

"Save me!"—now steadfast Faith becomes his guide,
And bears him o'er the terrors of the tide,
And gives in safety to his Saviour's breast
The man with faith and pure obedience blest!

MRS. ROLLS.

Section XXXI.

ANECDOTE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

1. During the great American war, an English officer, in command of a foraging party, was, together with his soldiers, surprised by a large ambush of Indians, who poured in a destructive fire upon them; by which many of the English were killed. The survivors had hardly time to look from whence the attack proceeded, when the Indians sprung forward from their lurking places, with yells more savage than the howls of the wild beasts of the forest. The few English who were not killed or disabled took to flight, it being impossible to withstand the superior numbers of the enemy; and among the fugitives was the officer, who had received a wound in his left arm.

2. For a short time he did not consider himself pursued, but after forcing his way with difficulty through the wildest and gloomiest thickets for about half an hour, he was alarmed to hear the well known whoop of the Indians not far from him. He gave himself up for lost, for what chance had he of escape in these thick woods, every pass of which was probably as familiar to his enemies, as it was unknown to himself. He sought the deepest recesses, but the Indians still kept near him, and an accident only prevented his being almost immediately discovered by them. There was a hollow place almost like a well, the mouth of which was so overgrown with wild shrubs as not to be perceptible, except on a minute search.

3 Into this he fell, and though he was bruised by his fall, he was effectually concealed from his purusers.

More than once he heard their footsteps as they passed by his place of concealment. When several hours had elapsed, and all seemed still, the officer ventured to stir from his hiding place. His wound was painful; his limbs were stiff; and it was with great difficulty that he could get out of the pit into which he had fallen. At last he effected his deliverance, and faint and wounded as he was, and though the night was dark and dismal, he set forth in hopes of rejoining the English army. He had not proceeded far, when a light, glimmering through the trees, attracted his attention. He approached it with great caution, and sheltering himself from observation, regarded with much anxiety a party of Indians, who were assembled round a great fire roasting the flesh of a deer.

4. Their wild and savage looks as they sat on the ground, in the red light of the fire, were truly alarming; and the officer, afraid of being seen, changed his position in the hope of concealing himself more effectually. In doing so, he struck his wounded arm against a branch, which caused him such violent pain that he was unable at the moment to prevent a cry of agony, bursting from him. In a moment the Indians were on their feet, and in another they had dragged him forth. Wounded as he was, and though his enemies were too numerous to leave any chance of successful resistance, the officer drew his sword and endeavoured to defend himself, for he dreaded the torture which he knew the Indians would inflict on him if he became their captive.

5. So unequal a strife would speedily have terminated in the death of the officer, had not an old Indian, who had hitherto stood aloof, sprung forward, and waving his tomahawk over the Englishman's head, forbade any one to touch him. It was fortunate that this old Indian was the chief of the tribe, and was highly reverenced by his people for his great strength and skill in war, and in hunting—they obeyed him. He addressed the officer in broken French, of which language many of the Indians who were in league with the French had a slight knowledge. He promised him protection, and gave him food. Perceiving that the captive was wounded, he gathered the leaves of some healing plant, and after steeping them in water, bound them on the wound, with

great solicitude for the officer's recovery; and by words of comfort, tried to alleviate his sufferings.

6. After some time, the Indians stretched themselves on the ground to sleep, all but one or two who remained to watch, and the chief who carried on a short conversation with the officer.—"You cannot" said he, "go away yet, my son, for you could not find the path through the woods, and if you could, you would probably meet with enemies.—I cannot now conduct you, for we go in the morning towards the north; you must, therefore, accompany us, but as soon as possible, you shall be restored to your own people. Now go and sleep, for you are wounded and weary and must have rest." The Englishman, it may be imagined, did not much relish the idea of being kept among the Indians; it was, however, much better than being tortured or killed by them, and he returned many thanks to the chief.

7. Early in the morning he was aroused by the troop preparing for departure. They travelled with the most singular caution, and wound their way through the most obscure parts of the woods, and guided themselves by tracks not to be distinguished except by the experienced eye of an Indian. They preserved a profound silence, and showed great ingenuity in the means they adopted to prevent their course being known. During the middle of the day they rested, and again at night. In the depth of the night the officer was aroused by some one shaking him, and looking up, he saw his friend, the old Indian, who, cautioning him to be silent, bade him follow his steps. He did so; and they proceeded carefully among the woods. It was not until daybreak that the silence was broken by the Englishman asking his conductor whither they were going.

8. "One of my people," replied he, was wounded severely by you when you was first surprised by them. In consequence of this, his brother has sworn revenge against you, and it would have been unsafe for you to remain with us. I will guide you to safety, and then return." The Englishman made grateful acknowledgements for the Indian's kindness. "I am thinking," he then added, "why you should show me this goodness, for I was a stranger and an enemy"—"Does the white

man never do good to a stranger and an enemy?" asked the Indian. The Englishman blushed and was silent. "But I am only paying a debt," said the Indian; "nine months ago I was wounded and weary, and dying of thirst; you saw me and gave me drink, which saved my life. I prayed to the great spirit, that I might repay the benefit; behold he heard me.

9. The officer was struck with the noble sentiment of the savage, and sighed to think how often his countrymen might take lessons from the Indian. As the evening drew nigh, they came to a tract of country where the woods were thinner; presently they perceived marks of cultivation; at last the eye was struck by a village not far distant. "That is an English station," said the Indian, "there you will find white men and friends. But my son, when thou art with them, do not forget the Indian, nor think ill of his people. Farewell, my son! May the great spirit protect thee, and give thee strength among thy people." The Englishman pressed the hand of the old man, spoke a parting word, but was too much affected to say more. The next moment the Indian was amid the woods, and the officer on his way to join his regiment.

HOLIDAY TALES.

QUESTIONS.

What happened to the English officer and his party? What did the English who were not killed do? Was the officer among the fugitives? Where was he wounded? After traversing the thickets for a short time what was he alarmed to hear? What accident prevented his being immediately discovered by them? How long did he remain in the pit? After leaving the pit what attracted his attention? Who surrounded the fire, and what were they doing? What happened to the officer on changing his position? What was the consequence of his crying out? What did the officer do? What prevented his being immediately slain? Who was the old Indian that interfered? What did he do on finding his captive was wounded? Did the officer travel with the Indians the next day? What occurred in the depth of the night? For what reason did the chief hurry away his captive from his tribe? What reason did the Indian assign for doing this act of kindness to the officer? What do you think of the Indian?

Section XXXII.

REBECCA PARTING WITH JACOB.

1 My youngest born, my pride of heart, thou must, thou must away;
Thy brother's wrathful hand is raised, and here thou canst not stay.
O, I have deeply sinn'd for thee! the chastisement be mine,
And I will bear it all, my son!—the blessing shall be thine.
What matter though my childless years in grief and pain pass on?
Thou wilt be safe from danger's hour, my own, my darling son!
And, like the fountain sending forth a sweet and murmuring sound,
Thy pleasant voice will come to me, from some far distant ground.

2. Go, bear thy mother's blessing back, to those from whom she came;
My kinsmen's hearts will leap with joy to hear Rebecca's name.
Say to them, Haran's shaded well, and flocks that near it stray,
Come to me in my midnight dreams as fresh as yesterday.
Speed on—and when thy nimble feet, have brought thee to the place,
And when thou stand'st, an exiled one, before my brother's face,
Tell him thou bear'st thy mother's soul, and therefore wilt not twine
Around the savage olive-tree a strong and noble vine.
Ask if, of all my kinsman's house, no maiden bright there be,
Of lofty soul, with heart to seek thy father's God with thee.
And, if there be, O! say to her, 'Rebecca left her all;
The Father of the faithful spake, and she obeyed the call.'

3. The angel of the covenant, protect thee, precious child!
Defend thee from the cover'd snare, direct thee in the wild!
O! I shall weep in darkness oft, to think thy houseless head
Must pillow on the stony ground or seek the foxes' bed.
But glory, breaking on the gloom, my grief to joy shall turn;
Proud mother of a favor'd race, ah! wherefore shouldst thou mourn?
Go then, fulfil Jehovah's word, the blessing is for thee,
And joy, and pride, and thankfulness, beloved son! for me.

MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

Section XXXIII.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER IN A CAMPAIGN IN AMERICA.

1. In the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit, a division of the British army, was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favored by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to the soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated.—Acquire discipline enough for concert, and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best engineer."

2. So true was this maxim of the American General, that the British soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war, to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their arrows and tomahawks committed daily waste upon the British army, surprising their sentinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even, when the alarm was given,

and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness, the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses, whither it was dangerous to follow them.

3. In order to limit, as far as possible, this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honor, it was the custom of every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and keep a constant guard round the main body. A regiment of foot was, at this time, stationed upon the confines of a boundless savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other.—Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians; and, what was most astonishing, they were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of afterwards.

4. Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, however, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery which time would explain. One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man and departed, wishing him better luck.—"You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert."

5. The relief-company returned to the guard-house. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was gone! they searched round the post, but no traces could

be found of his disappearance. It was necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied;—they were compelled to leave another man and returned, ruminating upon this strange circumstance to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and the terror ran through the regiment. The colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard, when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together, and to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

6. Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated, whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing else but giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow, whose turn it was, to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

7. "I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will." A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance of that as the condition of my making the discovery."—The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back and waited the event in the guard-house with the most anxious curiosity.

8. An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden,

the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head.—When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required. "I told your honor," said the man, "I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life and led to the discovery. I had not been long on my post, when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves.

9. "As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, or what was not, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees. Still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were, notwithstanding, directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular, to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice hesitated whether I should not fire.—My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring.

10. "I no longer hesitated; I took my aim; discharged my piece; and the animal was instantly stretched before me, with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found I had killed an Indian. He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs, so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that, imperfectly as they are always seen through the

trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk." Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their piece, slew them with their tomahawks and bore their bodies away, which they concealed among the leaves at some distance. Whatever circumstances of wonder may appear in the present relation, there are many now alive who can attest its authenticity. CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

QUESTIONS.

What astonishing circumstance attended the posting of sentinels? To what was the constant disappearance of the sentinels imputed?—After losing a number of sentinels, what did the colonel hesitate to do? What did the man say, who volunteered to serve as sentinel? Did the colonel approbate his resolution? How long after the sentinel was posted, before the alarm was given? What did the guard immediately do? On approaching the post, what did they discover? What did the object which the sentinel was dragging along prove to be? In giving an explanation of his proceedings, what did the sentinel say he first heard? What did he suppose the animal was which he saw? What did the animal appear to be seeking after? Did the sentinel pay much attention to it at first? What was it in the movement of the animal which struck the sentinel as somewhat singular? What did he hesitate to do in consequence of this? What finally induced him to fire? What was the reason why the sentinel could not distinguish an Indian from a hog? With what was the Indian armed?

Section XXXIV.

ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

1. Not in prosperity's broad light
   Can reason justly scan
The sterling worth which, viewed aright,
   Most dignifies the man:
Favor'd at once by wind and tide,

A skilless pilot well may guide
  The bark in safety on;
Yet, when his harbor he has gain'd,
He who no conflict hath sustain'd,
  No meed has fairly won.

2. But in Adversity's dark hour,
  Of peril and of fear,
When clouds above the vessel lower,
  With scarce one star to cheer;
When winds are loud and waves are high,
And ocean to a timid eye
  Appears the seaman's grave;
Amid the conflict, calm, unmoved,
By truth's unerring test is proved
  The skilful and the brave.

3. For Scotland's and for Freedom's right
  The Bruce his part had play'd.
In five successive fields of fight
  Been conquered and dismay'd;
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
  The meed for which he fought;
And now, from battle faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
  A hut's lone shelter sought.

4. And cheerless was that resting place
  For him who claim'd a throne;
His canopy, devoid of grace,
  The rude rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed,—
Yet well I know had slumber fled
  From couch of eider-down;
Through darksome night to dawn of day,
Immersed in wakeful thoughts he lay
  Of Scotland and her crown.

5. The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
  Fell on that hapless bed,

And tinged with light each shapeless beam
  Which roof'd the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a Spider try
  His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
  Taught Scotland's future king.

6. Six times his gossamery thread
  The wary Spider threw:
In vain the filmy line was sped;
  For powerless or untrue
Each aim appear'd and back recoil'd
The patient insect, six times foil'd,
  And yet unconquer'd still;
And soon the Bruce with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
  His courage, strength, and skill.

7. One effort more, its seventh and last!
  The hero hail'd the sign!
And on the wish'd for beam hung fast
  The slender, silky line.
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
  The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That perseverance gains its meed,
  And patience wins the race.

8. Is it a tale of mere romance?
  Its moral is the same;
A light and trivial circumstance?
  Some thought, it still may claim.
Art thou a father! teach thy son
Never to deem that all is done,
  While aught remains untried;
To hope, though every hope seem crost;
And when his bark is tempest-tost,
  Still calmly to confide.

9. Hast thou been long and often foil'd
By adverse winds and seas,
And vainly struggled, vainly toil'd,
For what some win with ease?
Yet bear up heart, and hope and will,
Nobly resolv'd to struggle still,
With patience persevere;
Knowing, when darkest seems the night,
The dawn of morning's glorious light
Is swiftly drawing near.

10. Art thou a Christian? shall the frown
Of fortune cause dismay?
The Bruce but won an earthly crown
Which long hath pass'd away;
For thee a heavenly crown awaits,
For thee are ope'd the pearly gates,
Prepared the deathless palm:—
But bear in mind, that only those
Who persevere unto the close,
Can join in Victory's psalm.

BERNARD BARTON.

Section XXXV.

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

1. Dark was the night, and dreadful was the storm, when James Corbett was roused from his hammock by the cry of "a leak! all hands to the pumps!" Without a moment's delay, he hurried on his clothes, and flew to the assistance of his ship-mates; but alas! their exertions were unavailing. The lightning which glared through the profound darkness, only served to discern the rocks on which they had already struck; and the terrific thunder which rolled over their heads, added fresh terror to the lamentations of those who considered that, in a few moments, they might be forever swallowed up in the bosom of the ocean.

2. After laboring at the pumps till his strength was completely exhausted, James went upon deck in the hope of recovering his breath and strength. Here, however, he had the misfortune to behold his beloved father perish before his eyes; and, in a few moments, he himself was swept into the sea by a tremendous wave, which broke over the ship with irresistible violence. Providentially, however, the vessel was at a very short distance from the coast; and, as the tide was strongly setting in towards the shore, our young sailor was thrown upon the beach, before he was completely deprived of his senses.

3. After resting till daybreak, he looked around and perceived a church at a short distance. This suggested the propriety of his returning thanks to the Almighty, for his miraculous preservation; and this duty he performed in the best manner he could before he attempted to set forward;—and then committing himself to the protection of Heaven, he wandered, he knew not whither, having neither a hat upon his head, nor shoes on his feet; destitute of a single penny, and dependent upon the bounty of strangers for the means of subsistence.

4. After walking several hours, our young mariner arrived at a pleasant spot, between Dover and Sandgate, where Ralph Martin was accustomed to keep his father's sheep. In this place Ralph had passed the greater part of his life, a stranger to the gratifications of luxury, and the wants of ambition. He was alike exposed to the scorching heats of summer, and the pinching frosts of winter, yet, if his sheep were healthy, and his lambkins numerous, he was always perfectly contented. He thought it no toil to lead them up and down the hills, if by the change they obtained better pasture.

5. The weather on the preceding night having been extremely tempestuous, and the coast being spread with wrecks, Ralph felt the tear of sympathetic tenderness start into his eyes, as he gazed around, when the shipwrecked sailor approached him, and earnestly solicited a morsel of bread.—Ralph's scrip was not very well replenished, but what he had he freely gave, and sincerely wished it had been more. The poor boy whom he relieved, thanked him with unaffected gratitude, and informed him of the particulars of his shipwreck. His

father, he said, was captain of a vessel which traded from one of the Italian cities to London.

6. They were returning from a prosperous voyage, when they were overtaken in the channel by a gale of wind. It continued three days, and they were at length wrecked on the coast of Kent. He saw his father, in endeavoring to catch hold of a rope, miss his aim, and fall overboard. He himself was then carried into the sea by an overwhelming wave, and only escaped death by being thrown upon the beach.—The youth wept as he gave this recital; and Ralph, whose kind heart felt for every one, wept also. He had two shillings and a few half pence in his pocket, and these constituted his only possessions: but he gave them willingly to relieve a fellow creature in distress.

7. As the youth had travelled a long way without shoes, he very thankfully accepted Ralph's offer of remaining with him till next day. Accordingly, they continued with the sheep till it was time for them to be taken home, and then Ralph led his guest to his father's cottage. He introduced him to his mother, and she, with great good nature, prepared to broil them a slice of bacon.—This was a most delicious treat to the sailor; and Ralph who had given away his dinner, thought it more than usually good. After supper, they retired to rest; and the next morning when Ralph led out his flock, the poor traveller, being offered a pair of old shoes, and a hat, took his leave with many thanks, and recommenced his weary journey.

8. Several years passed away, and Ralph had almost forgotten the circumstance. He had indeed had sufficient on his mind to make him forget occurrences even more important, having for a long time led a life of sorrow. His father, who had always been fond of drinking, and bad company, had at length indulged himself in these propensities till every thing was sacrificed for their gratification. It was in vain that Ralph endeavored to stem the torrent; in vain he exerted his industry; all was of no avail. His father's extravagance knew no bounds, whilst any thing remained which could be sold.

9. The flock, by degrees, was parted with, then the furniture of the little cottage, and at length the cottage

itself. Nor was this all; debts accumulated, which there was no means of defraying. The man was obliged to abscond, and his wife and her son found themselves in the midst of a severe winter, without shelter or the means of subsistence. Ralph however being well known, and generally respected, soon engaged himself as shepherd to a neighboring farmer, and hired a small hovel which stood at the foot of a hill adjoining the common. Here he lived, penuriously indeed, but contentedly; thankful that he could procure for his mother even this shed.

10. The poor woman, smitten by misfortune and borne down by advancing years, was incapable of doing anything for herself, and Ralph not only had to support but to nurse her. He often found this task very difficult; but in proportion to his necessities, he increased his exertions; and Heaven, which rewards filial piety and industry, gave a blessing to all his efforts. He was enabled to pay the rent of his cottage, and to discharge some of the debts his father had left; which being due to some of the poorest of the cottagers, they were ill able to lose. For this he was obliged to toil very hard, and almost to starve himself; but be cheerfully endured all privations whilst he saw his mother surrounded by a few comforts, and felt that he was discharging an important duty.

11. One evening he was sitting reading to his aged parent, when he heard the rattling of the wheels of a carriage. Such a sound was so unusual in that spot, that, after expressing his surprise at it, he arose to see whither it was going. It stopped at the cottage, and from it alighted a man about thirty years of age. Ralph made a respectful bow, and asked, who he was pleased to want? "Yourself," replied the stranger with much affability, "if, as I suppose, you are Ralph Martin." Ralph said that he was. "And do you indeed not recollect me?" asked the stranger.

12. "Do you not remember the poor sailor boy whom you sheltered and relieved? I am he; and if you will give me another night's lodging and a slice of bacon, I will stay with you, and give you an account of the circumstances which have wrought such a change in my appearance." Ralph, who in the change which more than sixteen years had made, no longer recognised his ship-

wrecked acquaintance, was, however, extremely glad to see him in so much happier circumstances. He assured him of a hearty welcome, but added, he had only a mattrass of straw and a blanket to offer him—"So much the better," replied Mr. Corbett, "it will remind me of former times. But now for my history. Give me that box, it will make an excellent chair; and we shall be more at our ease, sitting.

13. "When I left you I determined if possible to travel to London, and, by the kindness of a wagoner, who seemed to feel deeply for my misfortunes, I arrived there on the third day. I found my mother in the greatest possible affliction; she had just been informed of the melancholy fate of my father, and was almost inconsolable. The sight of me however, whom she had also believed dead, in some degree revived her spirits. I was happy to find she was left in comfortable, though not affluent circumstances; and as there was a small provision for each of the children, I took my share, and embarked with it for the East Indies, where I had a cousin, who had long wished me to assist him in his business.

14. "I was received by him with the utmost kindness; and my little property turned to the best account. Twelve years of successful industry made me a rich man; and as soon as I could settle my affairs, I returned to England. I found my mother married, and my brothers and sisters fixed in different situations. I have paid every debt I might have contracted with them, and my only account which remains unbalanced is that I have to settle with you." "With me, sir?" said Ralph; "you have nothing to settle with *me!* The trifling assistance you received from me was not worth remembering; it was only what I should gladly have given to any one in your circumstances. Times have altered a good deal since, and I often feel the greatest grief in witnessing distress which I have not the power to relieve."

15. "But you shall have the power," answered the gentleman; "independence could never be better placed than in your hands. But we will talk of these things tomorrow. Now give me my supper, as you promised, for I have travelled a good way to day, and am rather tired." Ralph prepared his simple fare, and then showed his guest

to his humble bed. Next morning, the little story of the misfortunes with which Ralph had had to struggle was recounted.

16. The stranger, eager to place him in a happier lot, purchased a neat cottage; and having stocked it with every necessary, and added fifty sheep, the happy Ralph was made owner of it, and lived many years in that prosperity which usually follows industry and integrity. His benefactor generally called once or twice in a year to see him; and the peasantry for miles around often amused their children with repeating the good fortune which proved the reward of hospitality. IDLE HOURS.

QUESTIONS.

By what was James Corbett awaked from sleep? After going on deck what had he the misfortune to behold? What happened to himself? In what state was he thrown upon the beach? What did the discovery of a church near by, suggest to his mind? After walking several hours, whom did he fall in with? What was Ralph's occupation? What was his conduct towards the young sailor? Before the sailor set out on his travels the next day, what did he receive from Ralph? What caused Ralph to lead a life of sorrow for several years after this event? What was his conduct towards his mother? What attracted his attention one evening as he was reading? Who alighted from the carriage? What was the name of the sailor? Where had he been since his shipwreck? Had he become rich? What did he do for Ralph?

Section XXXVI.

BOB FLETCHER.

1. I once knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old, and decrepit, and so was his dame;
Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the ploughman, and Juda his wife.
As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away,
They would rise up for labor, refreshed for the day;
The song of the lark as it rose on the gale,
Found Bob at the plough, and his wife at the pail.
A neat little cottage in front of a grove,
Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up to love,

Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it called up the past with a smile or a tear.
Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart;
The thorn was still there, and the blossoms it bore,
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

2. When the curtain of night over nature was spread,
And Bob had returned from his plough to his shed,
Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care,
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.
I have passed by his door when the evening was gray,
And the hill and the landscape were fading away,
And have heard from the cottage, with grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense, arise.
And I thought on the proud, who would look down with scorn
On the neat little cottage, the grove and the thorn,
And felt that the riches and follies of life
Were dross, to contentment like Bob and his wife.

VILLAGE RECORD.

Section XXXVII.

THE VERMONT WOLF.

1. About thirteen or fourteen years ago, a wolf crossed lake Champlain and killed a number of sheep in some of the lake towns. He was pursued and driven upon the Green mountains eastward of Middlebury, when his pursuers gave up the chase. Soon afterwards the farmers on the mountain had their sheep killed by a wolf. One day he would commit depredations on the west, and the next on the east side of the mountain, at places distant perhaps twenty miles from each other. This, at first, led people to suppose that there were a number of these animals prowling about the mountain;—till finally, by pursuing his track, it was found to be one and the same wolf.

2. Every exertion was then made to kill him, and for

this purpose, hundreds of traps were set year after year, but he had sufficient sagacity to evade them all. Multitudes of persons had, for the twelve years past, spent days and nights in pursuing him, and he, all the while, had been continually making ravages among the sheep. About two years ago he was wounded in the right hind leg, and the outer cord above the gambrel joint had been broken. Since that time he had been easily identified by his track. He had been so bold for the two or three last years that he had approached within a few paces of dwelling houses, and had been in the constant habit of sporting with the dogs belonging to some of the farmers.

3. His depredations were not limited to sheep, but he destroyed a great number of calves and some colts. The damage sustained by farmers in one county alone, by the destruction of sheep and other young stock by this wolf, is said to have amounted to not less than two thousand dollars.—Indeed he had become such a terror that farmers who lived within his range had wholly abandoned the idea of keeping sheep, and others were under the necessity of yarding their flocks every night near their dwellings. The inhabitants of different neighborhoods entered into an alliance to take their respective turns in watching for him.

4. At length two young men, who were neighbors, came to the praiseworthy determination to support the *American system*, against this old enemy of wool and wool-growers.—They built a scaffold in the tops of some trees, about fourteen feet from the ground, near the turnpike road, a little distance from their houses. Over this scaffold they made a covering of branches of trees and underbrush, leaving an opening on the road-side, through which they might put their guns and look out for their prey. Here they watched the principal part of two nights in succession, but the wolf did not make his appearance.

5. On the succeeding day, however, they found that he had passed directly under their cabin. On the third night they again took their station in their aerial guard-house, and a little after dark heard the wolf howl at a considerable distance. They soon discovered that he was approaching them. They had placed a large hound underneath them, which, as the wolf approached, ran off

in quest of him. They soon met and had a furious battle, but the hound disengaged himself and ran back towards his master; the wolf pursued him and passed directly by the scaffold, but with such velocity that the men had no chance to make anything like a sure fire.

6. The hound passed on, but was soon overtaken, and they had another furious engagement. The hound again escaped and made directly towards the scaffold, pursued by the wolf. When he came within about four rods of the watchmen, it being a bright moonlight night, they both discharged their pieces at the same time, and the contents of both muskets entered the back of the wolf, just behind his shoulders. He ran about eight rods, passing directly under the scaffold, and fell dead.—He was carried to Middlebury next day, for the purpose of securing the twenty dollars bounty which the state pays for the destruction of every wolf. This was the largest animal of the kind ever seen in this country. He measured about six feet in length, and was about three feet high when standing. In many instances he exhibited great sagacity, but he probably never imagined himself in danger from an enemy above the earth.

MIDDLEBURY STANDARD.

QUESTIONS.

Where did the wolf come from that did so much mischief? To what mountains was he driven? Did he continue his depredations upon the mountains? Why could not the people catch him in their traps? What amount of damage was sustained by the farmers in one county alone? Did he kill any other animals but sheep? Tell how he was finally killed. Where was he carried? What for? How large was the wolf?

Section XXXVIII.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

1. Some years since, the first battalion of the 17th regiment of foot, under orders to embark for India,—that far distant land, where so many British soldiers have fallen victims to the climate, were assembled in

the barrack-yard of Chatham, to be inspected, previously to their passing on board the transports, which lay moored in the Downs.—It was scarcely daybreak, when the merry drum and fife, were heard in all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen sallying forth from their quarters, to join the ranks; with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and the knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow.

2. Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance, or by some individual, with a dearer title to his regard than either—and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughter among the assembled groups.—The second battalion was to remain in England, and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed; for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots which were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind.

3. Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbiter. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend, captain Lodon, a brave and excellent officer. The women had gathered round the flag-sergeant, who held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked "*to go*," and all the others containing the fatal words "*to remain*." It was a moment of dreadful suspense; and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenances of human beings; as in the features of each of the soldiers' wives who composed the group.—One advanced and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing.—

4. Another; she succeeded; and giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hesitating step; tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unnatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the sergeant's cap, and I saw by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed. She unrolled the paper,

looked upon it, and with a deep groan, fell back, and fainted. So intense was the anxiety of every person present, that she remained unnoticed, until all the tickets had been drawn, and the greater number of the women had left the spot.

5. I then looked round, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground, gazing upon her face, and drying her fast falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheek.—Captain Lodon advanced towards them,—"I am sorry, Henry Jenkins," said he, "that fate has been against you; but bear up, and be stout hearted."—"I am so, Captain," said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his rough hand across his face; "but 'tis a hard thing to part."

6. "Oh captain!" sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me: I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me! Oh take me with him! for humanity's sake, take me with him, captain!" These solicitations were repeated in such heart-rending accents, that the gallant captain could not refrain from tears; and knowing that it was impossible to grant her request, without creating much discontent in his own company, he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man ever regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate.

7. At this moment, a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the captain, with his hand to his cap—"And what do you want, my good fellow?" said the officer—"My name is John Carty, please your honor; and I belong to the second battalion."—"And what do you want here?" "Only, your honor," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife there, are sorrow-hearted at parting, I'm thinking." "Well, and what then?"—"Why, your honor, they say I'm a likely lad, and I know I am fit for service; and if your honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in t. Bond's company, and let me take his place in urs, why, your honor would make two poor things hap- , and save the life of one of them, I'm thinking."

8. Captain Lodon considered for a few moments, and ecting the young Irishman to remain where he was,

proceeded to his brother officer's quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and returned to the place where he had left them. "Well, John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife." "Thank your honor," said John Carty, touching his cap as he walked off. Henry Jenkins and his wife were both too much affected with this favorable turn of affairs, to say more than, "God bless you dear sir, for your kind acceptance of his offer; but never can we repay the gratitude we owe to that generous young man." With these words they went in search of John Carty.

9. About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge upon a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages; but which now afforded no information to the traveller; for age had rendered it useless. The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village of Eldenby. The eldest, a lad about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and asked, if he were going to any particular house in the village.

10. "No, my little lad," said the soldier, "but it is on the high road to Frome, where I have friends; but in truth I am very weary, and perhaps may find in your village some person who may befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for reward." "Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat; if you will come with me, you may be sure of a welcome." The boys, leaving their flock in charge of their faithful dog, proceeded forward with the soldier towards their home; and in a few minutes reached the gate of a flourishing farm-house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness.

11. The younger boy running before, gave his parents notice, that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof; and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door, when he was received

by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends, Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those, who, in all human probability, were indebted to him for their present enviable station. It is only necessary to add further, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby-farm;—and that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling; and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their prosperity.

S. C. Hall.

QUESTIONS.

For what place did the 17th Regiment of Foot receive orders to embark? For what object were lots drawn? How many were taken from each company? What effect did disappointment have on the third woman that drew? Whose wife was she? How was the captain affected at her solicitation to be taken with the regiment? What was the name of the young soldier, who volunteered to go in the room of Jenkins? Did the captain agree to his proposal? Did Jenkins and his wife express their gratitude on this favorable turn of affairs? Did John Carty ever return from India? In what manner did he find where Jenkins lived? What did Jenkins do to compensate Carty for his great generosity? Did Carty continue to live with Jenkins?

Section XXXIX.

DEPARTURE OF AN EXILED FAMILY FROM ITALY.

1. 'Twas there the proudly gallant ship, her snowy sails unfurled,
And o'er the bright and sparkling wave, its glassy bosom curled;
Many a lovely brow was seen, in sadden'd beauty there,
Eyes of light that softly glanc'd beneath the clustering hair.
A[illegible]'s tott'ring step was seen, with many a silver head.
A[illegible]d sweet thro' lisping infancy, by stately mothers led,
W[illegible]ile from the turf-clad shore was heard, a sad and plaintive lay,
W[illegible]ich floated on the balmy air, then gently died away.

A busy hum of voices, and the sailor's cheerful note,
Told that soon upon the shining wave, the gallant ship would float.

2. Then beauty's tears like rain-drops fell, and man's proud brow was bent,
And with the matron's bitter sighs the infant's wails were blent.
For they left Italia's verdant shore, her bright and flow'ry glades,
Her fertile meadows, silv'ry lakes, and peaceful olive shades.
O! land of song, and minstrelsy, and Poet's melting lay,
We love each green and shady spot, but still we must away.
No more we'll tend the bending vine, its curling tendrils bind,
When round the blooming citron bough, its graceful branches twin'd;
No more we'll press the purple grape, nor cut the golden corn,
Nor sit beneath the jes'mine bower, in soft and breezy morn.
We will not raise the anthem sweet, in holy vesper time,
Nor shall we hear thy sabbath-bell in deep and swelling chime.

3. Our fathers too are slumbering, beneath the flow'ry sod;
Oh! may their gentle spirits dwell forever with their God.
And graceful forms lie still beneath thy marble sculptur'd tomb,
But on their turf are daises wild, and roses rich in bloom.
No more we see the gondolier, upon the moon-lit lakes,
Where silently the pliant oar the shining water breaks.
Alas! that we should leave our friends in this sweet land to die;
And must *we never* live again beneath thy bright blue sky?
A long farewell to Italy, the spot where first we breath'd,
Oh! may the olive-branch of *peace*, around thy land be wreath'd.

M. S. C.

Section XL.

THE BLACK LINN.

1. It was a Sabbath afternoon early in the year, and a crowded congregation were seen leaving a small kirk in the mountains of Perthshire. The annual celebration of the sacrament had taken place there that day, which had attracted, as is usual in Scotland, great numbers of persons even from parishes at many miles distance. The services of the day were now over, and the people separated into different groups as they took their respective roads homewards; all, even the youngest and most thoughtless, walking on with a quietness and seriousness of deportment befitting the holy day, and the solemnity of the occasion which had called them together.

2. A numerous party set out together to the eastward, conversing as they walked along, some on the more worldly topics of country discourse, the state of the weather, the crops, and the markets; others, on the various services they had that day heard, and the gifts and graces of their respective ministers. Their numbers gradually diminished as one party after another branched off up the glens, or over the hill-paths leading to their distant farms and cottages, until at last only four persons remained. These were Donald Mac Alpine and his wife, who lived at Burnieside, to which place they were now fast approaching; and his brother Angus, who, with his son Kenneth, a boy of fifteen, had come that morning from Linn-head, about five miles further.

3. A February evening was closing in, dark and cold, with every appearance of a stormy, wet night, when the lights in the casements of the farm at Burnieside appeared flickering in the distance, cheering the hearts of Donald and his wife with thoughts of the comfort of their own warm hearth, and their children's hearty welcome, after the fatigue and weariness of their day's journey. Angus and Kenneth entered with them to rest and refresh themselves before they proceeded onwards; and, as they were much beloved by their young relatives, they met a welcome, only second in cordiality and delight to

that given to the parents. The large and happy party were soon seated comfortably round a glowing peat fire; and cheerfully partaking, after thanks had reverently been paid to the Giver of all good, of an excellent and substantial supper.

4. When it was over, Angus summoned his son to depart. "Come, Kenneth, my boy, it is getting late, and we have five long miles to go yet." Donald, who had risen to look out into the night, now endeavored to persuade his brother and his nephew to remain where they were till morning.—"The wind is rising, and driving the hail and rain before it, and it is pitch-dark. I cannot let you leave this warm hearth on such a night."—"Nay, Donald, we must go indeed. What would Marion and poor little Lily say if we did not come home? We know our road well, so we need not be afraid of the darkness; and as to the wind and rain, we are used to that, and the warm fireside at Linn-head, and a good bed, will be all the more welcome after it. So, good night, Donald; good night, Janet; good night, children."

5. "Well," replied Donald, "a wilful man must have his way; but mind when you come by the Black Linn. It is a very fearful path along there on a dark night."—"As to that, Donald, I do not think either Kenneth or I would fear to pass the Linn on the darkest night in the year; we know every rock and stone so well. We are almost at home when we get there." Angus then taking up his thick walking staff, and Kenneth slinging over his shoulder the little wallet in which he had carried their simple dinner, they ventured out into the storm, and the hospitable door of Burnieside was reluctantly closed behind them.

6. For some time they trudged on without much difficulty, though the wind and rain beat directly in their faces, and were gradually becoming more violent. In the intervals between the gusts, the father and son conversed together, and Kenneth was pouring forth some of the feelings which the day's services had excited in his pious and serious young heart. In these sweet communings, they beguiled the weary way.

7. They had proceeded more than three miles of the way, and had entered a deep defile in the mountains, at

the bottom of which ran a rapid stream. This river, at all times considerable, now swollen by the melting of the snows, roared along its rocky channel. It entered the defile about a mile and half higher up over a tremendous precipice, forming one of the wildest and most terrific cataracts in the Highlands, which was known in the country by the name of the Black Linn. The water was precipitated into a deep, dark chasm, where it boiled and wheeled with terrifying impetuosity, and then broke away with fury through rents and channels in the rocks, which the force of the stream had, in the lapse of ages worn.

8. This scene of awful sublimity was surrounded by abrupt walls of rock two hundred feet in height, gray and bare, and overshadowing the depths below, so that the rays of the bright sun could never penetrate further than to paint a rainbow on the spray of the fall about midway of its descent. A narrow and unprotected mountain road led up the defile, past the cataract, to the village of Linnhead, which on such a night, would have been far from safe to less experienced travellers than those who were now toiling along it. They were wet, cold, and weary; and the force of the wind pouring down the glen, the cold and sharp rain beating in their faces, and the pitchy darkness of the night, began almost to bewilder them. They ceased to speak, but struggled on in silence.

9. At length, by the increased roar of waters, they perceived that they were approaching the Linn. "Courage! my boy, we shall soon reach home now," said Angus. A fresh and more violent gust of wind, bringing a heavy hail shower, obliged them to turn from its fury. Again they groped their way forwards. "Father," said Kenneth, in a voice whose tremulous tones were almost drowned by the fury of the elements, "we have missed the path—we are on the wrong side of the oak tree—we are on the top of the crag over the Black Boiler, I am sure—take care of yourself—I am trying to find——" A piercing cry of agony, heard above the rushing of the winds and waters, froze the father's heart within him. "Kenneth!" he cried, in a voice of horror, "my child, my child! where are you?" There was no answer.

10. The unhappy father called again and again. The torrent rushed on in its resistless might, and the wind

howled past him, till his brain was almost maddened by the roar, and the solid rock beneath him seemed to tremble, as if an earthquake were shaking the globe to its foundations. He flung himself on the ground, and dragging himself along, felt, with outstretched arms, for the edge of the precipice. His hand at length reached it, where the broken earth, and some tufts of grass hanging by their slight fibrous roots, showed the very spot where it had yielded under Kenneth's tread. He looked over, and strained his eyes in the vain endeavor to pierce the thick darkness beneath. All was hid in deep gloom, except where a gleam of pale light marked the broken, foamy edges of the falling waters far, far below.

11. A sickness, like death, fell upon the heart of poor Angus, as the conviction forced itself on him, that his child was indeed gone—lost to him for ever. He tried again to call, but his voice refused to give utterance to a sound, and having groped his way back to the oak tree, the land-mark already mentioned, he leaned against it for some moments as if to collect strength, and then, making a desperate effort to move forward, he reached the village. All the lights in the cottages were by this time extinguished for the night, except those which gleamed from his own windows, whose brightness showed that those within were still waking and watching for the return of their absent ones.

12. Marion and Lily had just heaped the fire with fresh wood and peat, which threw a bright cheerful light all round the cottage. The kettle, hanging on the hook over the fire, sent its light clouds of curling vapor up the wide chimney.—Before the fire was a small table, with the great family Bible lying on it, in which Lilias had been reading to her mother, till the increasing storm, and the growing lateness of the hour, began to awaken their anxiety for Angus and Kenneth's return, and prevented their giving to the word of God that undivided attention, without which they thought it but a mockery to read.

13. They sat listening to the wind and rain beating against the cottage, sometimes expressing their anxieties to each other, then striving to forget for a time the sense of them, by busying themselves in all the little arrange-

ments they could devise, for the comfort of the wet and weary wanderers. At length a hand touched the outer latch. "Here they are!" they exclaimed. But almost a minute elapsed before that hand found courage again to try and open the door. When it did open, and the pale and horror-struck figure of Angus entered, a sense of awful calamity in an instant struck both Marion and Lilias. He closed the door, and leaned against it, as if he could neither speak nor move.

14. "Kenneth!" they both exclaimed. "The Linn —the Linn—lost!"—was all that the unhappy father could utter. Then, staggering to his chair, he burst into a passionate flood of grief, so unlike anything his wife and daughter had before witnessed in his steady, composed character, that, for the moment, they lost all thought of everything else in the endeavor to soothe him. But the relief of tears seemed to take the heavy load off his heart, and before long he could with greater calmness tell of the awful bereavement they had sustained, and endeavor, in his turn, to comfort the stricken hearts of his wife and daughter. A family of sorrow, they sat by the dying embers of their hearth that long and bitter night; but an unskilled pen may not dare to describe their feelings, nor the power of the consolations from on high, which visited them in their affliction.

15. Towards morning poor Lilias, exhausted by sorrow, had sunk into a deep sleep, with her head resting on her mother's shoulder. Angus kept walking continually to the little window, to watch for the first streaks of light in the east, intending, as soon as the day dawned, to take some of his neighbors with him, to assist in finding all that was left to him of his beloved child. At length the gray of morning broke over the hills—he took his hat and went out, leaving Marion supporting her daughter's head—her lips moved in inward prayer as he left the house. The melancholy news soon spread through the village; for Kenneth was as much loved by all who knew him as his father was respected, and all the neighbors and friends were soon collected to go with Angus to find the body; while some of the women went in to Marion to console and support her during this trying time.

QUESTIONS.

What is a church or meeting house called in Scotland? What had brought a great number of people together at one of these kirks on a certain Sabbath? Do you recollect the names of four of these people who were travelling home together? Where did they live? Why did Donald urge his brother to tarry with him through the night? At what season of the year was this? Of what did Donald caution his brother and nephew? Were they afraid? Did they get home safe? What happened to them? After Kenneth had fallen down the precipice, what did his father do? Could they find him that night?

Section XLI.

THE BLACK LINN.—*Continued.*

1. In the meantime, he for whose loss all were thus sorrowing, was yet living. He had been saved from destruction by the stems of three or four saplings of mountain ash and weeping-birch, which had taken root in a fissure of the almost perpendicular crag, and hung their light elegant foliage, nearly horizontally, over the black whirlpool below.—The slight stems had bowed fearfully under the pressure of Kenneth's falling weight, but springing up again by their elasticity, they now held him suspended, and rocking with every blast, over the yawning chasm. He lay unconscious for a long time, from the stunning effects of the fall, and of a severe blow which his head had received against the rock; but his senses gradually returned, and he awoke to an acute sense of pain, both bodily and mental.

2. When he understood his awful and precarious situation, an overpowering terror came over his mind, and he wreathed his arms round the branches of the trees, with the convulsive instinct of self-preservation. His calls for help were piercing and continual; but they reached no human ear. At this trying moment, the words which he had been dwelling on all the day, "the Lord is a very present help in trouble," recurred to his thoughts like oil upon the stormy waves, calming them into peaceful tranquillity. "Yea," he mentally exclaimed, "even

in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

3. His mind then rapidly glanced at all the circumstances of his situation. He was instantly aware that he could neither make any exertions to release himself, nor hope for any assistance till the morning dawned; and that nothing remained for him but to rest where he was in quietness, and reliance upon his Almighty Father, till day-light. Though the violence of the storm gradually abated, his sufferings from wet and cold, were extreme during that apparently endless night. He endeavored to beguile the time by repeating passages of Scripture, with which his memory was amply stored; and when these failed to divert his mind from the oppressive weight of pain and dread; or when thoughts of his dear home, and all whom he loved there, would force themselves upon his recollection, he poured out his soul at the throne of mercy, and was strengthened.

4. But the vigor of his mind began gradually to yield to the anguish of his frame; and before morning, the powers of life seemed to be ebbing fast away, leaving him in a state of almost insensibility. He closed his eyes, and consciousness grew fainter and fainter. When he again languidly raised their lids, they rested, as he lay with his face upturned towards heaven, on lightly-tinged rose-colored clouds, the forerunners of the rising sun, sailing slowly and peacefully over the abyss. The sight seemed to revive the dying spark within, and sent a thrill of hope and joy through his stiffening limbs. But as the increasing light showed the height, and the inaccessible steepness of the precipice above him, and he felt his own incapacity to move, his heart again sunk within him. "Yet, surely," thought he, "they will come to seek me;" and, for the first time, a movement of restless impatience began to agitate him.

5. By this time the villagers, being collected together, were proceeding to the fall. Angus in vain endeavored to maintain his wonted steadiness of demeanor. At one time he hurried on, as if impelled forwards by an irresistible power; and then, as if nature recoiled with dread from the sight of his beautiful child changed to a pale and disfigured corpse, he lingered in the rear. When

they reached the oak tree before mentioned, he remained motionless, while the rest advanced on to the crag, more from the desire to see the very spot of Kenneth's fall, than from an expectation of finding his remains, which they doubted not the stream had, by that time, carried farther down the country.

6. Malcolm, a young black smith of the village, of remarkably active and enterprising character, was first. He advanced close to the edge of the cliff, which his steady head enabled him to look over without fear. The others remonstrated with him on his rashness, but Malcolm had caught a glimpse of something which made him thoughtless of himself; and in order to be certain that it was what his hopes suggested, before he mentioned them to any one, he lay down on the ground, and stretched his body half over the brink to gain a distinct view. "It is—it is," he exclaimed.—"What?" cried many voices. —"Himself," cried Malcolm, springing up;—"fetch ropes;" and he ran off instantly to the village to execute his own orders, followed by several of the boys and younger men.

7. Angus gazed at this sudden movement with a bewildered eye, till some of the others, who had also looked down, came to tell him that his son was indeed there, and, they hoped, alive, though they could hardly distinguish whether the slight trembling of the tree were caused by the breeze, or by an endeavor to make a signal. The father's eyes were again blessed by the sight of his child; but the agony and suspense of hope tried him, if possible, more severely than the certainty of calamity. He kneeled down, covering his face with his hands, during the minutes, which to him seemed hours, that elapsed before the return of Malcolm and the ropes.

8. It was some little time after they were got back, before they had lashed together strong cords sufficient to reach Kenneth's resting place; but, at length, having secured one end of them strongly round the oak tree, they gradually lowered the other over the face of the crag. Kenneth saw it descending, like the angel of his rescue, and watched its gradual progress, till it reached the level at which he lay;—and after swinging to and fro, finally rested upon his body. But when he tried to un-

twine his benumbed arms from the branches round which they had so long been clinging, he felt, almost with despair, that he could not stir.

9. Those above, tried with shouts to encourage him, and to persuade him to tie the rope round his waist. He could not. Neither could he raise his hoarse and feeble voice to make them hear. They began to be quite at a loss what to do, and almost to doubt whether life had not fled. In this emergency, Mr. Cameron, the minister of Linn-head, was seen coming up the road mounted on his rough little Shetland pony. He had been assisting in the celebration of the sacrament the preceding day, and having remained to spend the evening with his fellow ministers, whom that occasion had collected together, was returning, at this early hour, to his home and his duties, principally to be in readiness for his beloved and favorite pupil Kenneth.

10. He wondered to see so many of his parishioners assembled, but a few words explained the whole; and, surprised and agitated as he was by the suddenness of the shock, he retained presence of mind sufficient to direct what was best to be done. "Some one must be lowered to his assistance," said he. Malcolm immediately volunteered himself; and while the active young Highlander drew up the rope, and fastened it round his own waist, Mr. Cameron went to support Angus.

11. All the strength present assisted in lowering Malcolm, who guided himself by a long stick, which he held in his hand, and by which he kept himself from striking against the rock. Having reached the proper station, he planted one foot firmly on a slight projection, and, steadying himself with his stick, this active and powerful young man stooped down, loosened Kenneth's hands, and grasping the poor exhausted boy with his strong muscular arm, gave the signal to be drawn up. As they slowly ascended, he held his drooping charge firmly, yet tenderly, and, with surprising skill and dexterity, guided their course, till, with great exertion, and some little difficulty, they safely reached the top.

12. Mr. Cameron no sooner saw Kenneth safely laid in his father's arms, and had ascertained that, though fainting, life was not extinct, than, leaving all the rest to follow

slowly, he mounted his poney, and rode briskly forward to break the joyful tidings to poor Marion. When he entered the cottage, which the care of her kind neighbors had restored to its wonted look of comfort, she rose to meet him with calmness and composure, but with a face on which one night seemed to have done the work of years.

13. "Oh! Mr. Cameron, you are come, indeed, to the house of mourning; have you heard all?"—"Yes, my good Marion, I have seen Angus."—"And have they found——" She could say no more; her tears choked her. "Yes, they have, Marion," said the good pastor, hardly knowing how to break it to her; "your son shall live again."—"I know," replied the devout Christian mother, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Oh! Mr. Cameron, our hearts' desire for him was, that he should serve the Lord in his courts here below, and if he calls him so soon to stand in the holy of holies, what are we, that we should gainsay his will? and yet it is hard to say, Thy will be done!"

14. Mr. Cameron was so much affected, that it was some time before he could say, "Marion, the Lord's arm is not shortened, that he cannot save; and what is impossible with men, is possible with God." Marion lifted up her eyes with an expression of wild doubt. Lilias sprung forward, and seized his hand, and the neighbors drew round inquiringly. "Yes! my friends, he has been wonderfully delivered, and he is yet living; but Marion," he added, observing that she turned deadly pale, "you must command yourself. He has suffered severely, and his life may depend on your composure, and ability to do all that may be required for him.—Now, my good friends, prepare a warm bed, and get all things in readiness."

15. While the other women were busying themselves according to their minister's desire, the mother and daughter, with their arms round each other, were standing on the threshold, looking out for the first sight of him who had been lost, but was found, while Mr. Cameron gently related to them the history of his wonderful escape, mingling with his relation, words of religious comfort and exhortation, which fell like balm upon their hearts. At last, the party came slowly up, bearing Kenneth on a

rude litter, which they had hastily put together. As he crossed the threshold of his home once again, his mother and sister quietly kissed his cold and pallid cheek, and he opened his eyes on them with a look of love.

16. He was laid in his warm bed, and they proceeded to restore warmth and animation by cordials, and by rubbing his limbs with spirits. But whether their applications were too stimulating, or it was the natural effect of his long exposure to the cold, added to the blow on his head, fever rapidly came on, and, for several days, he lay in violent delirium.—It almost broke the hearts of those who were watching by his bed-side, to hear his screams of horror, and broken snatches of prayer and supplication, which showed that he was continually living over again that fearful night.

17. The following Sabbath, all the little congregation of Linn-head joined, as with one heart, in their minister's fervent intercession, that the life, already so wonderfully delivered, might yet once more be spared. Their prayers were granted; youth and a good constitution, aided by the unwearied and judicious care of his affectionate nurses, triumphed over the disease. That once subdued, his strength rapidly returned, and, on the third Sunday after, Kenneth, supported by his father and mother, and followed by his sister, again entered the sanctuary, and took his accustomed place there; and when they all kneeled in prayer, their hearts burned within them, as Mr. Cameron poured forth their thanksgivings to the Almighty. AMULET.

QUESTIONS.

Where was Kenneth found the next morning? What prevented his falling into the water? How was he got up? What was his situation? Did he recover? How old was Kenneth? What do you think of the expression, "that once subdued," which you find about the middle of the last paragraph? Why is it not good? (*Because it is not clear.*) How would you alter it to make it more intelligible? How would you parse the pronoun "*that*"?

Section XLII.

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS—*A Fact.*

1. Iv'e been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales;
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.
For some had gone with daring foot, the craggy peaks to gain,
Until they seemed like hazy specks, to gazers on the plain;
But in a fathomless abyss an icy grave they found,
Or were crushed beneath the avalanche, that starts at human sound:
And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,—
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear;
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous,
But wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus.
"It is among those barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

2. "One cloudless sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,
When from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed was done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry I humbly trust in God I ne'er may hear again!
I hurried out to learn the cause, but overwhelmed with fright,

The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care,
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through the air.
Oh, what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye,
His infant made a Vulture's prey, with terror to descry!
And know with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!

3. "My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly, to get free;
At intervals I heard his cries, a shriek and stifled scream!
Until upon the azure sky a lessening spot they seem.
The Vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew,
A mote upon the sun's broad face, he seemed unto my view;
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,—
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite!
All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elemen bleached.

4. "I clambered up that rugged cliff—I could not stay away,
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay.
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred,
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon his head."
That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers passing by,

Who often stand, and musing gaze, nor go without a sigh.
And as I journey'd the next morn, along the sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.
LON. JUV. SOUVENIR.

Section XLIII.

DANGER OF IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

1. On the borders of the river Humber, there are various little ferry boats for the accommodation of passengers.—One of these belonged to a man, who, in a small cottage, situated by the bank of the river, had reared a numerous family. John, the youngest of eight children, now assisted in managing the boat, and so expert and attentive was he, that almost the entire care of it devolved on him. Early one morning in the month of November, somebody knocked very loudly at the door of the cottage. John was, at the time in a sound sleep, and some minutes elapsed before he roused himself sufficiently to open the window, and ask what was wanted.

2. A man, in a tone of impatience, said he was desirous of crossing the ferry, and earnestly begged, that somebody would come down immediately. "I'll be with you directly;" said John, "only let me slip on my clothes." He then shut the window, and in a few minutes was equipped. It was a dark, and dismal morning; and the wind as it blew across the river, agitated its bosom, with a more than common degree of violence—"I believe," said John, as he opened the door to let the stranger in, "I must take a lantern; you must have had good eyes to find your way such a morning as this." "Come, there's a good lad," cried the man; "for pity's sake do not delay."

3. "I will make as much haste as possible," replied John, and lighting the lantern he went to the boat, which he entered with the stranger. The tide happened to be uncommonly strong, and this together with the darkness of the morning, made it not only a work of difficulty and danger, but of a much greater length of time than was

usual. The man seemed almost in agonies at this unavoidable detention. He blamed John, he even snatched the oars from him, and declared he would row himself; but unused to the business, he soon let the boat go by the stream, and after many fruitless efforts to get her in a right direction, he threw down the oars, and seemed to abandon himself to despair.

4. This strange conduct was not unobserved by John, who possessed no common degree of curiosity. This unfortunate propensity had more than once led him into the commission of errors, and had frequently involved the objects of his suspicions in very serious difficulties. In the present case there was, perhaps, nothing extraordinary. Many circumstances might account for so much seeming impatience; but John, as usual, drew his own conclusions. The man was a tall, thin figure, extremely upright, and, though he was muffled in a great coat, and had his hat flapped over his eyes, he had a military air. He sighed frequently and bitterly; and once as he clasped his hands with an involuntary emotion, John thought he discovered a red coat.—The morning, however, was so dark, that this was merely a suspicion.

5. At length they reached the opposite shore, and the man springing from the boat, was hastening on with rapid strides, when John called out,—"Master, master, do pay me; you have forgot that, though this is not a time of the morning to work for nothing." The man instantly came back and gave him a penny. John then returned homewards, but his thoughts were completely occupied respecting the stranger, and a thousand conjectures entered his head. He might be a deserter—a highwayman—a felon returned from transportation—a thief escaping from the officers of justice. This last conjecture he was sure was well founded. "It is well," said he to himself, "that he did not steal my lantern; for some of these gentry are so light-fingered, that they will whip a thing away before one can turn round."

6. When he arrived at the cottage, he found that his father had come down stairs, to whom he represented all that had passed, together with his own surmises. His father checked his loquacity, and bade him not concern himself with what did not belong to him. "By your

description," said the old man, "it was most probably some poor soldier going to see his family; and as he might have obtained leave of absence but for a short time, he would consequently, be anxious not to lose any part of it"—"Father," replied John with quickness, "you have hit it. I'll be bound he's a deserter; I saw a bit of his red coat, though he was careful I should see as little as possible. But I had my eyes about me."

7. "If you had them about you," replied his father, with severity, "only to discover something to feed suspicion, you had better have kept them closed. You will never be convinced of the danger of such impertinent curiosity, and such unwarrantable suspicions, till some serious consequences result from them. What business have you to question the man's motives of conduct. Just now you thought him a thief, because he appeared in haste; now you believe he is a deserter because he had a red coat; so, in either case, you would do what you could to hang him, merely that you may learn his business." John was silenced but not convinced, by these observations; on the contrary he was certain he was right, and so eager to tell about it, that before night a rumor was spread all over the village, that John May had taken a deserter over the river.

8. Several days elapsed, whilst this was the current report; at length, two men arrived at the inn, who said they came in search of a deserter, having heard that such a one had been that way. They were referred to John, who was sitting with his father by the fire side, broiling some slices of bacon, when the men entered. The constant habit of command, over the unhappy beings, who were but too frequently in their power, had given to the manners and appearance of these persons a degree of ferocity, which startled the honest cottager. He arose hastily, and demanded their business. "Why, master," said one of them, "we are come here after a ticklish chap who has slipped out of our hands, and we hear your son ferried him over the river, a few mornings ago."

9. "My son," replied Mr. May, "ferries many people over; there is, therefore, nothing very particular in that." "Father," cried John, starting from his chair,

with a force that nearly overturned it, "I'll be bound they mean the man that I took for a thief, he had such a look." Mr. May regarded him with an eye which at once silenced him; but the men were not so easily appeased. They had, indeed, a very large share of John's suspicious temper, which their occupation was not calculated to diminish. They observed that Mr. May wished his son not to speak; and from that moment, they were convinced that he had a great deal to conceal.

10. "Master," said one of them, knocking his staff with violence on the brick floor, "none of your prevarications. We come here to know the truth, and we *will* know it. It was your boy that took the man we are in search of over the river; and, therefore, he shall give us an account of every particular. You seem to know more than you ought, but you had better take care how you act; for, as soon as we find our lost sheep, he will suffer death, and you too, if you have been abetting him." "I know perfectly well," said Mr. May, "how far your commission extends; it does not authorise you to come into my house to threaten me; I therefore desire you to quit it.

11. If you have anything to do with this boy, whose incorrigible love of talking, and of suspecting every one, deserves punishment, take him to the justice, and there let him give his deposition. It will, I believe, be but little consolation to him, if he should find he had been accessary to depriving a fellow creature of his life." John, who trembled in every limb when he heard this speech, would gladly have recalled all he had ever said; and bitterly repented not having attended to the prophetic admonitions of his father. To be taken before the justice, to give his evidence against a man whose life appeared the forfeit, was so dreadful, that he entreated, upon his knees, to be spared.

12. But the men laughed at his tears, and ridiculed his contrition. His father made no effort in his favor, and he was dragged to the house of the justice. They had about two miles to walk, and John, as he went shivering along, regretted the comfortable fire and good supper he had left; and resolved, if he escaped this once, he would never again commit a similar fault. On arriving

at the house they were shown into a room where the justice was sitting alone. The case was stated to him, and he immediately began to interrogate the lad in the strictest manner.

13. The boy's answers, however, were so vague, and the whole which he had asserted was so entirely conjecture, that the justice, who was a man of sense and discernment, dismissed him with a severe reprimand for his tattling propensity. The officers, who were offended at this lenity, insisted on John's taking them over the river, and landing them at the very spot where he had parted with the suspected person. He did so; but in his eagerness to get rid of them, he pushed the boat too far on the strand, and it stuck fast in the mud. The water was falling, and all his efforts were ineffectual; so that he concluded he must remain there all night.

14. At this juncture, a person advanced from a neighboring inclosure, and said, "I wish you would take me across the river." "That I will," said John, "if you will help me to push the boat off." This was readily effected, and they soon reached the opposite shore. It was now near midnight; but John's father was not gone to bed. He heard the paddling of the oars, and came out to meet his son, who, he hoped had this night received a lesson which would not easily be obliterated from his memory. He perceived somebody with him; and, though it was too dark for him to distinguish much, he perceived that the stranger was accompanied by two children, one of whom he bore in his arms, and the other had hold of his hand.

15. The latter appeared tired and sleepy, and, in a whining tone asked to go to bed. The stranger sighed bitterly, but made no reply. After a moment's pause, he said, addressing Mr. May, "Is there an empty barn or a shed hereabouts, that my children might sleep in for an hour or two?" Mr. May was naturally kind-hearted and benevolent, and he instantly offered a small stable, which he said was littered with clean straw, and should be entirely at his service. The man accepted the offer with much thankfulness, and went into the house, whilst John lighted a lantern for him to take. Everything was soon ready, and the stranger and his children went to

their resting place. John undertook to show him the way; but in a few minutes returned pale and trembling. "Oh! father," exclaimed he, as he entered, "what will become—oh! what will become of us?"

16. Mr. May, startled by these unaccountable exclamations, demanded the cause. John, still trembling, looked round, as if fearful any one beside his father should hear him, and then in a half whisper, his finger pointed in token of secrecy, and his eyes almost starting from their sockets, he cried—"This is the man, this is he! I thought I had heard his voice before, when he first spoke to me; but it was not until I saw his face by the light of the lantern, that I recollected him." "What man?" inquired Mr. May; "I do not understand you." "Why father," continued John, with a look of horror, "he that the constables are going to hang, as soon as they can get him." Mr. May now perfectly comprehended his son's meaning; and, though he was really concerned for the offender, he wished he had taken shelter under any roof but his.

17. Yet there was something in the man's appearance which by no means indicated the person who had been described; and after a little reflection, he thought it would be right to inform him of his danger. It was not an affair in which John was to be trusted; his father, therefore, sent him to bed, and then went himself to the stable. The stranger seemed much alarmed at his appearance, and there was a confusion in his manner, which any one, inclined to judge hastily, might but too readily have imputed to guilt. This, however, was no time for hesitation, and Mr. May instantly declared the cause of his late visit. He related all that had passed with the officers, and their assertions that his life was forfeited.

QUESTIONS.

What was the name of the young man who had the chief care of the ferry boat? Did the stranger who applied for a passage appear impatient and in a hurry? What was his conduct on his passage? (see sec. 3.) With what unfortunate propensity was John possessed? What did John think he discovered about the man? What occurred on his landing his passenger on the other side? On returning to his home did John communicate his suspicions to his father? Did his father rebuke him for his talkativeness? What was the consequence of John's tattling on this occasion? (see sec. 7.) After several days who arrived at the Inn where John lived, and what was their

object? What did Mr. May recommend to the two men to do with John? Did John entreat the men to excuse him from going before the Justice? What did the Justice do with him? After he was dismissed by the Justice what did the officers insist upon his doing? Did he comply? What accident happened with regard to his boat? How did he get the boat released from the mud? By whom was the stranger accompanied? What request of the stranger did Mr. May comply with? On lighting the strangers to their resting place, what did John discover? What did Mr. May do, on learning that the stranger was the man the officers were in pursuit of?

Section XLIV.

DANGER OF IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.—*Continued.*

1. During this recital, the man seemed in the most dreadful agony; he traversed the stable, uttering the deepest groans, whilst large drops of sweat rolled down his careworn cheek. It was some time before he could speak; at length he said—"It is in vain to conceal anything; and, therefore, if you will give me a hearing, I will candidly tell you, what has involved me in this distressing situation. I was the only son of a soldier, who had long and faithfully served his king and country; and though all his labors had never raised him to a halberd, he determined that I should follow his profession. I was therefore enrolled as soon as I could hold a musket, and for nearly thirty years, I pursued a life of continued hardships.

2. "There is not a quarter of the globe, in which I have not fought, nor one which has not been sprinkled with my blood. At first, I did very well; but when a family came on fast, I found it very difficult to procure a maintenance, though I worked early and late, and spared no pains to keep out of debt. By the interest of a few friends, I contrived to get into a shop, and I had a good prospect of success, when, suddenly, war broke out; our regiment was ordered to Ireland, and I was obliged to embark without even seeing my family. Our colonel, though a good-hearted man, is so extremely severe, that he will not grant the smallest indulgence to his soldiers.

3. "We stayed in Ireland almost two years, in the

course of which time I learned that my wife, with all her industry, was half starved. She was unable to supply the shop with goods, and, in consequence of this, her customers left her. This was dreadful news for me, who was able to do so little. However, I sent every shilling to her that I could accumulate, and I ventured to hope for better days, on hearing that our regiment was ordered home. As soon as we arrived in England, I requested leave to visit my family for a few days. The colonel did not comply with my request, but merely told me he would consider of it. This was very hard upon me, as it was long since I had heard from my wife, and the last accounts were very distressing. I had besides written from Ireland, but had received no answer.

4. "I wrote again, but my letter was returned, with this written on the back—"Gone away."—I was now more wretched than ever, as I was assured that nothing but the greatest calamities, could have driven my wife to leave her home. I again solicited the colonel; but as he is a hasty man, he was very much offended at my troubling him. I was one night sitting in the guard-room, when I was told, a person wished to speak with me. I went out immediately, and you may guess my surprise, when I found it was my eldest daughter. All the pleasure I felt at seeing her, was soon destroyed by the recital she gave me. She stated that her mother had been ill during the last twelve months; in consequence of which, things went on so badly, that they soon not only had no customers, but were seriously involved in debt.

5. "Some of their neighbors pitied their situation, but others were eager to blame them; and the landlord being afraid of his rent, seized everything that remained for the arrears. My wife and children were then literally turned out of doors; and, had it not been for the benevolence of a farmer, who gave them a shed, they must have gone to the work-house. Here they had lived several months, supported by a few charitable neighbors, and what the children could obtain by begging; but such hardships soon reduced my wife to so dreadful a condition, that her death was expected daily. She had heard, by chance, that our regiment had returned, and that it was stationed only thirty miles from her residence.

6. " She was astonished at not having heard from me, or seen me; and fearing I had forgotten both her and my children, she took it so much to heart, that her disorder seemed to increase every hour. My poor girl offered to come to Winchester, and see whether I were really there; and accordingly set off and arrived, as I have stated. This account distracted me. I told my comrade who was on duty with me, my unhappy feelings; and added, if the colonel would not give me leave, I would go without it. He endeavored to dissuade me from this determination, but I could not listen to his arguments; my thoughts being completely occupied by the melancholy state of my dying wife, and my starving children.

7. " Every moment was precious, and I was impatient of the time, till we should be relieved, for I was then on guard. At length the period arrived, and I dismissed my poor girl to a bed with the sergeant's wife, whom we had long known. Left to myself, I became even more distracted; and in an agony which may be called frenzy, I quitted the city and hastened onwards.—I scarcely felt the ground I trod, as you may well imagine, when I tell you I had travelled nearly twenty miles before I reached your cottage.—As soon as I had crossed the ferry, I pursued my road with the same speed, neither stopping for rest or refreshment.

8. " Early in the afternoon I reached our village, and was soon directed to the spot where I might find my wife. I did, indeed, find her, but in what a situation! so pale and altered, that I scarcely knew her, and everything bespeaking the most dreadful poverty and wretchedness. She knew me instantly, and stretched out her arms to receive me; but the shock was too great for her feeble frame; she endeavored to articulate something, but her voice faltered, her eyes became fixed, and in a few minutes she was no more. I scarcely know how I bore her death; for I have no recollection of anything till the next morning, when the first persons I recognised, were the good farmer and his wife, to whom my family were indebted for many kindnesses.

9. " They pitied my situation, and did everything in their power to relieve me. But, alas! what consolation could be imparted to one under such distressing cir-

cumstances, and whose life was forfeited. I acquainted the farmer with the manner I had left Winchester, and what would be the consequence. He seemed much alarmed, and advised me instantly to return. This I intended to do, but I was anxious that my poor wife should be buried decently, and my children no more abandoned. I therefore left all the money I had, and taking the two youngest, the farmer promised to send the other three by a wagon which passed within a few miles of the village.

10. "I accordingly set off with a heavy heart, and pursued my sorrowful way with less speed on account of my children. I very fortunately escaped the men whom you have described, and who, I have too much reason to fear, would make everything appear against me.—My only hope of pardon rests with my seeing the colonel, and telling him everything; and for this purpose I intend to set off again as soon as the children are a little rested." "You must not wait for that," said Mr. May, in whose benevolent heart the soldier's story had excited the most lively commiseration. "You must set off instantly. I have a little cart and a good horse, which will take you a considerable part of the way, and I will accompany you myself."

11. The soldier began, in the most feeling manner, to express his gratitude to Mr. May, but he would not stop to hear him, but hastened with the utmost expedition to get everything ready; and then hurrying the soldier and his children into the cart, he set off with all the speed his horse was capable of making. In a little more than two hours, they had travelled fourteen miles; six now only remained, and these Mr. May offered to accompany him on foot. The soldier thankfully accepted the offer, and they set off without waiting; except to give the horse and cart in charge to the ostler. The morning began to dawn, as they enterd Winchester; the soldier went immediately to the guard-room, and there to his astonished comrades recounted all that had passed.

12. They told him the worst reports had been spread about him; and that the colonel was so enraged, he was determined to punish him with the utmost rigor. Mr. May, who was anxious to know the event, resolved to

stay at least a few hours, till the colonel was informed of the delinquent's return. This was soon done, and orders were sent to keep him confined to the guard-room, till he should be tried by a court-martial, which would be in the course of a day or two. As soon as he knew this, he thanked Mr. May for all his kindness, and took a melancholy leave of him. The good man bade him adieu, with unaffected concern, and returned home with sad forebodings.

13. On the appointed day, the court-martial was held.—The delinquent was brought forward, and heard in his defence, but though there were many who pitied him, yet as unconditional obedience was considered indispensable in a soldier, he was judged as a deserter, and, accordingly sentenced to death. By five o'clock the next morning, the drum began to beat, and the regiment to assemble, and at ten, he was led out to execution. As he was led through the ranks, not a breath was heard; but many eyes were filled with compassionate tears. He knelt down; the bandage was tied over his eyes; and the fatal signal was about to be given—but at this eventful moment his pardon was announced, and he was set at liberty, amidst the applause and congratulations of all his comrades.

14. The poor soldier expressed his thanks in the most affecting manner; and on every future occasion, he evidently strove to give the most convincing proofs of gratitude and obedience. Among those who rejoiced in this event, none did so more sincerely than Mr. May and his son. The former made a journey to Winchester to testify his pleasure—the latter, who had abandoned himself to the deepest remorse on hearing of the soldier's condemnation, now not only rejoiced, but resolved thenceforward never to suspect another of evil from appearances, which are often fallacious. IDLE HOURS.

QUESTIONS.

Did the stranger disclose his reasons for deserting? What did Mr. May advise him to do? (see sec. 10.) How did he offer to assist him? On his arrival at head quarters, what did the colonel order to be done with him? What was the sentence of the court-martial? In what position was he when his pardon was announced? Was it not very cruel in the colonel to refuse him liberty to see his family? Was it not still more cruel to subject him to so severe a punishment?

Section XLV.

TO MY BOY.

1. Frederic, 'tis sabbath day, my love,
   Hang up thy little drum;
Lay by the sword and rocking horse
   And to thy mother come.

Nay, put aside that pretty whip,
   Nor so unwilling be;
But come, and let thy playthings rest,
   And sit awhile with me.

See'st thou the church on yonder green?
   And people gathering there?
They do not now diversion seek—
   They meet for holy prayer.

2. And God, who dwells beyond the sky,
   Sends from his throne above
Blessings upon those humble souls
   Who worship him in love.

He gives thee everything thou hast,
   Life, health, and friends, and food;
Wilt thou not love his holy day?
   And love a God so good?

Now look abroad on yonder scene;
   The air is still and sweet;
There is the green and waving grass
   So soft beneath thy feet.

3. And here 's the tree above thy head,
   And here thou oft hast played,
And heard the pretty birds sing out
   Their morning serenade.

And is not this a lovely world,
   So sweet, so fair, so bright?

The sun, how glorious in the morn—
  The moon, how mild at night—

The twinkling stars, that glisten down
  Upon yon streamlet clear,
And shine upon the awful deep,
  That rolls its billows near.

4. And Frederic—God did make it all—
  And yonder little bird,
And glorious sun, and earth, and sea,
  Exist but by his word.

Then come and fold thy willing hands,
  Let no wild thoughts intrude,
But thank thy God for all his *good*,
  In cheerful gratitude.

And ne'er again, my darling boy,
  Indulge in foolish play,
And break upon the sacred calm
  Of God's own Sabbath day. LAD. MAG

Section XLVI.

"I HAVE SEEN AN END OF ALL PERFECTION."

1. I have seen a man in the glory of his days and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger; he felt no sickness; he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous, like his body: he was perplexed at no intricacy; he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distance of

the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigor of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

2. I returned—his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son—"He is my brother;" of his daughter, "I know her not;" and he inquired what was his own name. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

3. I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life.—The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze. I returned, —but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eye sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silent—she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train, sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an opened grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence:—"Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the

earth, whence it was taken, consign we the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil and the cold clods of the valley; and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept he said, "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

4. I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, "It is beautiful." It was like the first pure blossom, which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

5. I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction; it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn;—and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Savior had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

6. But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honor of his family.—And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this;" so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved,

the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end to all perfection;" and I laid my mouth in the dust.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

QUESTIONS.

How is this motto first exemplified? How next? How next? Can you tell how the noun *cedar*, which you find in the second line of the first paragraph, is governed?—(*The preposition* TO, *or* UNTO, *is understood after* LIKE *and* NEAR; *and the preposition* OF, *is frequently understood after* WORTHY.) How is the word '*what*' parsed in the exclamation, "What a piece of work is man!"—(WHAT, *when used in this way, may be called an* EXCLAMATORY *adjective pronoun.*) To what noun do the adjectives *whole* and *infinite*, near the end of first paragraph, belong?

Section XLVII.

CAPTURE OF A SNAKE.

1. "Time and experience," says Mr. Waterton, a traveller in South America, "have convinced me, that there is not much danger in roving among snakes and wild beasts, provided only, you have self-command. You must never approach them abruptly; if so, you are sure to pay for your rashness; because the idea of self-defence is predominant in every animal. The Labarric snake is very poisonous, yet I have often approached within two yards of him without fear. Acting on this principle, I resolved on making an effort to capture alive one of the largest species of snakes.—For this purpose, I offered a reward to a number of negroes, if they would find a large sized snake in the forest, and direct me to it.

2. One morning, one of them came to inform me that he had discovered one not far distant. The sun had just passed the meridian in a cloudless sky, and there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, as though overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shades. I instantly seized my eight foot lance; and, barefoot, with an old hat, check shirt and trowsers on, I sallied forth, conducted by the negro, who was ar-

med with a cutlass. On ascending a hill, we met another negro armed in like manner, who also joined us. When we had proceeded about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped and pointed to a fallen tree; all was still and silent.

3. I told the negroes not to stir from where they were; and to keep back the little dog which they had with them, while I went forward to reconnoitre. I advanced to the place with slow and cautious steps. The snake was well concealed, but I soon ascertained it to be of a species not poisonous,* but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. Having ascertained the size of it, I slowly retired to the spot occupied by the negroes, and promised four dollars to the negro who had discovered it, and one to the other who had joined us, if they would assist me in securing him. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him.

4. When I suggested my plan to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us.—I, however, thought differently; and directing the negroes to range themselves behind me, I threatened to cut them down with my cutlass if they attempted to fly. I smiled as I said this, but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it. When we arrived at the place, the serpent had not stirred; but I could see nothing of his head; and I judged from the folds of its body, that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun.

5. I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance, and near him the other with a cutlass. After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head, which appeared to be in the very position I could have wished

* Coulacanara.

it. I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. I could now read in their faces, that they considered this a very unpleasant affair; and they made another attempt to persuade me to let them go for a gun.

6. I smiled in a good-natured manner, and made a feint to cut them down with the weapon I had in my hand. This was all the answer I made to their request, and they looked very uneasy. I again ranged the negroes behind me, and told the one next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake; and the other I directed to attend on my movements. It now only remained to take the cutlasses from them; for I was sure, if I did not disarm them, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus forever spoil his skin. In doing this, however, it was evident they considered it an intolerable act of tyranny; and probably nothing kept them from bolting, but the consolation that I was to be between them and the snake.

7. Indeed, my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual, and my feelings, probably were similar to those of persons on board a man of war, when about entering into action. We went on slowly and silently, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent, as much as possible, all alarm, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved, and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground.

8. That moment the negro, as directed, seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed headforemost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous hiss, which so frightened the dog that he ran howling away. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. I had now gotten a firm hold of his tail, and after a vio-

lent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered.

9. This was the moment to secure him.—While, therefore, the first negro continued to hold the lance firmly to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my suspenders, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.—The snake now finding himself unpleasantly situated, tried to better himself, and again set resolutely to work; but again we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firmly under my arm, while one of the negroes supported the middle, and the other the tail.

10. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it, after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support, without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. He measured something more than fourteen feet; but this species of snake is much thicker in proportion to his length, than any other in the forest." MUSEUM.

QUESTIONS.

If you possess self-command, is there much danger in roving among snakes and wild beasts? In what manner should you never approach them? What did Mr. Waterton resolve to do? What method did he take to find one? How was he dressed? With whom did he go to attack the snake? How were they armed? How did he approach the snake's den? How did he suppose he might succeed in capturing him? What did the negroes beg him to do? Were they uneasy or not?—What were his own feelings? After striking the snake, what did Mr. Waterton do? With what did he tie up the snake's mouth? After securing him, what did they do with him? How long was the snake? To what verb are the nouns *time* and *experience*, the nominative? (*1st line.*)

Section XLVIII.

ECHO.

FOR THREE VOICES OR THREE DIVISIONS.*

1st Voice. The morning—
2d Voice. Morning was gay—
3d Voice. The morning was gay on Cromla.
1st Voice. When the sons—
2d Voice. Sons of the sea—
3d Voice. When the sons of the sea ascended.
1st Voice. Calmar stood forth—
2d Voice. Stood forth to meet them—
3d Voice. Calmar stood forth to meet them in the pride of his kindling soul.
1st Voice. But pale—
2d Voice. Pale was the face—
3d Voice. But pale was the face of the chief, as he leaned on his father's spear.
1st Voice. The lightning—
2d Voice. Lightning flies—
3d Voice. The lightning flies on wings of fire.
1st Voice. But slowly—
2d Voice. Slowly now the hero falls—
3d Voice. But slowly now the hero falls like the tree of hundred roots before the driving storm.
1st Voice. Now from the gray mists of the ocean, the white-sailed ships of Fingal appear.—
2d Voice. High—
3d Voice. High is the grove of their masts as they nod, by turns, on the rolling waves.
1st Voice. As ebbs the resounding sea through the hundred isles of Inistore—
2d Voice. So loud
3d Voice. So vast

* The design of this reading is to elevate the voices of low readers, by placing them in different parts of the room, and requiring them to read so as to be heard by each other. There should be no pause between the parts except where the sentences close. It may first be performed by a single voice on each part; then by a whole class in three divisions, the teacher insisting upon a slow, distinct and simultaneous enunciation.

1st Voice. So immense

(*All.*) Returned the sons of Lochlin, to meet the approaching foe.

1st Voice. But bending—

2d Voice. Weeping—

3d Voice. Sad and slow—

(*All.*) Sunk Calmar, the mighty chief in Cromla's lonely wood.

1st Voice. The battle—

2d Voice. Battle is past—

3d Voice. "The battle is past," said the chief.

1st Voice. Sad is the field—

2d Voice. Sad is the field of Lena!

3d Voice. Mournful are the oaks of Cromla!

(*All.*) The hunters have fallen in their strength: the sons of the brave are no more!

1st Voice. As a hundred winds on Morven:—

2d Voice. As the streams of a hundred hills:—

3d Voice. As clouds successive fly over the face of heaven:

1st Voice. So vast;—

2d Voice. So terrible—

3d Voice. So roaring

(*All.*) The armies mixed on Lena's echoing plain.

1st Voice. The clouds of—

2d Voice. Night come rolling down:—

3d Voice. The stars of the north arose over the rolling waves: they show their heads of fire through the flying mists of heaven.

1st Voice. "Spread the sail," said the king.

2d Voice. "Seize the winds as they pour from Lena."

3d Voice. We rose on the waves with songs.

(*All.*) We rushed with joy through the foam of the deep.

OSSIAN.

Section XLIX.

Effects of the GREAT GALE *which occurred September 23d 1815, from a Providence paper of September 26th.*

AWFUL STORM!

1. A storm of rain from the northeast, commenced on Friday last, and continued with little intermission till Saturday morning, when the wind veered to the east. Between 8 and 9, however, it shifted to the southeast and continued to blow with increasing violence until half past eleven, when suddenly changing to the west, the progress of the calamity we now deplore was happily stayed. The tide rose to an uncommon and terrifying height, being twelve feet higher than spring tides, and inundated the streets in various parts of the town. It extended in Westminster-street a considerable distance beyond the Theatre. The lives of many families, particularly on the west side, were in imminent danger. Consternation and dismay were depicted in every countenance—all were eager to fly, but knew not where to find a place of safety.

2. Vessels were forced into the streets and threatened destruction to the surrounding buildings. Women and children were rescued from chamber windows; and men were seen buffeting the torrent in the streets, to save a friend or secure an asylum. Weybosset bridge was entirely carried away about 10 o'clock. Every vessel in port, with two exceptions, was driven from its moorings. Thirty-five sail, including 4 ships, one of them over 500 tons; 9 brigs, 7 schooners, and 15 sloops now form a melancholy, dismantled line at the head of the cove. One of them drifted within the limits of North Providence, and strange as it may appear, Pleasant-street is now the anchorage ground of a burdensome sloop.

3. Our wharves, on which were stored the riches of every clime, exhibit the most sad and repulsive aspect. Of the numerous and very spacious stores which crowded the wharves bordering on Weybosset-street, scarcely

a vestige remains. Most of those south of the Market House, to India Point, shared a similar fate. Many of our streets, which, but a few days since, were the theatre of virtuous and prosperous enterprise, are barricaded by an accumulation of lumber, scows, boats, &c. and peopled by busy sufferers who are anxious to identify, reclaim and preserve their property.

4. The sufferings and losses of the inhabitants at Eddy's Point were very severe. Several dwellinghouses were carried away, while others were divested, by the pitiless storm, of every article of provision, clothing and furniture. The damage sustained at India Point was very extensive. The valuable distillery there, is rendered inoperative for many months. Mill bridge at the north end, is rendered impassable, except for foot passengers; and the upper works of the bridge at India Point are entirely gone.

5. The third story of the Washington Insurance Office, occupied by Mount Vernon Lodge, was much injured, being perforated by the bowsprit of the Ship Ganges, when she rushed with impetuosity up the river. This handsome building was otherwise, though not materially injured. The Rev. Mr. Williams's meeting-house, situated in a very exposed place, received considerable injury, and had the tide continued to rise for a few minutes longer, would inevitably have swelled the catalogue of devastation.

6. The Second Baptist meeting-house, injudiciously located near the water, was totally destroyed by the winds and waves, and the fragments are scattered through our streets. Much damage was done also to the elegant fence enclosing the First Baptist meeting-house, by the fall of surrounding trees, but, to the astonishment of every one, the magnificent spire of that superb edifice still towers sublime. We do not learn that any other public buildings have sustained material damage.—Chimneys, trees, fences, &c. were prostrated in every direction.

7. We are happy to state, that amid this war of elements and wreck of matter, only two persons were lost. Mr. David Butler and Mr. Reuben Winslow were unfortunately drowned at India Point. It is computed that five

hundred buildings of various descriptions, have been destroyed. The loss consequent upon this sad calamity is estimated at a million and a half of dollars.

8. The village of Pawtucket suffered severely during this dreadful storm. Several houses were carried away, in one of which was a man by the name of Smith, who perished.—In WARREN nearly all the vessels in the harbor were forced from the wharves and driven on the shores of the cove.—The two bridges leading into the place were entirely destroyed: several large stores and all the small buildings near the wharves, were beaten down. Many other buildings were injured, and chimneys, trees and fences prostrated to the ground. In BRISTOL the catastrophe was similar, but more extensive. Among other buildings, the Post-office was swept away with all its contents.

9. The Rhode-Island Republican, published at NEWPORT says, "so great and general has been the devastation in this place that it is found impossible to give a correct account of all the damage. Nearly all the dwellinghouses and stores adjoining the water, were either carried away or materially damaged; the shipping in the harbor driven on shore, and a vast amount of goods in the stores entirely destroyed."

BOSTON.

10. In this place the effects of the tornado were very alarming and afflictive. Roofs, chimneys, battlements, railing, turrets, windows, blinds, slate, signs, sheds, trees, branches, fences; &c. were continually scattered and hurled with astonishing velocity in all parts of the town. The noise and confusion which were created may well be imagined.—We shall not attempt the description further than to remark that both fear and horror were universally excited. During the height of the tornado, there was a deep cry of fire! It proceeded from the Glasshouse. The building, which was of wood, had been blown in upon the furnaces which set it in a blaze. Several persons were much injured. All the public edifices suffered more or less, and the damage done to private houses, stores, wharves and shipping was immense. EVENING GAZETTE, Sept. 23d.

QUESTIONS.

When did this terrible storm happen? From what quarter was the wind? What time in the day was the storm most violent? How much higher than usual was the tide? Were any families in danger? What happened to the bridge? Where were the vessels driven to? What happened in Pleasant-street? What parts of the town suffered most? Were any public buildings destroyed? How was the Washington Insurance Office injured? How many buildings were destroyed? Were any lives lost? What was the whole damage to the town estimated at? What damage was done in Warren? What in Bristol? What in Newport? What in Boston? What alarming cry was heard there during the tornado? What was the cause of it? How many nouns can you find in the tenth paragraph which are nominative to the same verb? How is the noun '*height*' in the sentence, "During the height of the tornado," governed? (*There are some words having a participial ending, which are commonly used as prepositions, such as* DURING, CONCERNING, RESPECTING,* &c.)

Section L.

THE FISHERMAN.

1. It was as calm an evening as ever came from heaven,—the sky and the earth were as tranquil, as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other; and even the ocean—that great highway of the world,—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed,—as if no traveller had ever sunk to death in its embrace. The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over nature, but for the moon, which rose in her full-orbed beauty, the queen of an illimitable world, to smile upon the goodly things of ours, and to give a radiance and a glory to all she shone upon. It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works he has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike upon the solid land and the trackless wastes of the deceitful sea.

2. On the western coast of the county of Devon, which has been termed, and, it may be added, justly, "the garden of England," upon such an evening, a group had assembled around one of the fishermen's cottages. The

* When used in the same sense as *concerning*.

habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the principal object of the projector. At either side of the door were scattered the lines and nets and baskets that betokened the calling of the owner, and the fisherman was taking his farewell for the night, of his happy, loving family, who were bidding him "God speed" on his voyage.

3. A fine old man was leaning his arms on the railing and talking to an interesting girl whose hand lay upon the shoulder of a younger sister. The stout fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin, and large boots that reached far above the knees, was in the act of caressing a little cherub, who seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as the father's head; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursling on her lap, was looking anxiously upon her husband as she breathed the parting blessing, and the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his father in countenance and in dress, bearing a huge boat-cloak across his shoulders, and the lantern that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the group,—if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, watching for the nod to command his march to a kind of pier where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

4. "Good luck, good luck!" exclaimed the old man; "good luck, and safe home again, John: ye want no more but God's blessing, and that ye may have for asking: but ye may as well take mine too." The blessing was heartily echoed by his kind partner and his children, and, whistling as he went, with his boat-hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune before, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach. With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman's family were astir; the elder girl was busily arranging their little parlor, while the younger was preparing the breakfast table, and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy. An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he had remained abroad beyond the usual period of his return.

5. Another hour had elapsed, when she said to her father, "Father, go out to the hillock and try if you can see his sail upon the water; he seldom stays out so long

when the sea is calm and the weather fair; my little boy too was not quite well last night, and this alone should have hastened him home." The old man went forth, and one by one his grandchildren followed him, until the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle of her unconscious babe. After the lapse of another hour, her daughter entered with news that a neighbor had spoken to her father in the night, and that he would certainly be soon home.

6. "God grant it!" said she, and she spoke in a tone of deep anxiety,—"He never was away so long but once, and that was when he saved the crew of the ship Mary: and then the whirl of the sinking vessel had well nigh made his grave." Again she stirred the fire, again she arranged the clothes before it, and poured some hot water into the tea-cups.—Still the breakfast remained untouched. The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling; the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sat down to a cheerless meal. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil; but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

7. The noon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given tokens of the glory of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant asleep, went herself to the hill that commanded an extensive view of the wide spread ocean. All the little household assembled on the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters,—nothing that could give hope except the aspect of the waves which looked too placid to be dangerous. The deep dread was no longer concealed; and while the old man paced to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals over the lonely sea, the mother and daughter were sobbing audibly.

8. "Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!" exclaimed the father.—The sentence was uttered involuntarily, but it had its effect. "Ay," said the mother, "he always trusted in God, and God will not forsake him now." "Do you remember, Jane," continued the old man, "how often Providence was with me, amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was far off, and would have been useless if near?"—And they cheered and en-

couraged one another to hope the best,—but to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock which overlooked the ocean, ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

9. The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at day-break, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some sea-weed to manure the potato plot behind his cottage. He was then close to rocks which were only discernible at low water; he pulled for them, jumped on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to a jetting part of a cliff, and took his boat-hook with him. He collected a sufficient quantity of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it, he wandered from the landing-place, when he heard his boy loudly hallooing and exclaiming that the painter was loose.

10. He rushed instantly towards the boat, which was then several yards off; the boy was vainly endeavoring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the waves to join him, and the next licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection would be most needed. The fisherman perceived at once the desperate nature of his situation; the tide he knew was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end, when he perceived that his boy in an effort to use the oars, had let one of them fall overboard. "Father, father," exclaimed the poor lad, "what shall I do?"—the boat was at this moment so distant that his distracted parent could scarcely hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could, to trust in God, the father of the fatherless.

11. He then stood resigned to the fate which he felt awaited him, and watched the drifting boat that bore the child in peril from the fatal rocks. He had offered up a brief prayer to the throne of mercy, when in an instant, a light broke upon his mind. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I may yet be saved." With the energy of hope battling with despair, he collected all the stones around him, and heaped them rapidly upon the highest ledge of rock:

it was indeed wonderful how he could have gathered so many in so short a time; but the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was laboring not for life merely, but for beings still nearer to him.

12. The tide came on, on, on, and soon obliged him to abandon his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planted his boat-hook firmly in one of the crevices of the cliff, and prepared to struggle for existence: but his heart failed him, when he considered how slight was the possibility that the waters would not rise above his head. Still, he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were not rough, and the boat-hook supported him. The awful moment rapidly approached; the water had reached his knees; but he stood firmly, and prayed that he might be preserved. On, on, on, it came, slowly and gently, but more fearfully than if it had raged around its destined prey;—soon it reached his waist, and he prayed that it might go no higher.

13. On, on, on, it came, and his shoulders were covered;—hope died within him, and he thought of himself no longer, but of those who were so dear to him—his wife, his children, and his father—it was for blessings on them that he then implored Heaven. Still on, on, it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as long as possible from death; his reason was almost gone, his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill; he panted, and his prayers became almost gurgling murmurs. The blood rushed to his head, his eye-balls glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time on the home that would be soon so wretched.

14. Horrible images were before him—each swell of the wave seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the sea-bird was like their yells over their victim. He was gasping, choking, for he had no strength to keep his head above the waves, every moment it was plashing upon them, and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness if consciousness it could be called, that the next plunge would be his last.

15. Merciful powers!—at the very moment, when the strength and spirit of man had left him, and the cold shudder of death had come on, he felt that the tide rose no

higher. His eyes opened, closed, and a fearful laugh troubled the waters! They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated around his lips—but they rose no higher —that he knew—again and again his bosom heaved with a deep sob, as he drew in his breath, and gave it forth anew in agony. A minute had passed since the salt sea touched his lips;—this was impossible if the tide still flowed. He could reason so much.

16. He opened his eyes, and faintly murmured forth —"O God, be merciful."—The flow of the ocean had indeed ceased; there he still stood motionless; but praying and weeping—thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be for ever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chill limbs, and then to warm them by exercise. Soon, the rock was left dry as before, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows—hid his face in his hands, and praised and blessed his Creator—his Preserver.

17. Oh! it was the well-known bark of his faithful dog that he heard above the waves; in another moment the creature was licking his pale cheek. He was saved—he was saved—for his own boat had touched the shore, and his own boy was in his arms! he had been drifted to the land, and had easily found those who rowed hard for the chance of saving his father's life. Now homeward, homeward! he exclaimed. Homeward, homeward! echoed the child, and Neptune jumped and barked at the welcome sound. The fisherman's family were still supplicating Providence upon the hillock that overlooked the deep, when the old man started from his knees, and exclaimed—"We are heard! there is a speck upon the distant waters."

18. "Where, where?" was echoed by the group; and he pointed out what he hoped to be the absent boat. They eagerly strained their eyes, but could see nothing: in a few minutes, however, all perceived a sail; still it was impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay. Then was the agony of suspense; it continued, however, but for a short time; a boat was evidently advancing towards the shore; in a few minutes, they could clearly perceive a man at the bow, waving his hat above

his head, and soon after the well-known bark of Neptune was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud huzza of the fisherman was answered by the "welcome, welcome" of his father, and the almost inarticulate thanksgivings of his wife.

19. And now all was joy and happiness in the cottage, where there had been so much wretchedness; the fisherman, his boy, and his dog, were safe from the perils of the great deep; but he would return no answer to the many questions, as to what had detained him so long beyond the usual hour of his return—"Wait, my wife," said he, "until we have dressed and refreshed ourselves, and you shall know all; but before we do either, let us bless God for his mercy, for out of great danger hath he preserved me." Never was there a more sincere or more earnest prayer offered up to the Giver of all goodness, than ascended from that humble dwelling. And when the fisherman had told his tale, how fervently did they all repeat the words that had given them so much consolation in the morning,—"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!" S. C. HALL.

QUESTIONS.

Where did the fisherman live? At what time did he leave his family? Who accompanied him? Did he return at the usual time? Was the family alarmed? Can you relate the circumstances that detained him? How was he saved? What part of speech do you call "homeward" in the 17th paragraph? Why? What is the nominative case to "was echoed" in the beginning of the 18th paragraph?

Section LI.

THE RETREAT.

1. A stranger sat down in the lonely Retreat:—
Though kindness had welcomed him there,
Yet, weary with travel, and fainting with heat,
His bosom was sadden'd with care;
That sinking of spirit *they* only can know

Whose joys are all chasten'd by fears;
The streams of whose comfort, though deeply they flow,
Still wind through the valley of tears.
What ails thee, O stranger? but open thine eye,
A paradise bursts on thy view;
The sun in his glory is marching on high
Through cloudless and infinite blue:
The woods, in their wildest luxuriance display'd,
Are stretching their coverts of green,
While bright, from the depth of their innermost shade,
Yon mirror of waters is seen.

2. There richly reflected, the mansion, the lawn,
The banks and the foliage appear,
By Nature's own pencil enchantingly drawn—
A landscape enshrined in a sphere!
While the fish in their element sport to and fro,
Quick-glancing, or gliding at ease,
The birds seem to fly in a concave below
Through a vista of down-growing trees.
The current, unrippled by volatile airs,
Now glitters, now darkens along;
And yonder o'erflowing incessantly bears
Symphonious accordance to song;
The song of the ring-dove enamor'd, that floats
Like soft-melting murmurs of grief;
The song of the redbreast, in ominous notes,
Foretelling the fall of the leaf;

3. The song of the bee, in its serpentine flight,
From blossom to blossom that roves;
The song of the wind in the silence of night,
When it wakens or hushes the groves;
And sweet, through the chorus of rapture and love,
Which God in his temple attends,
With the song of all nature, beneath and above,
The voice of these waters ascends!
The beauty, the music, the bliss, of that scene,
With ravishing sympathy stole
Through the stranger's dark bosom, illumin'd his mien,
And soothed and exalted his soul.
Cold, gloomy forebodings then vanish away,

His terrors to ecstasies turn,
As the vapors of night, at the dawning of day,
With splendor and loveliness burn.

4. The stranger reposed in the lonely Retreat,
Now smiling at phantoms gone by:
When, lo! a new welcome, in numbers most sweet,
Saluted his ear through his eye;
It came to his eye, but it went to his soul—
Some Muse, as she wander'd that way,
Had dropped from her bosom a mystical scroll,
Whose secrets I dare not betray.
Strange tones, we are told, the pale mariner hears,
When the mermaids ascend from their caves,
And sing where the moon, newly-risen, appears
A column of gold on the waves:
And wild notes of wonder the shepherd entrance,
Who, dreaming, beholds in the vale,
By torch-light of glow-worms, the faries that dance
To minstrelsy piped in the gale.

5. Not less to that stranger mysteriously brought,
With harmony deep and refined,
In language of silence and music of thought,
Those numbers were heard in his mind:
He listen'd and wonder'd, he trembled and wept,
While transport with tenderness vied,
It seem'd as the heart of a seraph were swept
By a spirit that sung at his side.
All ceased in a moment—and nothing was heard,
And nothing was seen through the wood,
But the twittering cry of a fugitive bird,
And the sunset that blazed on the flood:
He rose, for the shadows of evening grew long,
And narrow the glimpses between:
The owlet in ambush was whooping his song,
And the gossamer waved on the green.

6. Oft pausing, and hearkening, and turning his eye,
He left the sequester'd Retreat;
As the stars in succession awoke through the sky,
And the moon of the harvest shone sweet;

So pure was her lustre, so lovely and bright,
  So soft on the landscape it lay,
The shadows appear'd but the slumber of light,
  And the night-scene a dream of the day.
He walk'd to the mansion—though silent his tongue,
  And his heart with its fulness opprest,
His spirit within him melodiously sung
  The feelings that throbb'd in his breast.—

7. "O ye, who inherit this privileged spot,
  All blooming like Eden of yore,
What earth can afford is already your lot,
  With the promise of life evermore!
Here, oft as to strangers your table is spread,
  May angels sit down at the board!
Here, oft as the poor to your dwelling are led,
  Be charity shown to your Lord!
Thus walking with God in your paradise here,
  In humble communion of love,
At length may your spirits, when Christ shall appear,
  Be caught up to glory above!"

MONTGOMERY.

Section LII.

FIRE AT SEA.

1. Perhaps the most aggravating circumstances under which shipwreck can happen, are when it is occasioned by fire. It is then that death stares the mariner in the face in the most hideous form, while his means of counteracting the danger, or escaping from it, are more limited and ineffectual. Not many disasters of this nature have been so calamitious as the burning of a French East Indiaman, *The Prince*.—She sailed from Port L'Orient, in France, on the 19th of February 1752, on a voyage outward bound. Before the awful calamity which we are about to relate, the ship had suffered much from having been driven on a sand bank.

2. She had been four months at sea when, early one morning in June, she was discovered to be on fire. While the captain hastened on deck, lieutenant de La Fond ordered some sails to be dipped in the sea and the hatches to be covered with them, in order to prevent the access of air.—Every one was employed in procuring water; all the buckets were used, the pumps plied and pipes introduced from them into the hold; but the rapid progress of the flames baffled every exertion to subdue them, and augmented the general consternation.

3. The boatswain, and three others took possession of the yawl and pushed off; but those on board still continued their exertions. The captain boldly ventured into the hold, to ascertain, if possible, the origin of the fire, but was compelled by the intense heat, instantly to return, and had not a quantity of water been dashed over him, he would have been severely scorched. In attempting to get the long-boat out, it fell on the guns and could not be righted. Consternation now seized on the crew; nothing but sighs and groans were sounded through the vessel; and the animals on board, as if sensible of the impending danger, uttered the most dreadful cries.

4. The chaplain of the ship, who was now on the quarter deck, cheered the people and exhorted them to renewed exertions; but

"With fruitless toil the crew oppose the flame;
No art can now the spreading mischief tame;
Some smok'd and smother'd did expiring lie,
Burn with the ship and on the waters fry!
Some, when the flames could be no more withstood,
By wild despair directed, midst the flood
Themselves in haste from the tall vessel threw,
And from the heat, to liquid ruin f[illegible]
Sad choice of death! when those w[illegible] the fire,
Must to as fierce an element retire[illegible]
Uncommon sufferings did these wi[illegible]ait,
Both burnt and drowned they met [illegible] fate!"

5. Self-preservation was now the [illegible]bject, and each one was occupied in throwing o[illegible] whatever promised the least chance of escape. [illegible]pars, hen-coops, and every thing to be met with [illegible]zed in despair and thus employed. Some leap [illegible] the sea as

the mildest death that awaited them; others more successful, swam to fragments of the wreck, while some crowded on the ropes and yards, hesitating which alternative to choose. A father was seen to snatch his son from the flames and clasp him to his breast; then plunging into the waves, they perished in each other's embrace.

6. The floating masts and yards were covered with men struggling with the watery element, many of whom now perished by balls from the ship's guns, which chanced to be loaded, and were discharged as the fire reached them, thus forming a third means of destruction. The lieutenant, who had hitherto borne the misfortune with the greatest fortitude, was now pierced with anguish to see that no further hope remained of preserving the ship or the lives of his fellow sufferers. Stripping off his clothes he designed to slide down a yard, one end of which dipped in the water; but it was so covered with miserable beings shrinking from death, that he tumbled over them and fell into the sea.

7. He had no sooner reached the water than he was seized by a drowning soldier. La Fond made every exertion to free himself, but in vain. Twice they plunged below the surface, but still the man held him until the agonies of death were past, and he became loosened from his grasp. After clearing his way through the floating bodies which covered the surface of the ocean, La Fond seized on a yard, and afterwards gained a sprit-sail covered with people, but on which he was, nevertheless, permitted to take a place. He next got on the mainmast, which having been consumed below, fell overboard, and after killing some in its fall, afforded a temporary succor to others.

8. Eighty persons were now on the mainmast, including the chaplain, who by his discourse and example, taught the duty of resignation. Lieutenant La Fond, seeing the worthy man quit his hold and drop into the sea, lifted him up.—"Let me go," said he, "I am already half drowned, and it is only protracting my sufferings." "No, my friend," replied the lieutenant, "when my strength is exhausted, but not till then, we will perish together."

9. The flames still continued raging in the vessel, and

the fire at last reached the magazine, when the most thundering explosion took place; and nothing could be seen but pieces of flaming timber, projected aloft in the air, threatening to crush to atoms in their fall, numbers of miserable beings already struggling in the agonies of death. Lieutenant La Fond, with the pilot and master, now escaped to the yawl; and as night approached, they fortunately discovered a cask of brandy, about fifteen pounds of pork, a piece of scarlet cloth, about twenty yards of linen, a dozen of pipe-staves, and a small piece of cordage. The scarlet cloth was fitted for a sail; an oar was erected for a mast, and a plank for a rudder.

10. This equipment was made in the darkness of the night; but a greater difficulty yet remained; for as they had no charts or instruments of any kind, and being nearly two hundred leagues from land, they were utterly at a loss to know which way to steer. Both days and nights passed in miserable succession and no land was to be seen; the party all the while exposed to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the intense cold by night, suffering too from the extremities of hunger and of thirst.

11. When every thing seemed to predict a speedy termination to the sufferings of this unfortunate crew, on the third of July, they discovered the distant land. It would be difficult to describe the change which the prospect of deliverance created. Their strength was renovated and they were roused to precautions against being drifted away by the current. They reached the coast of Brazil and entered Tresson Bay. As soon as they reached the shore, they prostrated themselves on the ground, and in transports of joy rolled on the sand.

12. They exhibited a most frightful appearance. They were nearly naked, and having been so long exposed to the heat and cold, and being almost starved, they were shockingly disfigured. Scarcely anything human characterised any of them. While they were deliberating what course to follow, about fifty Portuguese of the settlement advanced, and seeing their wretched condition, pitied their misfortunes, and conducted them to their dwellings, where they were hospitably entertained.

13. The chief man of the place soon came to see them and conducted them to his house, where he charitably

supplied them with clothing and a plenteous meal. Though sleep was almost as necessary as food, yet these miserable men would not retire to rest until they had returned thanks for their miraculous deliverance, in the church, which was half a league distant. After staying here a short time, they were conducted to Paraibo, and thence to Pernambuco, where they obtained a passage to Europe, and arrived at Lisbon on the 17th of December. Nearly three hundred persons perished in this dreadful catastrophe. SCRAP BOOK.

QUESTIONS.

Under what circumstances is shipwreck the most dreadful? What vessel was this which was burned? From what port did she sail?—When? What happened to her in her passage? When was she burned? What was the situation of the people on board? What did some of them do? How far were they from land? Did any of them escape? How? Did they suffer much? What was the cause? What country did they reach? What was their situation and appearance?—What was the cause of this? How did they express their joy when they reached the shore? By whom were they soon discovered? How were they treated? Who furnished them with clothes? At what place did they embark for Europe? When did they arrive, and where?—How many perished by this calamity?

Section LIII.

MARY AND ELLEN.

1. Oh! lady, buy these budding flow'rs,
   For I am sad, and wet and weary:
I gather'd them ere break of day,
   When all was lonely, still and dreary:
And long I 've sought to sell them here,
   To purchase clothes and dwelling,
For Valor's wretched orphan girls—
   Poor me and my young sister Ellen.
Ah! those who tread life's thornless way,
   In fortune's golden sunshine basking,
May deem my wants require no aid,
   Because my lips are mute, unasking;
They have no heart for woes like mine,

Each word, each look, is cold—repelling,
Yet once a crowd of flatt'rers fawn'd,
And fortune smil'd on me and Ellen!

2. Oh! buy my flow'rs, they 're fair and fresh
As mine and morning's tears could keep them;
To-morrow's sun shall see them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them!
Yet this sweet bud, if nurs'd with care,
Soon into fulness would be swelling,
And nurtured by some gen'rous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen.
She 's sleeping in the hollow tree,
Her only home—its leaves her bedding;
And I 've no food to carry there,
To soothe the tears she will be shedding.
Oh! that those mourners' tears which fall,
That bell which heavily is knelling,
And that deep grave, were meant for me,
And my poor little sister Ellen!

3. When we in silence are laid down,
In life's last fearless, blessed sleeping,
No tears will fall upon our grave,
Save those of pitying Heaven's own weeping.
Unknown we 've liv'd, unknown must die,
No tongue the mournful tale be telling,
Of two young broken-hearted girls—
Poor Mary and her sister Ellen.
No one has bought of me to-day,
And night is now the town o'ershading,
And I, like these poor drooping flowers,
Unnoticed and unwept am fading;
My soul is struggling to be free—
It loathes its wretched earthly dwelling!
My limbs refuse to bear their load—
Oh God! protect lone orphan Ellen.

SCRAP BOOK

Section LIV.

THE IRISH EMIGRANTS.

1. "Come, come," said Henry Campbell to his sister, "there is a fine slide on the piazza." "Slide on the piazza! how came ice there, Henry?" "Oh it rained and snowed all night, and the wind blew it, I suppose, over the floor;—and 'tis as glib as glass; so come, before we go to school, let's have a real slide." They ran to the piazza; and as Henry was first there, he got the best and longest slide.—"Oh that's not fair," said Laura, "my slide is full of ridges." "Yes, Laura; but I came first." "Well, you might be generous enough to take turns, if you can't be polite. Mother says boys ought always to give the best places to the girls." "I know mother says so, but 'tis something I have'nt learned yet," said Henry, laughing, "I like myself mighty well; and to tell the truth, Laura, I think boys have just as good a right to the best places, as girls. But now I have slid a little while, I will let you try it; for you seem to be slipping and hobbling terribly over your part.'

2. Laura ran to the other side, and in her eagerness to go the whole length of the slide, would have gone quite off the piazza, but for a little boy, who had been sitting, unperceived by the children, behind one of the columns. He spread out his arms, saying, "you'll fall, Miss; 'tis all ice here." She came so violently against him, as almost to throw him from the steps; and retreating a little, fell herself; but she was not hurt; and jumped up, exclaiming, "Why did'nt you tell me, Henry, 'twas all ice, quite to the steps?" "What are your eyes for, Laura? But where did that boy come from? Out of the frozen ground? And where is he now?"

3. He had sunk down again behind the pillar; they went to the front of the piazza, and saw him seated on the steps, bending and crouching over, apparently to screen himself from the cold. He looked up to the children; his full, dark, bright eyes formed a striking contrast to his pale cheek; his tattered hat, through the large openings of which his curling locks were visible,

was merely a shade for his eyes. He was dressed in a suit of summer clothes, over which he had the remains of a great coat; or rather the cape and collar of what had been once an over coat of dark cloth; part of the sleeves remained, and some strips hung on his back; but his whole appearance betokened extreme poverty. 'Twas a cold morning in January, and his bare legs were blue as the sky. Laura looked with pity on the little suffering boy, and said kindly to him, "are you not very cold? What's your name?" "Yes, I am very cold and hungry, Miss. My name is Willy Mac Vinny; and I live by the colleck."

4. Mrs. Campbell called her daughter at that moment; —and, Henry asked him where he came from. "Ireland," was the reply. "Oh, you are an Irish vagabond; you had better run off," said Henry, with an air of consequence;—"for my father don't like the Irish at all." The little boy's heart seemed full; but he only said as he walked away, "I am no vagabond; but a poor Irish boy seeking work, or food." Henry went on sliding; but his heart reproached him for his unkindness to the little beggar. He felt, as many little boys do, at times, a desire to appear important; and when Laura came back, with a plate full of good food for the suffering boy, he wished he had not turned him away so rudely. He looked up and down the street, and would, without doubt, have run after him, if he had been in sight; for he was not an unfeeling boy, though he was sometimes consequential and vain. He tried to put the best face on it, by saying, when Laura asked him why he sent him off so soon, "Oh, *I sent him away*, Laura; you know Pa don't like the Irish at all. He says the country is *nundated* with them."

5. Henry stood quite straight, and looked, as little boys would say, "*mighty big*." Laura laughed, and said, "*nundated!* what does that mean, master Henry? You are very grand this morning." "Mean?" said Henry; "something bad, I suppose," and he felt mortified at using a word that he did not understand. "Mother says it is vain and affected to use words without knowing their meaning, Henry." "You don't know the meaning yourself, Laura; so you need'nt laugh at me." "But

I have not used the word, Henry; and I think you have made a mistake in it." "No, I have not; for Pa said, only yesterday, that he wished there could be some stop put to the constant ——— something,—'twas a big word I never heard before, but I know it meant bringing the Irish here; for he said, the country was *nundated* with them." "*Inundated*, Henry." "Well, that is just the same." "Not exactly, I think; but come, let us go ask mother the meaning of inundated."

6. The result of their inquiries I will not relate; as any of my young friends can find out the meaning by asking their parents, or looking in their dictionaries; though most of them, I have no doubt, are acquainted with the meaning.—When Mr. Campbell had dined, he said to the children, as he drew his chair close to the bright fire, round which the family had assembled, "You would know how to value this warm room, and all the comforts that we are constantly enjoying, if you had heard the tale of misery I have heard to-day, my children." And turning to Mrs. Campbell, he continued, "There is an Irish family in extreme distress, at no very great distance from us. The old grandmother accosted me in the street to-day, begging me for the love of Heaven to give her something for her children, who were starving with cold and hunger. Her hair was silvery white; her cheek pale with want and misery. I never was so much interested in a street-beggar in my life."

7. Laura looked at Henry; he turned very red, but said nothing. "I am sure she was a real object of charity; and I wish, my dear, you would (if 'tis not inconvenient for you) take John with a basket of wood, and bread, and see to their wants. I had nothing but a large bill in my pocket this morning, and am obliged to go to Brooklyn, or I would not trouble you, this cold day. There is the number," said he, laying a card on the table; "and you had better take Laura and Henry with you; it may be useful for them to see by contrast, how blessed their lot is. It must increase their gratitude to the Giver of all good." "I will go immediately," said Mrs. Campbell.

8. They were soon warmly dressed, and on their way to the abode of wretchedness. It was clear, though

cold, and the children complained of the keenness of the air. As they passed the streets leading to the North river, snuggled close to their mother, they found the objects of their search in a cellar; and when the door opened, a scene of misery was presented, that astonished, and almost terrified the children. The suffering family, supposing 't was their grandmother, who had gone to get food for them, rushed to the door, saying, "Oh, grandmother, have you got some? have you got some?" Then seeing a stranger, they sunk back to their places on the floor. In the corner of the rough-looking fire place, sat a slender, pale-looking woman, with a sick infant in her arms; over which she was bending, apparently to keep it from the cold air. Before the fire place, a young girl endeavored to blow into a flame, with her apron, some chips, dirt, and leather. In the corner of the room was a heap of straw, on which lay a few ragged bed clothes.—There was neither table, chair, nor utensil of any kind, in the room, except a broken pitcher, and an old pail with a rope handle.

9. I have been thus particular in my description of their abode, that you, my dear young reader, may, when you are surrounded with every comfort, feel grateful to God for his goodness to you; and be contented and happy, though there should be some among your companions whose clothes are finer and more fashionable, and who have elegance and luxuries, that you may, if you choose, be *very happy without*. A few days since, I saw the round, red cheeks of a little girl wet with tears, because her bonnet was not as handsome as she wished. When you are disposed to repine at such trifles, think of the damp, cold cellar, where six children, with their mother, sat without food or fire; and then I am sure you will look up to your mother, or the friend who supplies your wants, and say, "you know best what is proper for me, I can be happy in any dress you choose."

10. What I have told you of this Irish family is entirely true. I myself stood among them, and dropped many tears on the pallid cheeks of the sick baby. I saw these Irish emigrants, just as I have described them to you. But to go on with my story; Mrs. Campbell spoke kindly to the mother, who had started up, and offered the wooden

box on which she had been sitting, and asked her how she came to be so reduced as to have neither fire nor food. "Alas, madam," said she, sobbing, "sickness and death have been with us; and what signifies anything we say? Nobody cares for an Irish beggar. My poor old mother has been out seeking food for us these two days; and she has scarce got enough to keep us from starving, madam. This morning I sent Willy, there, thinking he was so young and innocent-like, nobody would be for calling him a cheat; but he was not used to the trade, ma'am; for as he sat trying to get courage to tell his story, a little boy sent him off, because his father hated the Irish."

11. Henry and Laura both looked at the little boy, who had sunk down among the straw; and Henry, while the tears stood in his eyes, said, "Oh, mother, that was I! Yes it was; I was so foolish as to think I understood father's conversation with uncle James; and I told him to run away: but I hope, little boy, you will forgive me; for I am sure I would have given you my breakfast and dinner too, had I known how poor and hungry you were." Henry gave his hand to Willy Mac Vinny; and his black eyes sparkled, and his pale face flushed with pleasure, amid all his rags and wretchedness. So easy is it for the rich to give pleasure to the poor. The Irish woman continued, "He tried once more, and knocked on the door of a large house; the servant, who came, said, 'Get about your business, you little thieving paddy! and don't trouble me any more with your knocking.' He came back sorrowful enough; and has sat, ever since, shivering in the straw."

12. "Why did'nt you apply to the alms-house?" "Och, and did'nt we sure enough? but could get nothing, because we were not resident six months. I have sold every thing, madam, even my clothes, before I could beg." John was called in with the basket; a fire was kindled; and some milk bought, as soon as possible. The tears trembled in Mrs. Campbell's eyes, as she saw the eager faces of the children, while the bread was broken among them. The grandmother returned, and was surprised and delighted to see them thus employed. She said, while tears streamed down her wrinkled face,

"God bless you always, lady! I have had a wearisome day; and sure I was ready to lie down and die, when I thought I should bring nothing to the children."—She seated herself on the heap of straw, and sobbed like an infant. Her daughter tried to comfort her, and said, "Drink some of the warm milk, mother, you are faint and weary; and don't take on so now, when comfort has come to us."

13. Mrs. Campbell left them with means to make them comfortable until some plan could be devised to give them employment, by which they could support themselves. As soon as their situation was known they were supplied with every necessary; for there is no place in the world where the people are more liberal to the poor than in New York. Laura and Henry never forgot the lesson they learned from this poor family. They were ever after, kind to their inferiors, and generous to the poor. Henry was careful never to repeat any of his father's observations, without being sure he perfectly understood them.

JUV. MIS.

QUESTIONS.

What were Henry and Laura doing on the piazza? Was Henry polite in taking the best slide to himself? What did Laura come near doing when he relinquished the slide to her? What prevented her going off? Who was this little boy? What was he there for? How did Henry treat him? What blunder did Henry make? Ought little boys and girls to use words of which they do not know the meaning? What did their father tell them when he came home? Who went to see the family? In what situation did they find them? Describe it? How did Henry feel when he found the boy whom he had driven away was one of them? What did Mrs. Campbell do for them? Were they provided for afterwards?

Section LV.

THE LAD'S WINTER PLEASURES.

1. When the keen biting frost binds up the hard ground,
And the piercing cold wind whistles wildly around;
When summer's green leaves are all stripped from the trees,

And the clear, sparkling streams are beginning to freeze;
When nature is wrapped in her mantle of white,
And the glad light of day soon gives place to the night;
Oh! then how I love, when the school is let out,
To join the gay boys in the long, deafening shout;
To jump o'er the snow-banks, to wrestle, and run,
And roll up the snow-hills, is glorious fun.
Then O ! the thick ice how delightful for sliding,
And skating, how grand;—then how pleasant is riding.—

2. When the moon in her beauty, pours a flood of bright beams
On the unsullied snow, and the cold, ice-bound streams.
The bells they are jingling, the horses are prancing,
And my own happy heart in my bosom is dancing.
Away we all drive with laughter and noise.—
Oh ! dearly I love winter's turbulent joys.
But better I love, when the dark evenings come,
My footsteps to turn to my own pleasant home.
The greetings of loved ones fall light on my ear,
Like the sounds of soft music, delightful and clear.
We close the green shutters, the curtains let down,
And now what to us is cold winter's dark frown ?
We stir up the fire, and close round the table,
While my dear father reads us a story, or fable;
Or a history, perhaps, of the heroes and sages,
Who lived long ago, in the early dark ages.

3. Then I lead little Sue when she's learning to walk,
And hark to the pet while she's trying to talk;
How sweetly the sounds from her lisping tongue fall,
Like the Nightingale's notes, or the Redbreast's soft call.
Then Kate spreads before me her long hoarded toys,
And I join the loved girl in her innocent joys.
Yes, winter has pleasures, delightful and sweet,
For indeed it is pleasant for kindred to meet
Round the bright blazing fire, while kindness and love
Reside in each breast, and the actions all move.
To meet love-glancing eyes, the soft touch of the hand,
From the friends that we love, makes the warm heart expand.

JUV MIS.

Section LVI.

ROBERT TURNER.

"There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, generous one,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness."

1. In one of our pleasant, inland villages, lived Mr. Lemuel Cook, who was the schoolmaster of the place, and one of the most amiable of instructers, sympathetic, mild and forgiving. He was held in high estimation by all classes of people, but loved sincerely by the most of his pupils. Now and then, an untoward boy would come into his hands, whose heart could not be moved by any concords; but even such he generally contrived to bring to obedience, more through the influence of kind affection than fear. He had a way of setting one thing off against another, and thus producing a kind of harmony, which cheated even the untoward into something like an amiable motive of action.

2. He was accused by the boys, eager to possess his esteem, of giving an undue portion of it to one of their number. This accusation was unfounded; for he had reason to love this boy above the rest. He was the finest little fellow that had ever been placed under his care. This boy was named Robert Turner. He was a child of good capacity, and of a temper surpassingly sweet. He was generous, open, and ardent, disinterested, and obedient to the wishes of his friends. He was warmly attached to his master;—and there was no doubt that Mr. Cook, in common with others, looked upon Robert with an eye of preference and affection.

3. One morning, when the hour for beginning operations in school had arrived, and Mr. Cook had taken his seat, on looking round, he missed Robert, who was always at the head of the first class, and accustomed to being first in every way. Robert's absence was a thing

so uncommon, that he at once inquired whether any one knew where Turner was. Nobody knew. After awhile, he began to suspect, or fear, that he must have been taken suddenly ill. He asked again, when they had seen Robert last, and whether they had heard of the doctor's being sent for to any one; but he gained no information. He now observed two or three of the boys whispering and laughing among themselves, and caught the sound of 'truant.' 'What did you say, Stearns?' inquired he. 'Nothing, sir; I was only telling Dick, that he might have played truant for once, as well as ourselves, and that, may be, you would not flog him for it.'

4. Mr. Cook read the feeling that was lurking in their hearts, and replied, "It would grieve me very much, Stearns, to catch Robert in doing anything that was unworthy; but if it so turns out, that he has transgressed wilfully, and knowing the forfeit, he must pay it; I shall show him no weak indulgence." About an hour after this, Robert made his appearance. He looked very warm; his face was flushed, and his hair wet; but he walked in, and took his place, with an air so open, ingenuous, and untroubled, that his master saw at once that it must have been accident, and not design, which had caused his detention. When Robert approached Mr. Cook, he said to him in a low voice, 'I'm very sorry, sir, to be so out of time, this morning.' His master, who had perfect confidence in him, answered, 'I excuse you, Robert; you can tell me the cause by and by.'

5. There was not a boy in school, who did not intuitively understand that there was nothing wrong, nothing to be ashamed of, behind such a front as Robert presented. When the lessons were closed, and the scholars dismissed, Mr. Cook called Robert, and inquired the cause of his delay, saying, 'I am afraid you were a little lazy this morning.'—'Not at all, sir,' answered Robert, 'but shall I tell you the whole story?' 'Do,' replied Mr. Cook, 'I have waited here on purpose to hear it.'

6. 'Well, sir, I started uncommonly early this morning, because my mother wished me to go round to the mill, and see Mr. Dickens, about some meal. I was obliged to go over Slaty Hill, you know, sir, but the morning was beautiful, and I thought the walk would be very pleasant

to me, and so it was, for the birds were all singing, and the bees, in multitudes, humming among the wild flowers that spring up among the rocks. I had done my errand to the miller, had passed over the top of the hill, and was on the descent this side, when I heard screams and shouts of laughter. I stopped to listen, and then I distinguished cries of distress mingled with this laughter. I could not conceive what it was, but I feared some mischief.

7. 'I was just on the turn of the hill you know, sir, where the old oak tree stands, and I could not see far; so I seized one of the branches of the oak, and swung myself round, till I could look down into the dell, and there I saw Tom Gibbens, who stands back in the wood now; I can just see his hat. He, and his brother, with little Jem Goodwin, were standing on the bank of the river. He had the child half stripped, and was plunging him into the water, and then cuffing him. I screamed out, "Tom, Tom! for the love of mercy don't hurt the child." I felt ready to fly at the sight of it, and I came very near letting go my hold, and dropping down, in order to get there the sooner, but I feared I might break my limbs. "And who are you," said Tom, "so deadly merciful?" and looking up and seeing me, he said, "O, 'tis you, you chicken-hearted fool, is it? well, come down and I'll show you some fun."

8. 'I again besought him not to hurt the boy. "I will give you anything in the world to buy him off." "Well, come down," he answered. I swung round upon the bank again, and scrambled down between the rocks as quick as I could, and when I got near, poor little Jem cried out, "Pray, pray, Robert, take me out of his hands; pray do, he says he will drown me." I ran up to them, calling to Jem not to be afraid; "Tom would not drown you, said I, a bit sooner than he would drown me; don't be so frightened." I attempted to take hold of James, and said, "Let me take him home, Tom; you have punished him enough, let his fault have been what it may." "No, that I have not," said Tom, "a vile informer, he is not half punished enough, I shall duck [illegible] again, and then give him a sound flogging."

9. 'I tried all in my power to persuad[illegible] desist, and made him every offer I could think [illegible] he only

seemed to grow more and more determined. I was at a loss what to do, for you know, sir, he is so much larger than I, that he could beat me to death if he chose. I did not see, however, how I could avoid a quarrel with him, and I began taking off my clothes. He, seeing this, cried out, "What, you are ready to fight for him, ah! well then, you may swim for him," and wading in a few steps, he gave Jem a push into the river. I slipped off my shoes and plunged in, and had great difficulty, I assure you, sir, in getting him on shore, while Tom stood laughing on the bank. The poor child was insensible when I took him up. I sat down, and held him in my arms, and began rubbing him with all my strength; begging Tom to go up to old Ma'am Drake's and get some man to come and carry the child there, that he might be properly attended to, "For really, Tom," said I, "I am afraid you have drowned him."

10. 'He set up a laugh at this, and screamed out, "I drowned him? that's a good one, it was all your own doing, you made me push the boy in, and now you may take the comfort of it; if he is dead, it is you who have killed him." This made me feel dreadfully, as you may suppose, sir; but I soon perceived that he began to revive, and I had the pleasure to see him in a little while, perfectly recovered.—When he could stand, I helped him on with his clothes, and asked him if he felt able to go with me to Mrs. Drake's and warm himself, and get perfectly dry, and then go home.—He said "Yes, if Tom would let him." "O, I'll let you go, for this time," said Tom, "but take care how you inform against me again, for next time I'll drown you in good earnest. And as for you, you chicken-hearted fool," said he, turning upon me, "who can't see a young rascal like that punished, without meddling, go along, and I shall go with you."

11. 'I did not know what he meant, but I said, "Why should you be angry with me, Tom, or wish to beat me, for doing an act of common charity?" "O, I shan't trouble myself with you," answered he, "but I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you flogged, for it is full an hour and a half you have wasted here, and unless your master is as weak as yourself, he'll give you a hiding for it" I smiled at this, and could not help answering

"my master, I think, will not punish me for helping another. He would not see the most insignificant creature in the world suffer, without trying to give relief." "Well," said Tom, "I look upon you as the most insignificant creature I know, and I hope he will abate a little of his accustomed tenderness, and let me have the pleasure of seeing you wince under his blows."

12. 'I half carried little James up to Mrs. Drake's, and when we got there I told her the story, and asked her to let Jem warm himself, and get recruited, before he set out to go home; or if she thought it would be best, to keep till school was done, and I would return for him. "I do think it would be better to keep him," said she, "till you return, for Tom is such a bad boy, that I should not be willing to have the boy fall in his way just now." Little Jem was pleased with this arrangement. He seemed really in fear of his life. I then questioned him, how it happened that he had made Tom so angry.

13. '"Why," said he, "Squire Wales's men were going to gather the cherries this morning to carry to market, and one of them told me, yesterday, that if I would be there in season, with a basket, they would give me some for my mother. So I was very eager to get the cherries, and I went to the field before it was fairly daylight. When I got there, I found the men had not yet come; but I soon heard a voice, and looking about to see where it came from, I spied Tom and his brother in one of the trees picking cherries. I did not speak a word; for I am always dreadfully afraid of him; but soon after, he saw me, and leaving the tree, came up and seized me by the arm, and asked me how I dare come there to steal. I told him that John had promised me some cherries for my mother, if I would be there in season. "I don't believe a word of it," said he, "he gave me leave to get some, but I don't believe he'd give them to a beggar's brat like you; so walk off directly, or I'll find the way to make you."

14. 'I was too much afraid of him, not to mind him, and I went out of the field, and he followed me. We had not gone far when the men came in sight. "Now turn to the right," said Tom, "and run for your life." He turned at the same time, but I could not go as fast as he did; and he looked back, and held up his finger and said,

"If you tell who it was that was here, I'll cut your ears off; now mind that." I trembled all over, and stood stock still. When John reached me, he took hold of me, and said, "What's the matter with the boy? and who's that we saw running away?" Ah, John, said I, pray don't ask me that, for I'm so frightened I can't answer you. John laughed, and said, "I see how it is. We knew the rascal, it was Tom Gibbens, and he has been threatening to beat you if you tell; but you need not be afraid of him. Sit down here, on the stone, and when I have done, I'll give you some cherries, and go round to your house with you." I sat down and waited for him, but I dreaded the thought of meeting Tom.

15. "When they had finished gathering, John went home with me, and just by the old tree, before you come to our house, there stood Tom, behind the stone wall. As soon as John saw him, he called out, "Ah! you need not skulk, Tom, I knew you this morning, as soon as I put my eyes on you." Tom made no reply, but I felt dreadfully frightened. I gave mother the basket of fruit, and told her the story. She is afraid of Tom, herself, and she told me I should not go out again, to put myself in his way, till the thing was forgotten. And I'm going to Mrs. Grant's, to carry her clean clothes, she said, and I'll stop and tell your schoolmistress the reason why you don't come to-day; so take your book, and amuse yourself here, and keep the door shut. After she had been gone some little time, I was sitting on the step of the back door, reading, and I heard a rustling in the lilac bush near me, and looked up, and there was Tom, almost touching me. I jumped up and screamed, but he had tight hold of me before I could enter the door, and dragged me right down the hill as fast as he could.

16. 'I begged him, for mercy's sake to let me go, but he made no answer till we got to the bottom of the dell, and he then gave me such a shaking that I had no power to move, and said, "There's for you, and now I will duck you, till I make you sick of the thought of informing against me, in future." I declared to him, that I did not inform against him; that the men knew him, and told me so as soon as they came up. But he would not believe me, told me to hold my tongue, and began dipping

me in the water, and then beating me, till I felt almost dead; and I really believe, Robert, you saved my life." Poor child! he looked as if he had suffered very much; and I laid him down on the old woman's couch, and she got him some hot tea to take. I then left him, telling him I would come back, when school was over, and take care of him home. And now, sir, don't you think something ought to be done with that bad boy?—for he may kill somebody one of these days, in his passion.'

17. When Robert had finished his account of the business, Mr. Cook, who had been deeply interested in it, told him that he had done right, and that he would not only receive his approbation, but that of all persons who might hear the story. "And what is more than that, my boy, you will have the approbation of your own conscience, and the pleasure of reflecting that you, perhaps, have saved the life of this poor child. But come, I am in a hurry myself to do something for the abused boy. Let us walk to Mrs. Drake's, and we will both go home with him." Mr. Cook and Robert then went out of the school-house together, followed by a number of boys. Tom, who had been creeping about in the wood, at a little distance, to watch the result of the conference, seeing this, began to fear that Robert was right, and that truth and virtue would prevail, and consequently that his own vicious conduct might not escape punishment. He therefore took himself off as quietly as he could, and sneaked, like a wicked coward, home.

18. When Mr. Cook and Robert reached Mrs. Drake's, they found the old woman very anxiously looking out for them, quite alarmed at the state little James was in. She told them, that when he had been there about an hour, he was seized with violent ague-fits; that she put him directly in bed, and covered him up, and gave him something hot to swallow, "But," said she, "I think the child is out of his head now, and it is my belief that wicked wretch has killed him." Mr. Cook went and examined the child, and found that he was in a high fever, and he thought it not safe to move him. He told Mrs. Drake he would go for his mother, and then call on the doctor, and that he would come back again himself, and bring anything she thought necessary for the comfort

of the poor boy. Mr. Cook then left them, and Robert staid behind, to assist, in any way he could, in taking care of James.

19. After Mr. Cook had summoned James's mother and the physician, he called on a magistrate, and informed him of all the facts concerning the outrage committed upon James Goodwin, and begged him, if he thought proper, to take up Tom Gibbens, and to lose no time, as he thought it likely Tom would run off, if he heard of the illness of James. It was judged proper, and the boy was secured at once, and after the usual examination, was committed to the house of Correction, "Where, by solitude and labor," his poor mother said, "she humbly hoped he might be brought to a just sense of the enormity of his own conduct, not only in this instance, but in the whole course of his life, which was, and had been, for years, altogether wicked, and depraved."—She said, she thought she had reason to bless Mr. Cook for the step he had taken, for that if Thomas could not be turned at once from the error of his ways, this would at least force him to reflect seriously, and might be the means of softening that heart, which had, hitherto, appeared so hard.

20. James's illness was so severe that he but just escaped with his life. Mr. Cook was with him every moment he could spare, and Robert was one of his constant attendants, and he became so fond of James, and interested his parents so much in him, that when James was removed, it was to Mr. Turner's house, where he ever afterwards remained.—So that James had no occasion, on the whole, to regret his fright and illness, as they became to him the means, not only of getting forward in the world, but of securing the friendship of Robert, which, through life, proved a fruitful source of pleasure to him. Mr. Cook had the satisfaction of instructing James, as soon as he got well enough to go to school. He was by nature, a very bright, intelligent boy, and soon answered all the wishes of his master; and though four years younger than Robert, became a very interesting companion to him. They might always be seen together; and generally, with Jem's arm fast locked round Robert's;

"A happy pair
Of blooming boys (whom we behold even now)

Blest in their several and their common lot!
At least, whatever fate the noon of life
Reserves for either, this is sure, that both
Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
Whether regarded as a jocund time
That in itself may terminate, or lead
In course of nature to a sober eve."

YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE.

QUESTIONS.

What was the name of the teacher where Robert attended school? Why was he attached to Robert? What was Robert's character?—What happened one morning at the school? What did the other boys think about Robert? Why was he so readily excused by the teacher when he came in so late? What reason did Robert assign to the teacher, after school? What was the little boy's name who was injured? Who injured him? What for? Did the little boy recover?—What was done with Tom Gibbens? Where did James go to live?—Did he and Robert continue good friends?

Section LVII.

THE BANDITTI.

1. The Baroness de Cena was a native of the island of Cuba, of French parentage, and married to a German emigrant. Her husband's Coffee estate was situated near the bay of Cadenas, on the north coast of the island. All the world knows that the bay of Cadenas has been a famous, or rather infamous resort for pirates, and indeed, bids fair to be so again, unless the government of the United States shall devise some effectual means of protecting our West Indian commerce.

2. The Baron de Cena was absent from his estate at the time of our narrative, having gone to Havana on business; and left his lady, rather incautiously, considering the times, under no other protection than that of a faithful mulatto servant, who was also entrusted with the care of the slaves and property. It is seldom that an estate, in that vicinity, is left without two or three white men, well armed, out of regard not less to the incursions of banditti, than to disturbances among the negroes. It so happened, however, on the present occasion, that the

Baron was obliged to leave his estate and family in a comparatively defenceless state.

3. He had been absent but two days, when the Baroness was awakened in the middle of the night, by loud and repeated blows against the front door, as of some one attempting to break into the house. Presently she heard the mulatto servant demanding from within, "Who was there?" which was answered by several loud voices, ordering him instantly to open the door. Before he had time, however, to consider what was to be done in such an emergency, the door was burst open, a number of armed men rushed in, and seizing him, ordered him not to make the slightest resistance on peril of his life.

4. The noise and bustle of these proceedings were heard with appalling distinctness by the Baroness, whose bed-room opened into the hall where the banditti were. She knew that she might easily escape herself, by a back passage; and by secreting herself among the coffee trees, might avoid the insults of these ruffians, till morning, when they would, of course, be gone. But she could not do this without leaving her young children, four in number, to their mercy. This conflict between fear and maternal affection was not long. She resolved to face the danger. She had risen and dressed herself at the first alarm, and after taking her sleeping children from their little cot-beds, placing them all in her own bed, she drew the muskitto curtain close around them, and silently recommending herself to the care of Providence; and collecting the resources of her own energetic mind, she issued from her chamber, and entered upon a scene which few *men* could have summoned resolution enough to encounter.

5. On coming to the estate, the first step of the robbers, who were eleven in number, had been to secure the slaves who slept in small thatched cottages at some distance from the master's dwelling. They had then proceeded to the house, and after forcing an entrance, had bound the mulatto, the only man-servant who slept in the house, and had commenced the work of plunder by a simultaneous attack on the sideboard, which was furnished with a handsome display of plate and cut-glass. The spirits, liquors, and cordials were safely disposed of

by one set; while another, less sensual than avaricious, were secreting silver fruit baskets, tumblers, and spoons, in the folds of their Montero jackets.

6. In the midst of this havoc, the door of the Baroness's apartment opened, and she stood before them with an air rather of astonishment than fear. Several of the fierce looking ruffians approached her at once, all exclaiming, "The keys! the keys! Senora, where has your husband secreted his treasure?" These men were all armed. Some wore pistols in their belts; others carried blunderbusses, and each had a sword by his side, and a dagger in his bosom. Their countenances were swarthy and dark, their eyes flashed with malignant passion, their voices were harsh, and their gestures threatening, as they approached the defencless but undaunted woman.

7. "Gentlemen," said she, in a soft but steady voice, "gentlemen, you are wrong in supposing that my husband has treasure concealed in the house." "We know he has!" exclaimed one of the villains, "and you must show us where it is, or die;" accompanying this courteous address with a threatening movement of his sword. One of their number, who stood nearest the Baroness, on hearing this speech, cast a look at the wretch who had uttered it, which caused him to draw back his sword, and skulk out of sight. Another fellow drew a pistol from his girdle, and pointing it towards the lady, demanded the keys, and several others were drawing their swords, and preparing to enforce the demand, when the same man who had interposed his authority a moment before, called out in a voice of thunder, "Silence, ruffians! Do you not see that it is a lady? Do ye forget that ye are men?" Saying this, he extended his sword horizontally between the Baroness and her persecutors, and pushed them back en masse.

8. "Senora," he proceeded, turning to the lady, "we are not common banditti, although the conduct of some here might lead you to suppose so; nor is it a small temptation that has brought us hither. We have obtained certain information that your husband has lately received a large sum of money. We have good reason to suppose that it is concealed in the house, and, though I regret that the misfortune should fall on such a noble and beau-

tiful lady as yourself, you must deliver it to us." "I know of no money in the house," replied the Baroness. "If my husband has received any, he has not informed me where it is."

9. "You will then allow us to search for it ourselves," replied the robber. "Be kind enough, Senora, to hand us the keys of your husband's closets and desks." The Baroness had no alternative but to deliver up the keys. She went into her room, and, instantly returning, gave them into the hands of the robber who had demanded them, and while the search commenced, she retired to her room. There she could overhear the villains as they prosecuted the work of pillage and destruction. When there was any difficulty of unlocking a door or desk, it was burst open, and their oaths and curses, at each fresh disappointment they met with in their search for treasure, were loud and threatening.

10. After an hour of dreadful suspense, the Baroness heard a party of them return from the chambers into the hall adjoining her room, and with horrid imprecations, declaring that they would destroy every article of furniture, and even murder every creature in the house, if the money were not forthcoming; and at the same moment, the crash of a chandelier, which hung in the hall, and the cries and entreaties for mercy from the poor mulatto, gave assurance of their determination to execute the threat. The next moment, the Baroness heard the man, who had protected her before, remonstrating with his comrades, and endeavoring to convince them that they might be mistaken about the money. "That man," thought she, "can save me, and he shall."

11. She ordered one of the female attendants, who stood trembling around her, to call him into the room. When he appeared, the Baroness addressed him in a firm and steady manner. "Senor," said she, "I observe that you have some authority with these men, and I am much mistaken if you are not their leader. I have told you the truth about the money you are in search of. I am certain there is none in the house. My husband is in Havana. I know that if he had left money here, he would have informed me where he had deposited it. Your companions are misinformed, and they are unreasonable in

their demands and threats. I must claim your protection, Senor. Here I am, a defenceless woman, and here," said she, raising the curtain, and pointing to the bed where they lay, "here are my children. We have no protector but you. Take all you can find in the house, but as you are a man, save me and my children from injury."

12. The robber cast one glance at the anxious countenance of the mother, and another at the unconscious group of children. They were all asleep. The youngest had thrown his dimpled arm round his brother's neck, who was smiling in his innocent dreams, as the stern bandit gazed upon them. "Senora," said he, "you and your children are safe Not a hair of your head shall be hurt. Stay in this room, and if one of my companions dare approach it, he dies." So saying, he left the apartment. The Baroness was not disturbed in her asylum, but the house was thoroughly pillaged, and it was daylight ere she heard them leaving the hall. She then issued from her apartment to witness a scene of utter desolation. Her bureau was broken open, and her jewels were stolen. The fragments of the broken chandelier were scattered over the floor, the side-board was covered with broken decanters and tumblers, its drawers were pulled out; table linen, knives and forks were tumbled about, and every article of plate was gone.

13. The last circumstance furnished occasion for the display of a new trait of her unconquerable spirit. Hearing the robbers mounting their horses at the door, she ran out and called to them. "Cavalleros! Have you no more gallantry than this? Will you take all my jewels, and every article of my plate? Will you leave a lady without so much as a spoon or an ear-ring?" It will hardly be believed, but it is a literal fact, that the leader dismounted, and restored her a couple of silver spoons, and some jewels of trifling value; at the same time, taking the opportunity to exact from her a solemn promise that she would not give the alarm, nor cause them to be pursued for twenty-four hours. This promise she faithfully observed, and when at the expiration of the stipulated time, they were pursued, they were traced to the sea

shore by scattered articles of plunder. The most careful search, however, never discovered who were the perpetrators of this singular outrage. THE PEARL.

QUESTIONS.

Where did the Baroness reside? In what part of the island? For what has this been famous? Do the inhabitants generally leave a guard on their plantations, when they are obliged to be away? Why? Where was the husband of the lady who was robbed? At what time of the night was she awakened? Did the robbers wait to have the door opened? What did they first do after they entered? Was the lady very much alarmed? Why did she not escape through the back door? Did she venture to go in where they were? How did the robbers behave to her? How were they dressed? What did they tell her they wanted? Who saved the lady from being injured? How did they proceed in their search for money? Did they find any? What did they take away? What did she ask them to leave her? Did they comply with her request? What promise did she make them? Were the robbers ever discovered? How many were there?

Section LVIII.

AN APPEAL TO SCHOLARS.

1. Having thus far used my best endeavors to entertain and instruct you, permit me now to address to you a few hints respecting your *school*, *school-duties*, and *school-feelings*. Perhaps you may think that this more properly belongs to your parents and teachers, yet I hope you will not think me too officious, if I offer you a few words by way of advice. My motive for doing this is *your* good as well as the good of those who have the charge of your education.—Be assured I feel very anxious, not only that you should make a respectable appearance in school, by your improvement and good conduct, but also that your school may prove the means of making you useful and respectable members of society.

2. The first question I wish to propose to you is, whether you have ever considered what a school is designed for?—I have known children to entertain very different notions on this subject. Some think that a school is a place in which little boys and girls are shut up, to keep them out of danger and mischief. Others

think it is a place where children are sent to be whipped, because their parents do not like to do it themselves. There are others who think it is merely a place of recreation, where children meet together to talk and play; and in order to avoid work at home they will go very willingly to school, so long as they are there permitted to spend their time in their own way.

3. But let me ask *you* who are so far advanced as to be able to read this book, what *you* think a school is for? If you are not prepared to answer this question, allow me to answer it for you, or rather to tell you what I think a school is designed for. A school, then, is *not* designed as a prison for children, nor a place of *torture* and *suffering*, but as a place where they may learn those things which will make them useful and happy. None can be very useful or very happy if they have no learning. Perhaps you have been pleased with reading the interesting stories in this book and in other books which have been published for children; but you could not have had this pleasure if you had not learned to read. And where did you learn to read? Was it not at school?

4. You have found out then one of the purposes of a school. But there are yet many things for you to learn which are to fit you to become useful men and women, and these are to be learned at school. You will not forget, therefore, that a school is designed as the place where children are to lay the foundation for future usefulness and happiness. But I am afraid that your minds have been prejudiced against the school. I am afraid that the good old nurse, or the silly housemaid has told you some dreadful stories about the school and the teachers; and that when you have been mischievous, or have behaved improperly at home, your mamma has *threatened* to send you to school as a punishment, and that you have been taught to consider the teachers as persons employed merely to inflict pain and torment upon the children committed to their care.

5. I wish all silly people who thus terrify children, and instil into their minds prejudices and false notions about schools and teachers, would themselves go to school and learn better. I have known innocent little children enter the school room for the first time, trembling as if they

expected to receive a severe whipping from the teacher, for they had been told that he was *dreadful cruel*, and the poor little things supposed they were sent there on purpose to be whipped. Those children who go to school impressed with the idea that it is a prison, in which they are to be shut up for a certain time, and that the teacher is no other than a tormentor whose business it is to inflict pain upon the little prisoners, might as well be kept at home; for as long as they are under the influence of fear and terror, nothing can be done for their benefit.

6. But you, who have been long at school, know that none need be afraid who are disposed to do well: and that good scholars will be both praised and esteemed. And now let me ask if you have ever thought of the difficulties with which your teachers have to struggle? Have you considered the unpleasant nature of their employment, and the many circumstances which tend to disaffect the minds of their pupils? If you have not, I hope you will permit me, as a friend both to you and them, to say a word in their behalf.

7. In the first place then, let me tell you that as there are few, if any employments in this world more useful than that of a teacher of youth, so there are few more difficult. I shall not attempt to enumerate all the difficulties of the employment, but some of them are so obvious that you cannot help seeing them. You know that in every school there are children of a great variety of dispositions, views and feelings, and I am sorry to add, that in almost every school there are those who give their *parents* much trouble at home. Now, how can it be expected that when forty, sixty or an hundred of these children are placed together under the government and direction of one person, their conduct, their opinions and their feelings will all be alike?

8. The teacher must either govern them or not govern them. If he does not govern them his school is worse than none, and will soon be destroyed. If he resolves to govern the school, he must lay restraints upon the scholars which they will be constantly endeavoring to shake off. To maintain these restraints he is frequently under the necessity of using means which are as unpleasant to him as to the scholar. Respecting the pro-

priety of these restraints and the means used for enforcing them, there will be different opinions. One thinks an unreasonable requirement is made of him concerning his school duties. Another thinks he is unjustly punished, and a third is dissatisfied because another is not punished as well as himself. Thus the teacher soon despairs of gaining the good-will of all his pupils, and must content himself to struggle against the malice and hatred of some and the outrageous irregularities of others.

9. Again, *parents* are not always disposed to exercise the most amiable feelings towards teachers. There are some parents who will always find fault; they can never be suited. Either the teacher is too severe or too lax; he either requires too much or too little; or he does not understand his business and teach their children what in their opinion, they should be taught. Here then, both the parents and the children agree in condemning the teacher, although at the same time he may be the most amiable and the most capable man in the world. When this is the case, it would be infinitely better for these children to stay at home; for it is very certain that they will derive no advantage from the school, but are making a great deal of trouble for themselves and the teacher.

10. To attempt therefore, to please all his scholars and all their parents and all the guardians and overseers of the school is quite a hopeless task, and the teacher has no alternative but to try to please himself and to discharge his arduous duties in such a manner as to him appears best adapted to promote the improvement of those committed to his charge. But in doing this, he has a thousand perplexities which meet him at every step. Among the severest of his troubles is the insensibility and cruel ingratitude of scholars. You know but little, my young friends, of the bitter feelings which wring the heart of your teacher when he sees all his labors and all his exertions baffled by your indolence or perverse temper, and all his endeavors to promote your advancement in learning, repaid by conduct the most unfeeling and ungrateful!

11. Perhaps you will attempt to justify such conduct, by saying that your teacher has treated you ill; that he has corrected you when you thought you did not deserve

correction; that he requires you to do more than you have an inclination to do, or that he will not allow you to do what you wish.—But who, let me ask, is the best judge of these matters?—You know very well that there must be *order* in school or the school will be worse than useless to you. If then, after repeated appeals to your own sense of propriety, you cannot be persuaded to submit to the wholesome regulations of the school, what is to be done? Either you must be permitted to make what disturbance you please, or you must be turned away from school, or you must be punished in school as a warning to yourself and others that the transgression of the rules of the school will not be allowed. Your own reason tells you that one of these must be done. Do you then suppose that your teacher inflicts punishment on you because he delights in doing it? Or does he do it only because he is compelled to do it, that he may maintain that order which you all allow is necessary to be preserved?

12. I wish you to understand correctly, the nature of that authority which is exercised by your teacher. Let me tell you then that it is of the same nature as that exercised by your parents. So long as you are under the notice and care of your parents, they alone have a right to exercise authority over you; but when you are placed at school, the authority of your parents is transferred to the teacher, and so long as you remain under his care he has the same right to control and govern you as your parents have while you are at home. This right of your teacher to exercise authority over you, is recognised and established by the laws of your country. You have then, as much reason to complain of the government, and rebel against the authority of your parents as that of your teachers. The right to *govern* must exist somewhere, and when your parents place you at school, they at the same time transfer the right to govern you while there, to the teacher under whose care you are placed.

13. But in the exercise of this authority, on the part of teachers there are many difficulties. Teachers, of all others, are in most danger of doing wrong. They have more vexations and more matters which call for their attention at the same moment, than almost any

other class of people, especially teachers of large schools. How then can it be expected that every act of theirs will be perfectly right? How can you expect that everything they do will be as correctly done as if they had but one person to deal with, or but one thing to attend to, and sufficient time for reflection?

14. Your teachers are compelled, in many instances to decide hastily, owing to the hurry and pressure of the moment. However much they may desire to decide correctly, they often err. Not having time to examine all the circumstances of the case, they are obliged to act according to the best judgment they can form; but they often find afterwards, that they have judged incorrectly. The same actions often appear different to different persons. A teacher is sometimes led to think that certain conduct of the scholar proceeds from obstinacy or malice, when perhaps nothing in the world is farther from his mind or intention at the time; and the conduct which the teacher supposed to proceed from obstinacy or malice, is found to proceed wholly from diffidence or misunderstanding.

15. But what is to be done? The teacher can judge only from appearances, and these are so strong as to lead him to inflict punishment. It is an unfortunate case, but such cases will unavoidably happen. Parents themselves sometimes fall into the same error, although they are much less excusable. What then is the course which a scholar, corrected under these circumstances, ought to pursue? Ought he to indulge in angry, bitter and malignant feelings against his teacher for having done what appeared to him to be right? Certainly not. Let him take some suitable opportunity and speak to the teacher privately and respectfully on the subject, and in this way it will be very easy to remove any false impressions from his mind: and I presume there is not one teacher in an hundred who, when convinced he has done wrong to a scholar through mistake or misapprehension, will not be anxious to make all the reparation in his power.

16. Children are very apt to think that their teachers are their enemies merely because they are obliged to lay a restraint upon them and correct them when they transgress. But why should you not suppose your parents

are your enemies because they do not permit you to do as you wish?—Your parents restrain you and sometimes perhaps correct you, but they do it for your good. And your teachers also, when they are under the necessity of correcting you, do it for your good and not because they dislike you or wish to give you pain. Why then should you look upon them as your enemies and treat them with disrespect?

17. Whether you believe it or not, your teachers do really feel a great anxiety on your account. They desire to have you do well and improve in your studies, not for their benefit but your own. They are unceasingly toiling for your good, and could you know the delight and satisfaction which they feel when they find you disposed to listen to their instructions and profit by their labors, you would never again allow yourselves to think they were your enemies, but you would look upon them as, next to your parents, your best earthly friends.

18. What then shall we think of those scholars who appear to take pleasure in harassing the peace and injuring the feelings of their faithful teachers? And what do you think are the feelings of those teachers, who, after weeks and months, and perhaps years of incessant toil and labor with these same scholars, find themselves at last rewarded by their insults and the basest acts of ingratitude?* I will not believe that *you* whom I now address can ever be guilty of such ungenerous conduct. If you consider yourselves as unjustly dealt by in school, recollect the circumstances, which I have mentioned, and let not your feelings become imbittered against your teacher for an unintentional injury. Do not strive to defeat all his labors for your good, by showing a stubborn, a malicious and revengeful disposition towards him. If you cannot get along with your teacher without constant irritation and unpleasant occurrences, better, far better both for you and him and for the other scholars that you should leave the school at once.

19. When a scholar has once resolved to use all his arts to harass and vex his teacher, let him bid farewell to all improvement; for however much the teacher may

* I am happy to say there are many honorable exceptions to this conduct.

desire to benefit such scholar, he finds all his efforts vain and useless. I am sorry to say there are any such scholars to be found in our schools, but it is a melancholy fact that few teachers can say they have *none*.

I have now given you my ideas of a school, and stated to you some of the difficulties with which your teachers have to struggle, in the discharge of their arduous and complicated duties. You perceive I have addressed you, not as stones or trees, but as beings capable of *thinking* and *reasoning*. You can all of you reason about your play and playthings. This you do probably every day. When any one of your schoolmates confers a favor on you, you know you ought to esteem this person and be grateful for the favor you have received. Now let me ask you who, beside your parents, has conferred or can confer a greater favor on you than your teachers, who are striving to give you that instruction which is better than silver or gold, because none can take it from you. I appeal then to your reason, when I ask you, ought you to treat them with disrespect and ingratitude?

20. I shall close this part of my address by a few words of advice, which, if you have any desire to improve, I think you will receive and follow:

Strive by every proper means to secure the good opinion of your teachers and enlist their best feelings in your favor. When you have done this, I will be answerable for your improvement. I have known scholars who, by following this advice, have made very rapid improvement even under teachers whose qualifications were not of the highest order. Nothing is more certain than that a good understanding and kind feelings between the teacher and the scholar are absolutely necessary for improvement in school.

21. As you value your own peace and happiness while at school; as you value your good name and respectability among your school-fellows; as you value the approbation of your parents and friends; and above all, as you value your future usefulness and respectability in society, and the approbation of your heavenly Father, strive by every means in your power to cultivate a friendly intercourse with your teachers, and on no account allow yourselves designedly and unnecessarily to injure

their feelings, or cause them unnecessary trouble. Be persuaded then, by one who feels deeply concerned for your future happiness and prosperity in life, to lay the foundation for these, in youth, by honoring both your parents and teachers, and treating them with that respect and affection which their kindness and their labors for you have deserved.

22. Having dwelt so long upon *school feelings* as they relate to your teachers, I wish now to consider them as they relate to yourselves, or as they exist toward your school-fellows.—You know very well that in school, there are many causes of disagreement among scholars. Some children too, are of a quarrelsome disposition, and are never easy unless they are wrangling with some of their playmates. Nothing can be more unpleasant either to parents or teachers than to discover such a disposition among their children. I hope none of *you* are of this description. If you are, I will tell you a secret, if you have not already found it out;—you are very unhappy. You are not only unhappy yourselves but you make all, with whom you associate, unhappy also; and unless you make haste to correct yourselves, you will have but a sorry life to live.

23. Nearly all the little girls and boys, (I will not say men and women,) with whom I am acquainted, love *themselves* almost if not quite as well as they love their companions. You must not therefore be offended with John because he will not cut off his finger for the sake of lending you his knife; nor with Emma, because she will not blot her own book in order that yours may appear better: nor with Charles for not lending you his book and sitting idle himself; nor with Abby because she reads better than you. It would be very silly for you to be offended with your school-mates for things like these. When you are disposed to be offended with any one for not granting you favors, or complying with your wishes, you should first ask yourselves whether *you* would be willing to do what you request of them; and never feel ill-will against any for not doing what you yourselves would be unwilling to do were you in their place.

24. Envy too is a vile passion, and very often creeps into school in defiance of all law; and is sure to take up

its residence with those who in other respects are considered the best scholars. This evil passion not only renders its possessor very uncomfortable, but is often the cause of pain and trouble to others. There are some scholars who cannot hear others praised or see them rewarded without giving vent to their envious feelings. Such persons will sometimes use very unfair and ungenerous means to injure a rival. They may sometimes succeed in bringing him or her into difficulty and perhaps disgrace, but the only reward they receive for this, is the gratification of their malignant feelings, and in the end are themselves, by far, the greatest sufferers.

25. It is a beautiful sight to see children of the same family united to each other by the ties of affection, and striving to promote each other's happiness by little offices of kindness and good will in all their intercourse. And it is a no less pleasing sight to see children of different families, when placed together at the same school, treating each other kindly, and conducting all their studies in school and all their diversions out of school with harmony and affection. If you are quarrelsome and contentious you will have but few if any friends: if you are kind and obliging you will have many friends and will always be welcome in the company of good children.

26. I will now relate an interesting circumstance which occurred not long since in a school in one of the principal towns in New England.—In this school there was a class of young misses distinguished for the uniform correctness of their deportment, and diligence in their studies. Although premiums of some value had frequently been contended for by this class, and although it was understood by them that a single transgression would place any one below her companions on the merit roll, yet no attempt was ever made by any member of the class to lessen the merit or injure the standing of any other in the estimation of their teacher, nor did he ever hear an unkind word spoken by any one of them to another, nor to him respecting another.

27. One day when the teacher was standing near the class, he accidentally heard some one speaking in an audible voice to another, which was contrary to the rules of the school. On turning towards the speaker, he im-

mediately charged the transgression upon Miss M—, as there were circumstances which led him to suppose that she was the transgressor. She accordingly received the mark which was the penalty of the transgression. In a few minutes Miss T—, who sat near her, went to the teacher and acknowledged that she was the person who had caused the disturbance and desired that the penalty might be attached to her name as the other miss was innocent. This incident discovered a nobleness of conduct and an elevation of feeling which raised these young misses still higher in the esteem of their teacher, and made an impression on his mind which will probably never be effaced. Miss M—, did not deny the charge lest it should be fixed upon her companion, choosing rather to suffer the penalty herself; and Miss T— was too generous to allow her friend to suffer on her account. Such generosity and magnanimity, where each one had so much at stake, were truly admirable and worthy to be thus publicly noticed for the imitation of young ladies in any school.

28. How different was this conduct from that of many scholars who wickedly attempt to fix their own transgressions upon others, and even go so far as to allow another to be punished for faults which they themselves have committed.—Let me hope, dear children, that you will hereafter strive to suppress every improper feeling towards your school-mates; that you will endeavour to treat each other with fairness and civility; that you will never allow yourselves to be guilty of the shocking and disgraceful conduct of quarrelling and fighting: that you will strive to cultivate harmony and friendship with each other, both in and out of school; and especially that you will avoid all profane and vulgar language in every place and on all occasions.—By such a course of conduct you will secure the approbation of your parents and teachers; the esteem of your friends and acquaintance, and the approbation, blessing and protection of your kind Father in Heaven.

QUESTIONS.

What do some children think about a school? What do *you* think a school is for? Why are some children afraid to go to school? What do you think of those persons who thus frighten children? Do you think a

teacher's task is a very easy one? Why? What are some of the difficulties he has to struggle with? What is the conduct of some scholars towards their teacher? What do you think of such scholars? How ought scholars to treat their teachers? Why? What is absolutely essential for improvement in school? Are children who possess quarrelsome dispositions very happy? Ought you to be offended with your companions for not doing for you, what you would be unwilling to do for them? How do envious scholars sometimes do? Who suffers most from the effects of envy, the person who envies another or the person envied? What sight is very beautiful? How ought scholars to treat each other? Can you relate the particulars of the incident which occurred in a certain school? What principles did this occurrence develope? Is such conduct very common among scholars? What is the course which some scholars pursue to get clear of punishment? Which do you think is most worthy of imitation?

Section LIX.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

1. 'T was autumn, and the leaves were dry
  And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by,
  With low and passive sound;
As through the grave yard's lone retreat,
  By meditation led,
I walked with slow and cautious feet
  Above the sleeping dead.
Three little graves, ranged side by side,
  My close attention drew;
O'er two the tall grass bending sigh'd,
  And one seemed fresh and new.
As lingering there I mused awhile
  On death's long dreamless sleep,
And mourning life's deceitful smile,
  A mourner came to weep.

2. Her form was bow'd, but not with years,
  Her words were faint and few;
And on those little graves, her tears
  Distilled like morning dew.
A prattling boy, some four years old,
  Her trembling hand embraced;

And from my heart, the tale he told
  Will never be effaced.
"Mamma, now you must love me more;
  For little sister 's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
  And brother too, you said.
Mamma, what made sweet sister die ?
  She loved me when we play'd.
You told me if I would not cry,
  You 'd show me where she 's laid."

3. "'T is here, my child, that sister lies,
  Deep buried in the ground;
No light comes to her little eyes,
  And she can hear no sound."
"Mamma, why can't we take her up,
  And put her in my bed ?
I 'll feed her from my little cup,
  And then she won't be dead.
For sister 'll be afraid to lie
  In this dark grave to-night;
And she 'll be very cold, and cry,
  Because there is no light."
"No, sister is not cold, my child·
  For God, who saw her die,
As he looked down from heaven ano smilec,
  Call'd her above the sky.

4. "And then her spirit quickly fled
  To God, by whom 't was given
Her body in the ground is dead;
  But sister lives in heaven."
"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
  And want some bread to eat ?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
  And keep them clean and neat ?
Papa must go and carry some;
  I 'll send her all I 've got :
And he must bring sweet sister home;
  Mamma, now must he not ?"
"No, my dear child, that cannot be;
  But if you 're good and true,

You 'll one day go to her; but she
  Can never come to you.
'*Let little children come to me*,'
  Once the good Saviour said;
And in his arms she 'll always be,
  And God will give her bread." MEMNON.

Section LX.

ALVAN, THE POOR LITTLE BURNT BOY.

1. There came one morn, a lovely child,
With gesture free, and accents wild;
Who, as we turned our guest to see,
Approach'd with meek simplicity.
We gazed—delighted with his air,
His brilliant eye—his skin so fair;
And listened with attentive ear,
His artless laugh of joy to hear.
And while we praised the lovely boy,
Whisper'd, "how great thy parents' joy;
Surely, whate'er their cares may be,
They all are sweetly soothed by thee."
And thought how kind indulgent heaven
Which had this precious blessing given.

2. The scene soon changed; for prone to roam,
The child, for pleasure, wandered home,
And, such is mortal's varied lot,
'Midst other scenes was soon forgot.
But scarce an hour, the scene had closed,
And silence o'er the past reposed,
When sudden as in fancy's dream,
There came a wild, distressing scream—
A scream so fearful, that it froze
The heart, that listened as it rose;
A scream so dreadful to mine ear,
It fixed me to the spot with fear.
Another came—this roused my thought,

My trembling feet the mourner sought.
And oh, the scene; though fled forever,
From mem'ry can it fade ? No never.

3. I saw that boy, whose artless smile
An hour before could cares beguile;
That lovely boy, with trembling frame,
Shrink from the fire's resistless flame.
I saw that skin like lily pure,
Mid dark'ning cinders now obscure;
And saw those eyes in beauty bright,
Close on the flame's terrific light;
And heard that voice which late could charm,
Screaming with anguish and alarm.
But O, what agony of thought,
When the wild mother's look I caught.
Methinks though now 't is fled forever,
That look can be forgotten, never.

4. Sad, sad, reverse ! how dark, how drear !
Mysterious fate ! thy plans appear,
When in the ruins of this hour,
I trace thy strong, resistless power,
And think before thy stern decree,
How quick our choicest comforts flee !
How soon those treasures given to bless,
May lead to trials and distress.
But say should mem'ry love to dwell
On sorrows, she alone can tell ?
Or frantic fancy fondly pore
O'er sufferings now forever o'er ?
Ah, no,—no more shall memory scan,
This sad, sad record of vain man !
Nor still shall fancy fondly stray,
Where anguish chills the mental ray.
But faith shall look beyond the rod,
And trace the hidden hand of God;
With hope our dreary path illume,
And light our passage to the tomb.

5. Mid scenes of gloom and deep distress
Which chill us, in the wilderness,

We 'll prove each pang is kindly given,
To form and lead our souls to heaven.
And though our hearts in anguish sever,
We 'll bless the hope that lives forever.
The scene is o'er, the spirit 's fled—
And Alvan's number'd with the dead.
Each pang is past—in death reposed,
His earthly pilgrimage is closed.
His form alone on earth reclines;
In other realms his spirit shines—
Freed from his earth-born chains of clay,
That spirit soars to realms of day;
No more by pains or fears distrest,
Inherits everlasting rest!
Death's only power from earth to sever;
For still he lives—will live forever.

JUV. MIS.

Section LXI.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

1. "How big was Alexander, Pa,
That people call him great?
Was he like old Goliah tall—
His spear an hundred weight?

Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high;
And, while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?"

"O no, my child: about as large
As I, or uncle James.
'T was not his *stature* made him great;
But greatness of his *name*."

"His *name* so great? I know 't is *long*,
But easy quite to spell—

And more than half a year ago
  I knew it very well."

2. "I mean, my child, his *actions* were
  So great, he got a name
That every body speaks with praise,
  And tells about his fame."

"Well, what great actions did he do?
  I want to know it all."
"Why, he it was that conquered Tyre,
  And levelled down her wall.

And thousands of her people slew—
  And then to Persia went—
And fire and sword on every side
  Through many a region sent

A hundred conquered cities shone
  With midnight burnings red—
And strewed o'er many a battle ground
  A thousand soldiers bled."

3. "Did *killing people* make him great?
  Then why was Abdel Young,
Who killed his neighbor training day,
  Put into jail and hung?

I never heard them call *him* great"—
  "Why, no—'twas not in war—
And him that kills a single man
  His neighbors all abhor."

"Well, then if I should kill a man,
  I'd kill a hundred more:—
I *should be great*, and not get hung
  Like Abdel Young before."

"Not so, my child, 't will never do:—
  The gospel bids be kind."
"Then they that kill, and they that praise,
  The gospel do not mind."

4. "You know, my child, the bible says,
  That you must always do
To other people as you wish
  To have them do to you."

"But, Pa, did Alexander wish
  That some strong men would come
And burn his house, and kill him too;
  And do as he had done?

And every body called him great
  For killing people so!—
Well, now, what *right* had he to kill
  I should be glad to know.

If one should burn the buildings here,
  And kill the folks within—
Would any body call him great,
  For such a wicked thing?"

Minot, Dec. 1828. C***.

VOCABULARY.

Containing a selection of words from each section, with definitions; designed as spelling exercises before reading: —Arranged and numbered to correspond with the reading sections.

REMARKS.

Full definitions to all the words are not given, as they would require more room than could be devoted to this purpose. The *local* meaning of the words is given, and frequently other meanings where it could be done conveniently.

Where verbs in the past tense, and the present and past participles are defined, it would be well for the teacher to require the verbs from which they are derived. Those words only, respecting which, there is danger of incorrect pronunciation, have the accent mark attached to them.

The syllabic divisions are made with particular reference to the pronunciation.

The letters in the Vocabulary, denoting the parts of speech, show how the words are used in the sentences from which they are taken. The scholar will not suppose, therefore, that the word which he there finds marked as a noun or any other part of speech, is always such. If he has learned his grammar, he will know that the same word is used as different parts of speech, according to its meaning.

The past participle, whether it makes a part of the passive verb or is used simply as a participle, is marked *p.*—Verbs in the past tense are marked the same as the present tense—*v.*

Section I.—*Page* 5.

AN-CES-TORS, *n.* those from whom we descend.
AS-CER-TAINED, *p.* fixed, made certain.
A-VOID-ED, *p.* shunned, quitted.
CAP-TIV-I-TY, *n.* slavery, bondage.
CEN-TU-RY, *n.* an hundred years.
CUL-TI-VATE, *v.* to improve, to cherish.
DE-FRAUD-ED, *v.* robbed by cheating.
DUES, *n.* rights, just claims.
EN-DURE, *v.* to bear, to undergo.
FOUND-ER, *n.* one who establishes or builds.
GAR-RI-SON, *n.* a place defended by soldiers.
HAR-MO-NY, *n.* agreement in sound or sentiment.
HOS-TIL-I-TIES, *n.* contests between persons or nations.
JEAL-OUS, *a.* suspicious or emulous of.
PRE-CAU-TION, *n.* care taken to prevent.
PE-CUL-IAR, *a.* distinguished, appropriate.
REC-ON-CILED, *p.* opposition done away.
RE-SENT-ED, *v.* anger manifested.
SET-TLERS, *n.* those who choose a place to live in.
SUB-DUED, *p.* conquered.
SUR-REN-DER, *v.* to yield to.

Section II.—*Page* 7.

AC-COM-PA-NIED, *p.* joined, or united with.
AP-PRISED, *p.* informed, or made acquainted with.
BAG-GAGE, *n.* the articles of persons travelling.
CAV-AL-CADE, *n.* a procession on horseback.
CE-LER-I-TY, *n.* swiftness.
CON-STER-NA-TION, *n.* fear, astonishment.
CON-DENSED, *p.* thickened.
CAR-CASS-ES, *n.* dead bodies.
CON-VULSED, *p.* violently agitated.
DIS-SO-LU-TION, *n.* a dissolving, death.
DES-PAIR, *n.* hopelessness, despondency.
DES-PER-ATE-LY, *ad.* rashly, madly.
EX TREME, *a.* end, or highest degree of anything.
E-LEC-TRIC, *a.* pertaining to electricity.
EN-VEL-OPED, *v.* surrounded, hidden.
FRAN-TIC, *a.* wild, extreme passion.
GAL-LOP, *n.* the swiftest speed of a horse.
HERD, *n.* a flock, a drove.
HUR-RI-CANE, *n.* a tempest.
HORDE, *n.* a wandering company.
IN-EV-I-TA-BLE, *a.* unavoidable.
LIT-ER-AL-LY, *ad.* exactly, not figuratively.
NEIGH, *n.* the voice of a horse.
O-VER-RUN, *v.* to pervade, to pass over.
RIP-PLING, *p.* gentle moving as of water.
RE-VER-BE-RA-TIONS, *n.* a driving back of sound.
STIR-RUPS, *n.* a support for a horseman's feet.
SCOUR-ING, *p.* scampering.
SUS-PEND-ED, *p.* hanged, dropped from.
TRAV-EL-LER, *n.* one who travels.
TREP-I-DA-TION, *n.* fear, trembling.
WHIRLED, *v.* turned round.

Section III.—*Page* 10.

AN-CHOR, *n.* that which confines or secures vessels.
AP-PEN-DA-GES, *n.* something added to, or connected with.
AD-VENT-UR-OUS, *a.* daring, bold.
AP-PALL-ING, *p.* terrifying, frightening.
AB-SORBED, *p.* swallowed up, deeply engaged.
AU-STERE, *a.* severe, harsh.
BUL-WARK, *n.* a defence.
CON-FER-ENCE, *n.* a private talk, or discourse.
COM-MO-DORE, *n.* a naval officer.
CHAT-TER-ING, *p.* talking idly.
CIR-CU-LAR, *a.* round.
CA-TAS-TRO-PHE, *n.* an unhappy termination.

Con-fi-den-tial, *a.* not to be disclosed.
Di-ver-sion, *n.* sport, game.
Diz-zy, *a.* giddy.
De-lib-er-ate, *a.* circumspect, wary.
Ex-haust-ed, *p.* wasted, spent.
Ex-i-gen-cy, *n.* necessity, critical moment,
En-er-get-ic, *a.* forcible, strong.
E-qua-bil-i-ty, *n.* evenness, uniformity.
Glee, *n.* merriment, mirth.
In-ex-press-i-bly, *ad.* that which cannot be expressed.
In-tense, *a.* vehement, ardent.
In-di-ca-ted, *v.* showed, painted out.
Mis-chiev-ous, *ad.* hurtful, malicious.
Mer-ri-ment, *n.* cheerfulness gaiety.
Mute, *a.* silent, still.
Oc-cur-rence, *n.* an event.
Plight, *n.* a condition, situation.
Pre-cip-i-tat-ed, *p.* cast down.
Peal-ed, *v.* sounded through.
Rig-ging, *n.* tackling of a ship.
Scru-ti-ny, *n.* a strict inquiry.
Shriek, *n.* a loud scream.
Sus-pense, *n.* delay, hesitation.
*Tas-sel, *n.* an ornamental bunch of silk.
Te-mer-i-ty, *n.* fearlessness, rashness.
Un-feigned, *a.* sincere, not hypocritical.
Wel-kin, *n.* the regions of the air.

Section IV.—*Page* 14.

An-nounced, *v.* proclaimed, published.
Al-le-vi-a-ting, *p.* easing, softening.
Corpse, *n.* a dead body.
Di-a-bol-ic-al, *a.* impious, wicked.
Do-na-tion, *n.* a gift, a present.
In-ter-po-sit-ion, *n.* mediation, agency between parties.
Man-i-fold, *a.* many in number.
Per-fi-dy, *n.* treachery.
Pros trate, *a.* lying flat.
Ra-pac-i-ty, *n.* proneness to plunder.
Re-ced-ing, *p.* retiring from.
Stu-por, *n.* inactivity, insensibility.
Un-manned, *v.* dejected, discomposed.
Vis-i-ble, *a.* that which may be seen.
Vi-cin-i-ty, *n.* neighborhood.

Section V.—*Page* 18.

Bass, *n.* in music.
Deal, *n.* a quantity.
Hum-ming, *p.* buzzing.
Harp-si-chord, *n.* a musical instrument.
Jest-ing, *p.* laughing, trifling.
Mal-lets, *n.* wooden hammers.
Pe-cul-iar-ly, *ad.* specially, particularly.
Pi-an-o-for-te, *n.* a musical instrument.
Pro-dig-ious, *a.* very large, immense.
Pli-ant, *a.* flexible, easily bent.
Re-pen-tance, *n.* sorrow for faults.
Rec-ol-lect, *v.* to call to mind.
Snap-ped, *p.* broke short.
Vul-gar, *a.* low, ordinary.
Ven-omed, *p.* poisoned.

Section VI.—*Page* 20.

An-tic-i-pa-ted, *p.* expected.
Ac-cu-mu-la-tion, *n.* a heaping up.
As-sur-ance, *n.* confidence, certainty.
Ar-til-le-ry, *n.* weapons of war, cannon.
Ac-cel-er-ate, *v.* to hasten forward.
Ar-ray, *n.* dress, order of battle.
Dis-as-ter, *n.* misfortune.
Ex-cru-cia-ting, *p.* torturing, tormenting.
Em-bark-a-tion, *n.* going on board a vessel.
Fer-ry, *n.* the place where passengers cross a river.
Fes-tiv-i-ties, *n.* rejoicings.
Gal'-lant-ly, *ad.* bravely, nobly.
In-vin'-ci-ble, *a.* unconquerable.

* Pron Tóss-el.

IM-PET-U-OS-I-TY, *n.* rashness, velocity.
OP-E-RA-TIONS, *n.* influence, workings.
PICK-ET, *n.* a military guard.
PRE-CED-ING, *p.* going before.
REINED, *v.* guided.
STEED, *n.* a horse.
STEN-TO-RI-AN, *a.* loud, boisterous.
TRE-MEN-DOUS, *a.* terrible, fearful.
TOR-NA-DO, *n.* a hurricane.
VO-CIF-ER-AT-ING, *p.* exclaiming.

Section VII.—*Page* 24.

AR-TIC'-U-LATE, *a.* distinct, plain.
AP-PA-RIT'-ION, *n.* an appearance, spectre.
BAT-TLE-MENTS, *n.* a breastwork.
CON-FLA-GRA-TION, *n.* a general burning.
DIS-PERS-ING, *p.* scattering.
DE-TACH-MENTS, *n.* bodies of troops.
E-QUA-NIM-I-TY, *n.* evenness of mind.
EX-PI-ATE, *v.* to atone for.
FOR-MI-DA-BLE, *a.* terrible, dreadful.
FOR-TI-FI-CA-TIONS, *n.* defences.
HOS-PIT-AL, *n.* a house for the sick.
IN-VEST-ED, *p.* surrounded.
IN-TOL-ER-A-BLE, *a.* that which cannot be borne, very bad.
MAN-TEL, *n.* work over a chimney.
MIT-I-GA-TED, *v.* softened, assuaged.
PEN-E-TRA-TING, *p.* searching.
PIC-A-ROON, *n.* a robber, a plunderer.
PAN'-NIERS, *n.* Baskets carried on horses.
RE-LENT-ED, *v.* abated out of compassion.
RED-OUBT', *n.* the outwork of a fortification.
RE-LUC-TANCE, *n.* unwillingness.
SIG-NAL, *n.* a sign, a token.
SEN-TRY, *n.* a watch, a guard.
STRAT-A-GEM, *n.* an artifice, a trick.
TRAV'-ERSED, *v.* wandered over.
VET-E-RANS, *n.* old soldiers.

Section VIII.
Page 36.

BRILL-IANT, *a.* sparkling.
BRUISED, *v.* hurt, mangled.
CLUS-TERS, *n.* bunches, collections.
CHER-UB, *n.* expression of endearment applied to children.
DIM-NESS, *n.* dulness of sight.
DE-FENCE-LESS, *a.* without protection.
DE-CAYED, *p.* consumed, rotten.
DYED, *p.* colored.
EN-DEARED, *p.* beloved.
EX-HAUST-ED, *p.* spent, reduced.
GAU-DY, *a.* showy, splendid.
MIM-IC, *a.* imitative.
PRIME, *n.* the spring of life.
PRO-FUS-ION, *n.* abundance.
POI-SON-OUS, *a.* hurtful, destructive
PRAT-TLING, *p.* childish chattering.
PAL-LID, *a.* pale, without color.
PLAY-MATES, *n.* youthful companions.
SHOUT-ING, *p.* exclaiming loudly.
WITH-ER, *v.* to fade, to die away.

Section IX.—*Page* 40

AT-TRACT-ED, *p.* allured, enticed.
AS-SAIL-ANTS, *n.* those who attack.
CUL-PRIT, *n.* a criminal.
CAB-I-NET, *n.* a secret room, or place.
CEIL-ING, *n.* the inner covering of a room or roof.
CON-GRE-GA-TED, *v.* assembled together.
CRIP-PLE, *n.* a lame person.
DEF-ER-ENCE, *n.* respect, submission.
DON-KEY, *n.* a little horse.
DAUBED, *v.* coarsely painted, smeared.
EM-BROID-ER-Y, *n.* variegated needle-work.
EL-E-VA-TED, *v.* exalted, lifted up.
EX-PELL-ED, *p.* thrust out.
FUZ-ZY, *a.* fine, short curls.
GEMMED, *p.* studded with gems.
IN-FLICT, *v.* to impose punishment.
LAU-REL, *n.* an evergreen.
MUNCH, *v.* to chew eagerly.
NECK-ER-CHIEF, *n.* a cloth for the neck.
PUZ-ZLED, *v.* confused, bewildered.
SPHERES, *n.* circles, or globes.
STUR-DY, *a.* hardy, obstinate.
SUN-DRY, *a.* several, divers.

Tru-ant, *a.* lazy, loitering.
Vic-ar, *n.* a minister of a parish.
Vix-en, *n.* a scolding female.

Section X.—*Page* 46.

Ac-qui-sit'-ion, *n.* acquirement.
Count-ing-house, *n.* place where accounts are kept.
Cor-res-pond-ence, *n.* intercourse.
Con-ver-sant, *a.* familiar with.
Cringed, *v.* bowed or flattered meanly.
Cher-u-bim, *n.* (plural of cherub.) images.
De-fic-ien-cies, *n.* imperfections.
Dis-si-pa-tion, *n.* licentious course of life.
Ef-fect-u-al-ly, *ad.* entirely.
En-thu-si-as-tic, *a.* full of ardor and zeal.
Ex-clu-sive-ly, *ad.* not admitting any other.
Flour-ish-ing, *a.* prosperous.
Grudge, *v.* to grant a favor reluctantly.
In-dul-gence, *n.* favor, gratification.
Im-pet-u-ous-ly, *ad.* violently.
In-dig-nant-ly, *ad.* angrily.
In'-ti-ma-cy, *n.* familiar intercourse.
In-do-lence, *n.* laziness.
Lei-sure, *n.* freedom from business.
Me-trop-o-lis, *n.* principal city.
Neph-ew, *n.* a brother or sister's son.
Or-phan, *n.* a child deprived of its parents.
Pa-tri-arch, *n.* father and ruler of a family.
Proph-e-cy, *n.* something foretold.
Rec'-og-nise, *v.* to know.
Re-cep-tion, *n.* receiving.
Strait-ened, *a.* pinched, in want.
Suf-fused', *p.* spread over.
Sneers, *n.* marks of scorn.
So-lic-it-ude, *n.* anxiety.
Tim-id-i-ty, *n.* fear, cowardice.
Un-con-trolled', *a.* without restraint.
Vig-i-lant, *a.* watchful, attentive.

Section XI. (1)

Page 53.

Ar-rest-ed, *p.* stopped, hindered.
Al-ter'-na-tive, *n.* a choice of two things.
As-pect, *n.* look, air, appearance.
Beau-ti-ful, *a.* pleasing to the sight.
Con-ster-na-tion, *n.* amazement, terror.
Con-flict, *n.* combat, strife.
Can-non-ade', *n.* an attack with great guns.
Con-cen'-tra-ted, *v.* embodied in a compact form.
Car-nage, *n.* slaughter, havoc.
Dev-as-ta-tion, *n.* waste, destruction.
E-quip-ments, *n.* a soldier's furniture.
El-e-va-tion, *n.* a height, a raising up.
In-trep-id, *a.* fearless, brave.
In-ter-pre-ta-tion, *n.* explanation, exposition.
Il-lu-mi-na-ted, *p.* enlightened.
Im-pet-u-os'-i-ty, *n.* violence, fury.
Im-pulse, *n.* forcibly driven forward.
In-ces-sant, *a.* continual, unceasing.
Mar-tial, *a.* warlike, relating to war.
Mag-nif-i-cent, *a.* splendid, pompous.
Peal, *n.* succession of loud sounds.
Prec-i-pice, *n.* a steep descent.
Re-in-force-ments, *n.* fresh assistance.
Re-con-noi'-ter-ing, *p.* examining.
Un'-du-late, *v.* to drive backward and forward, like waves.
Un-sheathed, *v.* drawn from the scabbard.
Van, *n.* the front of an army.
Verge, *n.* the brink, the utmost border.
Wa-ri-ly, *ad.* cautiously, prudently.

Section XI. (2)

Page 58.

An-noy-ance, *n.* a molestation, troublesomeness.

AF'-FLU-ENCE, *n.* riches, great possessions.
AC-RI-MON'-IOUS-LY, *ad.* harshly, sourly, unpleasantly.
A-VAIL, *v.* to profit by, to promote.
BE-NIGN', *a.* kind, generous.
BEN-E-FAC-TOR, *n.* one that confers a benefit.
CA-PA-CIOUS, *a.* wide, large, capable of holding.
CON-SOL'-ER, *n.* one who administers comfort.
DES-PER-A-TION, *n.* hopelessness, despair.
DES-TI-TU-TION, *n.* want, poverty.
DES-TI-NA-TION, *n.* purpose, place to be reached.
E-LAPSED, *v.* passed by, accomplished.
EN-VI-OUS, *a.* desirous of rivalry.
EX-TRI-CA-TED, *v.* released from.
FE-LIC-I-TY, *n.* happiness, bliss.
FAN-TAS-TIC, *a.* capricious, whimsical.
FAB-RIC, *n.* a building, or manufacture.
FRAN-TIC, *a.* outrageously mad.
HA-VEN, *n.* harbor, an asylum.
HAP-LESS, *a.* unhappy, luckless.
IN'-VA-LID, *n.* one disabled by sickness or hurts.
PET-U-LANT-LY, *ad.* peevishly, ill-naturedly.
PAL-LID, *a*, Pale, wanting color.
PER-QUI-SITE, *n.* something given over and above regular wages.
RICK-ET-Y, *a.* shattered, disordered.
RE-VERSED, *p.* turned to the contrary.
REQ-UI-SITE, *a.* necessary, required by the nature of things.
RO-MAN'-TIC-AL-LY, *ad.* improbably, fancifully.
RE-CLINED, *v.* reposed, rested upon.
RET-RO-SPEC-TION, *n.* the act of looking back.
SUS-TE-NANCE, *n.* support, maintenance.
VAGUE, *a.* unsettled, wandering.

Section XII. (1)
Page 64.

AP-PRO-PRI-ATE, *v.* to annex to, to set apart a thing
AM-PLE, *a.* full, sufficient.
AC-CEDE, *v.* to agree to, to approve of.
A-MENDS, *n.* compensation, satisfaction.
AB-RUPT-NESS, *n.* haste, suddenness.
A-VOW-AL, *n.* an admission, acknowledgment.
CRE-DENCE, *n.* belief, confidence in.
COM-MEN-DA-TION, *n.* approbation, praise.
CON-SCI-EN-TIOUS, *a.* scrupulous, nicely exact.
CUL-PRIT, *n.* a felon, a guilty person.
DE-ROG-A-TO-RY, *a.* detracting, taking from.
E-CO-NOM-I-CAL, *a.* frugal, saving.
FLIP-PAN-CY, *n.* talkativeness, pertness.
FRAUD-U-LENT, *a.* dishonest, trickish.
FER-VEN-CY, *n.* zeal, ardor.
IL-LUS-TRA-TIONS, *n.* explanations.
IN-CENSE, *n.* homage, veneration.
IR-REC-ON-CIL'-A-BLE, *a.* incapable of being reconciled.
IN-TEG-RI-TY, *n.* honesty, purity.
IN-DIG-NANT, *a.* angry, inflamed.
IN-VET-ER-ATE, *a.* obstinate by long continuance.
IN-STI-GA-TION, *n.* incitement, encouragement.
LO-QUA-CIOUS, *a.* talkative, pert.
MEN-TAL, *a.* relating to the mind.
OB-VI-OUS, *a.* plain, clear.
O-VERT, *a.* open, public.
OP-U-LENCE, *n.* riches, wealth.
PER-PE-TRA-TING, *p.* committing, performing.
PA-TER-NAL, *a.* fatherly, affection of a father.
PRO-PHET-IC, *a.* foretelling events.
PROP-A-GATE, *v.* to spread, to scatter.
PRE-CIP-I-TATE-LY, *ad.* rashly, heedlessly.
PORT-MAN-TEAU, *n.* a bag for carrying apparel.
PRO-VERB-I-AL, *a.* generally known, resembling a proverb.
PER-MA-NENT, *a.* fixed, stationary.
RET-RI-BU-TION, *n.* repayment, awarding according to merit.

Rec-og-nised, *v.* knew, ascertained.
Re-mit-tan-ces, *n.* sums of money sent to a distance.
Re-verse, *n.* a contrary, an opposite.
Rep-a-ra-tion, *a.* recompense for an injury.
Sar-cas-tic, *a.* taunting, severe.
Spe-cious, *a.* showy, plausible.
Tem-po-ra-ry, *a.* existing but for a moment.
Tac-it-ly, *ad.* silently, without speaking.
Tur-pi-tude, *n.* baseness, criminality.
Vi-vac-i-ty, *n.* sprightliness, animation.

Section XII. (2)

Page 78.

As-sailed, *v.* attacked.
Au-stere, *a.* severe, harsh.
Al-lot-ted, *p.* assigned, distributed.
Ar-range-ments, *n.* a putting in order.
Ar-rest, *v.* to seize, to lay hold of.
An-guish, *n.* sore distress.
Be-wil-der-ment, *n.* partial derangement.
Bal-lads, *n.* songs, ditties.
Con-scious, *a.* knowing.
Cri-sis, *n.* a critical time.
Car-na-tions, *n.* garden flowers.
Dawn-ing, *n.* first appearance of light.
Ex-ec-u-tor, *n.* one who executes.
En-dear-ment, *n.* fondness, affection.
Flail, *n.* an instrument for thrashing.
Fur-ni-ture, *n.* goods, utensils.
Fare, *n.* food, entertainment.
Glad-some, *a.* cheering.
Grate-ful, *a.* sensible of favors.
Herd-ing, *p.* enclosing, penning.
Hes-i-tat-ing-ly, *ad.* doubtingly.
In-curred, *p.* brought upon.
Ir-ra-tion-al, *a.* without reason.
Ju-dic-ious, *a.* prudent.
Lan-guid, *a.* weak, faint.
Mined, *p.* dug from the mines.
Manse, *n.* parsonage or minister's house.
Moor, *n.* a marsh, or heath.
Nursed, *v.* tended, cherished.
Pal-pi-ta-ting, *p.* throbbing or beating at the heart.
Por-tion, *n.* a part.
Ploughed, *v.* broke up with a plough.
Par-tic-i-pa-tion, *n.* a sharing with others.
Re-cov-er-y, *n.* restoration, regaining.
Res-cued, *p.* saved.
Rel-a-tive, *n.* a relation.
Re-pined, *v.* murmured, complained.
Re-signed, *p.* submissive, surrendered.
Sim-plic-i-ty, *n.* singleness, plainness.
Sur-geon, *n.* one who heals external injuries.
Sic-kle, *n.* an instrument for reaping.
Symp-toms, *n.* appearances.
Sup-pressed, *p.* kept down.
Spark-led, *v.* glittered.
Sin-ews, *n.* tendons, muscles.
Sat-is-fac-tion, *n.* content.
Shriek, *n.* a scream.
Thral-dom, *n.* bondage, servitude.
Tat-tered, *p.* torn, rent.
Thrash-ing, *p.* beating out grain.
Trib-u-la-tion, *n.* great affliction.
Un-wit-ting-ly, *ad.* ignorantly.
Up-braid-ing, *p.* chiding, scolding.
Wist-ful, *a.* attentive, earnest.
Wres-tle, *v.* to strive, to contend with.

Section XIII.

Page 85.

Ap-pro-pri-ate, *v.* apply.
Blem-ish, *n.* a scar, a reproach.
Com-rades, *n.* companions, partners.
Corps, *s.* a body of soldiers, *pron. core.*
Cap-i-tal, *a.* principal city or town.
Cra-vat, *n.* a neck cloth.
Dis-creet, *a.* sober, cautious, prudent.

DIS-CLOSE, *v.* to uncover, to reveal.
DE-POS-ITE, *n.* a thing entrusted to the care of others.
EN-LIST-ED, *p.* entered into military service.
FI-DEL-I-TY, *n.* honesty, faithfulness.
HUS-SAR, *n.* a Hungarian soldier.
IN-VA-LID, *n.* an infirm person.
IM-PUTE, *v.* to charge upon.
IM-POSED, *p.* enjoined, urged upon.
IN-DI-GENT, *a.* poor, necessitous.
MESSED, *v.* fed at the same table.
PEN-SION-ERS, *n.* dependants.
RE-CRUIT, *n.* a new enlisted soldier.
STREN-U-OUS-LY, *ad.* actively, zealously.
STRIP-LING, *n.* a young lad.
SOVE-REIGN, *n.* a ruler, a supreme magistrate.
SUB-SIS-TENCE, *n.* means of support.
SUN-DRY, *a.* several, a number.

Section XIV.

Page 87.

A-BAN-DONED, *p.* forsaken, lost.
BE-NEV-O-LENCE, *n.* desire to do good.
BEN-E-FAC-TOR, *n.* one that confers a benefit.
BRAND-ED, *p.* marked with infamy.
CHER-ISHED, *v.* nursed up, sheltered.
CON-TIN-U-OUS, *a.* joined together.
CHAR-I-TA-BLE, *a.* kind in giving and judging.
EM-BARKED, *v.* entered on board a vessel.
HOS-PI-TAL-I-TY, *n.* kindness towards strangers.
IN-CON-SID-ER-ATE-LY, *ad.* thoughtlessly.
IN-HU-MAN, *a.* cruel, barbarous.
IN-FA-MOUS, *a.* notoriously bad.
IN-GRAT-I-TUDE, *n.* returning evil for good.
IN-DIG-NA-TION, *n.* anger, wrath.
MAG-NI-FIED, *v.* made great.
OP-POR-TU-NI-TY, *n.* fit time, convenience.
OB-SERV-ANT, *a.* attentive, watchful.
RES-CUED, *p.* set free from danger.
ROY-AL, *a.* belonging to a king.
SCRU-PU-LOUS-LY, *ad.* carefully, nicely.
UN-PAR-AL-LEL-ED, *a.* having no equal.
VAL-OR, *n.* personal bravery.

Section XV.—*Page* 89.

AD-JU-TANT, *a.* military officer.
CON-FUSED, *p.* disordered, perplexed.
CAV-AL-RY, *n.* horse troops.
DI-VER-SION, *n.* sport, unbending the mind.
EN-CAMPED, *p.* settled in tents.
EN-TER-TAIN-MENT, *n.* a feast.
EM-BRACED, *v.* fondly and ardently seized.
FA-MIL-IAR-I-TY, *n.* easy intercourse.
GEN-ER-OUS, *a.* liberal, magnanimous.
NA-TIV-I-TY, *n.* time or place of one's birth.
PRO-VIS-ION, *n.* means of support.
TRADES-MAN, *n.* a store keeper.

Section XVI.

Page 90.

AR-RAY, *n.* a setting in order.
AD-VEN-TURES, *n.* enterprises.
AD-MIN-IS-TER, *v.* to supply, to help.
AS-TRAY, *ad.* out of the right way.
BUR-GLA-RY, *n.* robbing a house in the night.
BASK-ING, *p.* lying in the heat.
CON-CEAL, *v.* to keep secret.
COM-PLET-ED, *v.* finished.
DE-LIC-IOUS, *n.* sweet, delicate.
FOR-LORN, *a.* destitute, forsaken.
GUARD-IANS, *n.* those who have the care of others.
GREET-ED. *p.* accosted, saluted.
GRAT-I-FY, *v.* to please, to indulge.
GLEE, *n.* joy, merrimeat.
IN-TEM-PER-ATE, *a.* extreme indulgence.
IN-TEL-LI-GENT, *a.* well informed.
LUX-U-RI-ANT, *a.* plenteous.
MOR-TI-FI-CA-TION, *n.* shame, chagrin.
OF-FIC-IOUS-LY, *ad.* in a meddling manner.

PED-LARS, *a.* travelling traders.
PRE-CEPT, *n.* a rule, a mandate.
ROVE, *v.* to ramble, to wander.
RE-PAST, *n.* a meal.
SCREEN, *v.* to shelter, to protect.
SPA-CIOUS, *a.* wide, extensive.
SKULKED, *v.* hid.
VEN-DER, *n.* one who sells.
VAN-ISH, *v.* to disappear.

Section XVII.

Page 97.

AR-MOR, *n.* defensive arms.
AN-TIC-I-PAT-ED, *p.* expected.
AN-EC-DOTE, *n.* a short story.
BOTCH, *v.* to mend clumsily.
CEL-E-BRAT-ED, *p.* well known.
E-CON-O-MY, *n.* saving, prudence.
EN-GRAV-INGS, *n.* pictures.
FRIV-O-LOUS, *a.* trifling, unimportant.
GEN-TIL-I-TY, *n.* politeness.
GEN-E-ROS-I-TY, *n.* kindness, charity.
GRAT-I-FI-CA-TIONS, *n.* pleasures, delights.
IN-STIL, *v.* to infuse into.
IN-FRING-ING, *p.* violating.
LEIS-URE, *n.* freedom from business.
MERE, *a.* this or that simply.
PROV-ERB, *n.* a common saying.
SELF-ISH, *a.* exclusively devoted to self.
SAC-RI-FICE, *v.* to destroy, to give up.
SNARL, *n.* entanglement.
TER-MIN-AT-ED, *p.* closed, ended.
TOP-SY-TUR-VY, *ad.* things upside down.

Section XVIII.

Page 105.

A-VOID, *v.* to shun.
A-DRIFT, *ad.* floating at random.
AN-GUISH, *n.* extreme pain.
CAVE, *n.* a hollow place.
CRAFT, *n.* small sailing vessels.
CIR-CUM-FER-ENCE, *n.* distance round.
CON-JECT-URE, *n.* a guess, a supposition.
EX-PLORED, *v.* searched into.
E-MA-CIA-TED, *p.* deprived of flesh.
HAR-BOR, *n.* an asylum for vessels.
HAZ-ARD, *n.* a risk, a venture.
IN-TI-MATE, *a.* familiar with.
IS-SUE, *v.* to go forth.
IN-CON-SOL-A-BLE, *a.* not to be comforted.
LOW-ER-ING, *p.* threatening, frowning.
OC-CURRED, *v.* happened, took place.
PEB-BLES, *n.* small stones.
PER-SE-VERE, *v.* to persist in.
RE-MOTE, *a.* distant, far off.
SKIFFS, *n.* small vessels.
SMACK, *n.* a fishing boat.
SUS-TE-NANCE, *n.* food.
TRACE, *n.* a mark, a sign.

Section XIX.

Page 108.

AT-TEST, *v.* to bear witness to.
AS-SERT-ED, *v.* affirmed, declared.
AS-SIZ-ES, *n.* courts of law.
AD-DUCED, *p.* brought forward.
AC-CU-MU-LA-TED, *p.* heaped together.
BRIBED, *p.* hired to act unjustly.
CAN-DOR, *n.* openness, fairness.
COUN-SEL-LORS, *n.* advisers.
DE-MON-STRA-TIONS, *n.* convincing arguments.
DEX-TER-OUS, *a.* active, ready.
EN-ER-GET-IC, *a.* powerful, forcible.
FORE-MAN, *n.* a head man, or chief man.
GRAV-I-TY, *n.* weight, seriousness.
IM-POS-TOR, *n.* a deceiver.
IN-IQ-UI-TY, *n.* wickedness, injustice.
JU-RY-MEN, *n.* men who decide cases in court.
LONE-LY, *ad.* without company.
PLAIN-TIFF, *n.* one who commences a suit at law.
PRE-CA-RI-OUS, *a.* uncertain, hazardous.
PLEAD-ERS, *n.* those who argue a case.
PEN-E-TRA-TION, *n.* insight, sagacity.
RAM-BLING, *p.* roving, wandering.

RE-PULSED, *v.* defeated, driven back.
STIM-U-LAT-ED, *p.* stirred up, excited.
SUR-LY, *a.* ill-natured, sour.
SOPH-IS-TRY, *n.* false reasoning.

Section XX.

Page 112.

AM-PLE, *a.* large, liberal.
A-DAPT-ED, *a.* suited to.
AF-FLU-ENCE, *n.* riches, wealth.
CON-SIST-ENT, *a.* not opposed, agreeably with.
CON-TRIB-UT-ING, *p.* helping, assisting.
DE-VAS-TA-TIONS, *n.* waste, havoc.
DES-TI-TUTE, *a.* void of, forsaken.
EX-PI-RA-TION, *n.* the close or end of a certain time.
FOR-FEIT-ED, *p.* lost by some offence.
HAB-IT-U-AT-ED, *p.* accustomed to.
IN-DI-GENCE, *n.* poverty, want.
IN-GE-NU-I-TY, *n.* wit, invention.
LIB-ER-AL-LY, *ad.* freely, generously.
MAN-U-AL, *a.* performed by the hand.
ME-CHAN-IC-AL, *a.* pertaining to mechanics.
NAR-RA-TIVE, *a.* a relation or account.
OC-CUR, *v.* to happen, to take place.
PLEDGED, *v.* given as security.
RAV-A-GES, *n.* ruin, waste.
SPEC-I-MENS, *n.* samples.
SUS-PENSE, *n.* doubt, hesitation.
U-TIL-I-TY, *n.* usefulness, profit.

Section XXI.

Page 114.

AB-SOLVED, *p.* cleared from blame.
AWE, *n.* fear, dread.
A-SCRIBE, *v.* to attribute to.
AG-RI-CUL-TURE, *n.* the cultivating of land.
AL-LE-VI-ATE, *v.* to lighten.
AS-SID-U-OUS-LY, *ad.* industriously.
A-POL-O-GY, *n.* an excuse.
BRILL-IANT, *a.* shining, dazzling.
CON-TRAST, *n.* comparison, opposition.
COM-MU-NI-TY, *n.* a body of people.
EM-BLEM, *n.* a representation of something.
EN-CHANT-ING, *p.* delightfully pleasing.
EN-THU-SI-ASM, *n.* heat of imagination.
FAWN, *n.* a young deer.
FES-TIV-I-TIES, *n.* rejoicings, gaities.
GROT-TO, *n.* a place made for coolness.
HARE, *n.* a little animal.
HAM-LETS, *n.* small villages.
IN-GEN-U-OUS, *a.* fair, candid.
MOUNDS, *n.* ground heaped up for defence.
MIS-DE-MEAN-OR, *n.* ill behavior.
MOR-TI-FIED, *p.* ashamed.
NAT-U-RAL-IST, *n.* one who studies nature's works.
PA-TER-NAL, *a.* fatherly.
PRO-PRI-E-TOR, *n.* posessor in his own right.
RU-RAL, *a.* belonging to the country.
RE-PAIRED, *v.* resorted to.
RE-GAL-ING, *p.* refreshing.
RIG-ID-LY, *ad.* severely, inflexibly.
SEM-I-CIR-CU-LAR, *a.* like to a half circle.
SOL-I-TAR-Y, *a.* alone, without company.
SOL-I-TUDE, *n.* loneliness.
TRES-PASS, *n.* an offence.
TIM-ID, *a.* fearful, not brave.
USH-ERED, *v.* introduced.
VOW, *n.* a solemn promise.
VEN-ER-A-BLE, *a.* aged.
VI-VAC-I-TY, *n.* sprightliness, animation.
VAL-ET, *n.* a waiting servant.
VEN-E-RA-TION, *n.* profound respect
ZEAL-OUS, *a.* ardently engaged.

Section XXII.

Page 120.

AN-NU I-TY, *n.* a yearly allowance.
BUR-DENS, *n.* things grievous, loads.
CHAR-I-TY, *n.* kindness, liberality
COR-DIALS, *n.* medicines.
COM-PLI-MENTS, *n.* expressions of civility.

CON-DE-SCEND-ED, *v.* stooped, yielded to.
HU-MAN-I-TY, *n.* tenderness, kindness.
HU-MANE, *a.* kind, tender.
IN-SPEC-TION, *n.* a close survey.
MAIN-TAINED, *v.* supported.
MYS-TE-RY, *n.* something obscure.
OB-STI-NA-CY, *n.* stubbornness.
RE-SERV-ING, *p.* keeping back.
RE-CI-TAL, *n.* something told.
RE-FRESH-MENTS, *n.* food and drink.
TRANS-PORT-ED, *p.* excited to ecstasy.

Section XXIII.

Page 122.

ARC-TIC, *a.* relating to northern regions.
AT-TRACT-ED, *v.* drawn towards.
AS-CEND-ED, *v.* mounted upwards.
AP-PE-TITE, *n.* desire of food.
COM-PEN'-SATE, *v.* to repay.
DE-TES-TA-TION, *n.* dislike, hatred.
DO-CIL-I-TY, *n.* readiness to learn, mildness.
EX-TIR-PA-TED, *p.* destroyed.
FOLD, *n.* enclosure for sheep.
FA-TIGUE, *n.* weariness.
FUR-RY, *a.* covered with fur.
FUR-NI-TURE, *n.* household goods.
HES-I-TAT-ED, *v.* doubted.
HERD, *n.* a collection of animals.
IN-STINCT, *n.* a faculty in brutes in place of reason.
IN-EV-I-TA-BLE, *a.* unavoidable.
LUX-U-RY, *n.* unnecessary provision.
NUM-ER-OUS, *a.* a great number.
OR-NA-MENTS, *n.* decorations.
QUAY, *n.* a wharf.
SE-VER-I-TY, *n.* sternness.
SIN-EWS, *n.* muscles or nerves.
SIG-NAL, *n.* a sign.

Section XXIV.

Page 124.

AD-JUST, *v.* to place in order
CA-BLE, *n.* a great rope.
CREEK, *n.* a small port.
CRYS-TAL, *n.* a transparent substance.
CLUS-TERS, *n.* collections of things.
DE-SCENT, *n.* progress downward.
EX-CA-VA-TED, *p.* dug out.
EN-VEL-OPED, *p.* wrapped up, enclosed.
FAB-RIC, *n.* a building, cloth, &c.
HUES, *n.* colors.
IM-MENSE, *a.* vast, unbounded.
I-CI-CLES, *n.* bars of ice hanging down.
LUS-TRE, *n.* a dazzling brightness.
MI-NER, *n.* one who digs under ground.
ME-AN-DERS, *n.* windings, turnings.
MINE, *n.* a pit where minerals are dug.
MAG-NIF-I-CENCE, *n.* grandeur.
PAR-A-DISE, *n.* a place of felicity.
RA-DIANCE, *n.* sparkling lustre.
SUB-TER-RAN-EAN, *a.* underground.

Section XXV.

Page 127.

AS-PECT, *n.* appearance.
AB-SO-LUTE, *a.* positive.
AT-MO-SPHERE, *n.* air surrounding the earth.
AP-PAL-LING, *p.* alarming.
BER-RIES, *n.* a small fruit.
COV-ERT, *n.* a shelter.
CAN-DID-LY, *ad.* fairly, openly.
COPSE, *n.* thick low brush.
CUR-RENT, *n.* a continuous stream.
DENSE, *a.* thick, compact.
DI-VEST, *v.* to put off clothes, &c.
EL-E-VAT-ED, *p.* raised up.
ES-SEN-TIAL, *a.* material.
E-LEC-TRIC, *a.* relating to electricity.
FOL-IAGE, *n.* leaves of trees.
LIEU, in the room of.
MI-NUTE', *a.* very small.
MI-RAC-U-LOUS, *a.* extraordinary.
NOX-IOUS, *a.* hurtful.
PEAL, *n.* succession of sounds.
PAUSE, *n.* a stop; a rest.
RE-TREAT, *n.* retirement.
REV-ER-EN-TIAL, *a.* expressing awe and respect.
RE-CLINE, *v.* to repose.
SUL-TRY, *a.* hot and cloudy.
SPIRE, *n.* a steeple.

TRE-MEN-DOUS, *a.* astonishingly terrible.
TEN-DEN-CY, *n.* a leaning to.
VIV-ID, *a.* sprightly, bright.
VA-PORS, *n.* steam, fumes.
VEG-E-TA-BLE, *a.* belonging to plants.

Section XXVI.

Page 132.

A-POS-TRO-PHE, *n.* change of speech or address.
COM-MIS-ER-A-TION, *n.* pity, sympathy.
CON-STER-NA-TION, *n.* deep astonishment.
CON-SUL-TA-TION, *n.* conversing together in secret.
CE-LEB-RI-TY, *n.* popularity, general notoriety.
CORPSE, *n.* a dead body.
DIC-TA-TED, *p.* prompted, suggested.
DE-LIB-ER-A-TION, *n.* mature reflection.
DIS-SEC-TION, *n.* a cutting up.
FA-TAL, *a.* deadly, mortal.
HO-TEL, *n.* an inn, a tavern.
IN-TER-CEPT, *v.* to cut off, to obstruct.
IN-FAL-LI-BLY, *ad.* unerringly.
IN-TREP-ID, *a.* brave, courageous.
MAL-A-DY, *n.* a disease.
OP-ER-A-TION, *n.* agency, action.
PLAGUE, *n.* pestilence, contagious disease.
PRE-DOM-I-NANT, *a.* overruling.
PHY-SIC-IANS, *n.* those who practice the healing art.
PRE-CLUDE, *v.* to shut out, to deny a privilege.
PRIME, *n.* the beginning, the spring of life.
SYM-PA-THET-IC, *a.* affected with others' feelings.
SUR-GEON, *n.* one who heals external injuries.
SPON-TAN-EOUS, *a.* voluntary.
SUB-LIME, *a.* lofty, grand.
VIC-TIM, *n.* a living thing destroyed, or sacrificed.
VASE, *n.* an ornamental vessel.

Section XXVII.

Page 134.

AN-GLES, *n.* the points where any two right lines meet.
A-BATE-MENT, *n.* a diminishing.
AL-TER-NATE-LY, *ad.* by turns.
DIS-OR-GAN-ISED, *v.* disordered.
DE-FEN-SI-BLE, *a.* capable of defence.
E-NOR-MOUS, *a.* above common measure.
FOR-MID-A-BLE, *a.* terrible, horrible.
HEDG-ES, *n.* a fence of prickly bushes.
IN-SUB-OR-DI-NA-TION, *n.* rebellion.
IM-PASS-A-BLE, *a.* that cannot be travelled.
IM-PEN-E-TRA-BLE, *a.* that cannot be pierced or entered.
IN-VIS-I-BLE, *a.* that cannot be seen.
IR-RE-SIST-I-BLE, *a.* that cannot be resisted.
LEAGUE, *n.* distance of three miles.
LULLED, *v.* ceased, quieted.
MEM-O-RA-BLE, *a.* worthy to be remembered.
MEL-AN-CHOL-Y, *n.* depression, gloominess.
PAR-A-LYSED, *p.* weakened, palsied.
PA-TROL, *n.* those who go the rounds to keep order.
RE-PEL, *v.* to resist, to ward off.
ROUTE, *n.* a way, a march.
REAR, *n.* the hindmost body of troops.
STUNT-ED, *a.* hindered from growing.
SKIR-MISH-ES, *n.* partial battles.
TOP-IC, *n.* a subject of conversation.
VOL-LEY, *n.* a discharge of many pieces at once.

Section XXVIII.

Page 139.

BLEN-HEIM, *n.* a town in Germany.
COT-TAGE, *n.* a small farmhouse.
EX-PECT-ANT, *a.* waiting.
PLOUGH, *v.* to turn up the ground

QUOTH, *v.* said.
RIV-U-LET, *n.* a small stream.
SMOOTH, *a.* even on the surface.
SKULL, *n.* the principal bone of the head.
SPORT-ED, *v.* played.
SIGH, *n.* a long breath showing sorrow.
VIC-TO-RY, *n.* obtaining the mastery.
WON, *v.* gained, obtained.
WIL-HEL-MINE, *n.* a name, *pro.* Wil-hel-méén.

Section XXIX.

Page 141.

AC-CU-SA-TION, *n.* a charge brought against one.
BLAS-PHEMED, *v.* words spoken irreverently of God.
BE-HEST, *n.* a command.
CUL-PRIT, *n.* a prisoner arraigned.
CA-PA-BIL-I-TY, *n.* capacity.
CRUTCH, *n.* a support used by cripples.
CRIP-PLE, *n.* a lame person.
CON'-TU-ME-LY, *n.* reproach.
CON-SPIR-A-CY, *n.* a plot, combination.
DE-LIR-I-UM, *n.* derangement of mind.
EC-STA-SY, *n.* a high degree of pleasure.
EM-A-NA-TION, *n.* that which proceeds from another.
FAN-TAS-TIC, *a.* whimsical, irrational.
HAL-LE-LU-JAS, *n.* songs of thanksgiving.
IM-MOR-TAL, *a.* incapable of dying.
LIN-E-AGE, *n.* race, progeny.
MU-TI-LA-TED, *p.* deprived of essential parts.
MON-I-TOR, *n.* one who warns of faults.
PAL-ACE, *n.* a splendid house.
PRIN-CI-PAL-I-TIES, *n.* supreme powers.
PA-VIL-ION, *n.* a temporary house.
RIV-ET-ED, *v.* strongly fastened.
SPHERE, *n.* a globe, circuit of motion.
SER-APH, *n.* angelic being.
TRI-BU-NAL, *n.* the seat of a judge.
VAL-IANT, *a.* brave, heroic.
VIN-DI-CA-TED, *v.* supported, justified.

Section XXX.

Page 146.

AS-PIRE, *v.* to desire to rise higher
BROOD, *v.* to nurse.
BREAK-ERS, *n.* waves broken by rocks.
CE-LES-TIAL, *a.* heavenly.
DIRE-FUL, *a.* dreadful.
FER-VENT, *a.* zealous, glowing.
HAIL, *n.* frozen drops of water.
LU-RID, *a.* gloomy, dismal.
MOAN, *v.* to grieve, to sound dismally.
PER-VADE, *v.* to surround.
PRE-SAG-ING, *p.* anticipating, foretelling.
PAT-TER-ING, *p.* a noise like the beating of hail.
QUENCH, *v.* to stifle.
RAY, *n.* a beam of light.
RAV-INGS, *n.* exclamations of crazy persons.
STEAD-FAST, *a.* firm, unmovable.
TWAIN, *a.* two.

Section XXXI.

Page 147.

AM-BUSH, *n.* a lying in wait to surprise.
A-LOOF, *ad.* at a distance.
BEN-E-FIT, *n.* a favor conferred.
CAP-TIVE, *n.* a prisoner.
E-LAPSED, *v.* passed away.
FOR-AG-ING, *p.* searching for provisions.
FU-GI-TIVES, *n.* those who flee.
GLIM-MER-ING, *n.* a faint shining.
LURK-ING, *p.* hiding.
MI-NUTE', *a.* very particular.
OB-SCURE, *a.* dark.
PER-CEPT-I-BLE, *a.* capable of being seen.

PRO-FOUND, *a.* deep, abstruse.
REL-ISH, *v.* to like, to enjoy.
RE-CESS-ES, *n.* retired places.
STRIFE, *n.* wrangling, contention.
SO-LIC-IT-UDE, *n.* anxiety.
TOR-TURE, *n.* pain, anguish.
TER-MI-NA-TED, *v.* ended, finished.
TOM-A-HAWK, *n.* an Indian war axe.
WHOOP, *n.* a shout.

Section XXXII.

Page 151.

COV-E-NANT, *n.* an agreement.
CHAS-TISE-MENT, *n.* inflicton of punishment.
DAR-LING, *a.* favorite, dear.
EX-ILED, *p.* banished.
FUL-FIL, *v.* to keep a promise.
FOUN-TAIN, *n.* a source or head.
HOUSE-LESS, *a.* without a house.
KINS-MAN, *n.* a relation.
MAID-EN, *n.* an unmarried woman.
PRO-TECT, *v.* to defend.
PREC-IOUS, *a.* valuable, dear.
RACE, *n.* family.
SAV-AGE, *a.* barbarous, uncultivated.
STRAY, *v.* to wander.
SNARE, *n.* a trap.
TWINE, *v.* to clasp around.
WRATH-FUL, *a.* angry, violent.

Section XXXIII.

Page 152.

AV-EN-UE, *n.* a narrow passage.
AP-PLAUD-ED, *v.* praised, approved.
AM-BIG-U-OUS, *a.* doubtful, not plain.
AP-PA-RENT, *a.* obvious to be seen.
COR-RES-POND-ENT, *a.* suitable, adapted.
COP-PICE, *a.* a piece of thick underbrush.
CIR-CUIT-OUS, *a.* winding about.
CON-TIG-U-OUS, *a.* adjoining.
COM-BINED, *p.* united.
CAM-PAIGN, *n.* military service in the field.
CON-CERT, *n.* acting together.
CHAT-TER, *v.* to make a noise like birds.
DIS-GUISE, *n.* a counterfeit show.
EN-GIN-EER, *n.* one who directs the artillery of armies.
FAST-NESS-ES, *n.* strong places.
IN-EX-PRESS-I-BLE, *a.* incapable of being expressed.
IN-SPEC-TION, *n.* a searching into.
JUN-GLES, *n.* spots of thick wood.
MAX-IM, *n.* an established principle.
PEN-E-TRA-TED, *p.* pierced or seen through.
PRE-VIOUS, *a.* prior, going before.
RU-MI-NA-TING, *p.* reflecting.
SPE-CIES, *n.* a class, a sort.
SEN-TI-NELS, *n.* those who keep guard in an army.
TREACH-ER-Y, *n.* breach of faith.
U-NI-FORM-I-TY, *n.* evenness.
VA-CANT, *a.* empty, void.
VIG-I-LANT-LY, *ad.* watchfully

Section XXXIV.

Page 156.

AD-VER-SI-TY, *n.* misfortune, calamity.
CON-FLICT, *n.* a battle.
CAN-O-PY, *n.* a covering overhead.
DE-VOID, *a.* wanting, lacking.
DIS-MAY, *n.* confusion, astonishment.
FOILED, *p.* defeated.
FILM-Y, *a.* composed of films.
FOR-LORN, *a.* forsaken, destitute.
GLEAM, *n.* lustre, brightness.
GOS SA-MER-Y, *a.* like the down of plants.
IM-MERSED, *p.* plunged into.
LOW-ER, *v.* to frown, to look gloomy *pron. lour.*
MEED, *n.* reward, gift.
O-MEN, *n.* a sign.
PER-IL, *n.* danger.
PEARL-Y, *a.* resembling pearls.
PALM, *n.* part of the hand, a triumph
RE-COILED, *v.* shrunk back.
RO-MANCE, *n.* a fabulous story.
SCAN, *v.* to examine nicely.
STER-LING, *a.* genuine.
SKIL-LESS, *a.* without skill.
TRIV-I-AL, *a.* of no importance.

TINGED, *n.* imbued, colored.
WIST-FUL, *a.* attentive.

Section XXXV.

Page 159.

AB-SCOND, *v.* to run away.
AF-FA-BIL-I-TY, *n.* civility, easiness.
AF-FLU-ENT, *a.* rich, wealthy.
DIS-CERN, *v.* to discover, to distinguish.
DE-LIC-IOUS, *a.* sweet, delicate.
DE-FRAY-ING, *p.* bearing charges.
EX-TRAV-A-GANCE, *n.* needless waste.
FARE, *n.* provisions.
GLARED, *v.* dazzled with brightness.
GUEST, *n.* a stranger, a visiter.
HAM-MOCK, *n.* a swinging bed.
IN-TEG-RI-TY, *n.* honesty.
MOR-SEL, *n.* a very small quantity.
MAT-TRASS, *n.* a kind of quilt to lie on.
NURSE, *n.* one who takes care of the sick.
PEAS-ANT-RY, *n.* farming population.
PRO-PEN-SI-TY, *n.* a leaning towards.
PE-NU-RI-OUS-LY, *ad.* sparingly.
RE-PLEN-ISHED, *p.* stocked, refurnished.
REC-OG-NISED, *v.* acknowledged.
SCRIP, *n.* a small bag.
TEM-PEST-U-OUS, *a.* stormy.
TOIL, *v.* to labor.
TREAT, *n.* an entertainment.

Section XXXVI.

Page 164.

BLOS-SOMS, *n.* flowers of plants.
CUR-TAIN, *n.* a movable cloth, a screen.
CON-TENT-MENT, *n.* ease without anxiety.
DE-CREP-IT, *a.* wasted or worn out.
DAME, *n.* a lady.
DROSS, *n.* scum of metals, leavings.
GALE, *n.* a strong wind not tempestuous.
GROVE, *n.* a wood without underbrush.
GRATE-FUL, *a.* sensible of favors.
IM-PART, *v.* to communicate.
IN-CENSE, *n.* honor offered to a superior.
LAND-SCAPE, *n.* the prospect of a country.
LARK, *n.* a small bird.
MIN-GLED, *p.* associated, or united with.
PLOUGH, *n.* an instrument to turn up ground.
RE-FRESHED, *p.* relieved, rested.
RE-POSED, *v.* rested, slept.
SOL-ACE, *n.* comfort, alleviation.
VOW, *n.* a solemn promise.
YOUNG-STERS, *n.* young persons.

Section XXXVII.

Page 165.

AL-LI-ANCE, *n.* a confederacy, agreement.
A-E'-RI-AL, *a.* relating to the air.
BOUN-TY, *n.* a premium, generosity.
CHASE, *n.* pursuit.
DE-TER-MI-NA-TION, *n.* a resolution.
DEP-RE-DA-TIONS, *n.* robbing, mischief.
E-VADE, *v.* to shun.
FI-NAL-LY, *ad.* in conclusion.
I-DEN-TI-FIED, *p.* designated, known.
LIM-IT-ED, *p.* confined, restrained.
MUL-TIT-UDES, *n.* great number.
PUR-SU-ERS, *n.* those who pursue.
PROWL-ING, *p.* wandering about for prey.
RAV-A-GES, *n.* wasting, depredations.
RE-SPEC-TIVE, *a.* belonging to each
SA-GAC-I-TY, *n.* quick discernment
SCAF-FOLD, *n.* a temporary gallery.
SUC-CESS-ION, *n.* one thing following another.
VE-LOC-I-TY, *n.* swiftness.

Section XXXVIII.

Page 167.

AR-BI-TER, *n.* one who decides, a judge.
AL-LE-VI-ATE, *v.* to lighten.
BAT-TAL-ION, *n.* a body of troops.
CAN-TEENS, *n.* small rundlets used by soldiers.
DES-TI-NY, *n.* fate, doom.

De-pict-ed, *p.* painted, portrayed.
En-vi-a-ble, *a.* deserving envy.
Fur-lough, *n.* leave of absence to a soldier.
Gal'-lant, *a.* noble, high spirited.
Groups, *n.* crowds, collections.
Huz-za', *n.* a shout.
Hes-i-ta-ting, *p.* doubting.
In-tense, *a.* anxiously attentive.
Moored, *p.* fixed, stationed.
Pre-vious-ly, *ad.* beforehand.
Rec-og-nit-ion, *n.* knowledge confessed, recollection.
Sus-pense, *n.* doubt, hesitation.
So-lic-it-a-tions *n.* entreaties.
Trans-ports, *n.* vessels, ecstasy.
Thresh-old, *n.* entrance, step under the door.
Whim-sic-al, *a.* freakish, capricious.

Section XXXIX.

Page 171.

An-them, *n.* a divine song.
Bow-er, *n.* an arbor.
Balm-y, *a.* soothing, fragrant.
Bough, *n.* a branch of a tree.
Chime, *n.* harmony in sounds.
Dai-sies, *n.* spring flowers.
Fer-tile, *a.* fruitful, abundant.
Glades, *n.* openings in a wood.
Lisp-ing, *p.* speaking imperfectly.
Ma-tron, *n.* an elderly lady.
Min-strel-sy, *n.* instrumental harmony.
Plain-tive, *a.* expressive of sorrow.
Pli-ant, *a.* bending, limber.
Sculp-tured, *p.* cut, engraved.
Ten-drils, *n.* the clasps of vines.
Un-furled, *p.* unfolded.
Wails, *n.* lamentations.
Ves-per, *n.* the evening, or evening star.
Ver-dant, *a.* green, flourishing.

Section XL.

Page 173.

An-nu-al, *a.* yearly.
Ab-rupt, *a.* sudden, broken.
Be-guiled, *v.* deceived, imposed upon.
Be-wil-der, *v.* to puzzle, to confuse.
Be-reave-ment, *n.* a deprivation.
Cor-dial-i-ty, *n.* sincerity, good will.
Con-gre-ga-tion, *n.* an assembly of people.
Cel-e-bra-tion, *n.* a solemn performance.
Case-ments, *n.* facings of window frames, &c.
Cat-a-racts, *n.* falls of water.
Chasm, *n.* a gap, a cleft.
De-port-ment, *n.* behavior, conduct.
De'-file, *n.* a narrow passage.
E-lapsed, *p.* passed by. 9999
Flick-er-ing, *p.* fluttering.
Gust, *n.* a sudden blast of wind.
Groped, *v.* searched by feeling.
Glens, *a.* valleys.
Hos-pit-a-ble, *a.* kind to strangers.
In-ter-vals, *n.* spaces between two points.
Im-pet-u-os-i-ty, *n.* violence, fury.
Kirk, *n.* a word used in Scotland for meeting-house.
Lapse, *n.* time passed away.
Neph-ew, *n.* a son of a brother or sister.
Pre-cip-i-ta-ted, *p.* thrown down.
Par-ish, *n.* a particular district.
Prec-i-pice, *n.* a perpendicular descent.
Peat, *n.* a kind of turf used for fuel.
Re-luct-ant-ly, *ad.* unwillingly.
Sac-ra-ment, *n.* solemnity of communion.
Spray, *n.* foam of water.
Trudged, *v.* travelled laboriously.
Trem-u-lous, *a.* trembling.
Ut-ter-ance, *n.* speaking,
Va-por, *n.* steam.
Wal-let, *n.* a bag for provision, &c.

Section XLI.

Page 178.

A-cute', *a.* sharp, cunning.
Am-ply, *ad.* largely, liberally.

A-BYSS, *n.* a great depth.
AG-I-TATE, *v.* to put in motion.
BE-NUMBED, *p.* stupified.
CRAG, *n.* a rough steep rock.
CON-VUL-SIVE, *a.* sudden contraction of the muscles.
CLIFF, *n.* a steep rock.
DE-MEAN-OR, *n.* behavior, conduct.
DEX-TER-I-TY, *n.* activity, readiness.
E-LAS-TIC-I-TY, *n.* the springing power in bodies.
E-MER-GEN-CY, *n.* a pressing necessity.
EX-TINCT, *a.* quenched, extinguished.
FISS-URE, *n.* a narrow chasm.
HOR-I-ZON-TAL-LY, *ad.* parallel to the horizon.
IN-STINCT, *n.* a species of reason in brutes.
IN-AC-CESS-I-BLE, *a.* not to be approached.
IN-TER-CESS-ION, *n.* pleading in behalf of another.
LAN-GUID-LY, *ad.* weakly, feebly.
MEN-TAL, *a.* relating to the mind.
MUS-CU-LAR, *a.* relating to the muscles.
PRO-JEC-TION, *n.* a shooting forward, a scheme.
PU-PIL, *n.* one in charge of a tutor or guardian.
PER-PEN-DIC-U-LAR, *a.* not slanting.
PRE-CA-RI-OUS, *a.* uncertain, hazardous.
PO-NY, *n.* a small horse.
PAL-LID, *a.* pale, death-like.
RES-CUE, *n.* a snatching from danger.
RE-MON-STRAT-ED, *v.* objected, argued.
SAP-LINGS, *n.* young trees.
SANCT-U-A-RY, *n.* a sacred temple or place.
TRAN-QUIL-LI-TY, *n.* a quiet condition.
THRILL, *n.* a short tingling sensation.
VOL-UN-TEERED, *v.* freely offered.
WHIRL-POOL, *n.* a circular moving of water.
YAWN-ING, *p.* gaping

Section XLII.

Page 184.

AV-A-LANCHE', *n.* immense body of snow, precipitated from mountains *Fr.*
AZ-URE, *a.* faint blue.
BLEACHED, *v.* whitened.
*CHAM-OIS, *n.* a small animal.
DE-LU-SIVE, *a.* deceiving.
DE-CAY, *n.* decline.
FATH-OM-LESS, *a.* without a bottom.
FREN-ZIED, *a.* distracted.
HA-ZY, *a.* dark, foggy.
MOUN-TAIN-EERS, *n.* those who dwell among mountains.
MA-NI-AC, *n.* a crazy person.
MOTE, *n.* a minute object.
MUS-ING, *p.* intently meditating.
PEAKS, *n.* tops of hills and mountains.
RAV-EN-OUS, *a.* furiously hungry.
SHEP-HERD, *n.* one who tends sheep
SHRIEK, *n.* a piercing scream.
TRU-ANT, *a.* idle, loitering.

Section XLIII.

Page 186.

AP-PEASED, *v.* pacified.
A-BET-TING, *p.* aiding.
AD-MO-NIT-ION, *n.* warning, reproof.
CON-JECT-URES, *n.* calculations, suppositions.
CON-TRIT-ION, *n.* penitence, sorrow.
CON-STA-BLES, *n.* civil officers.
DE-VOLVED, *v.* passed over to another.
DE-SERT-ER, *n.* one who abandons his duty.
DEP-O-SI-TION, *n.* public testimony.
EX-PERT, *a.* quick, ready, dexterous.
FEL-ON, *n.* a criminal.
FE-ROC-I-TY, *n.* savageness, fierceness.
GEN-TRY, *n.* a term ironically applied to rogues.
IM-PER-TI-NENT, *a.* meddling.
IN-COR-RI-GI-BLE, *a.* bad beyond amendment.

* *pron.* sham-ói.

IN-TER-RO-GATE, *v.* to question.
LO-QUAC-I-TY, *n.* given to much speaking.
LEN-I-TY, *n.* mildness, tenderness.
MUF-FLED, *p.* concealed, covered.
OB-LIT-ER-A-TED, *p.* blotted out, erased.
PRE-VAR-I-CA-TION, *n.* a shuffle, an evasion.
RU-MOR, *n.* a report.
SUR-MIS-ES, *n.* guesses, conjectures.
TRANS-POR-TA-TION, *n.* removal, conveyance.
UN-WAR-RANT-A-BLE, *a.* unjustifiable.
VAGUE, *a.* uncertain, undetermined.

Section XLIV.

Page 192.

AP-PLAUSE, *n.* commendation, praise.
AC-CU-MU-LATE, *v.* to heap up, to collect.
AR-REARS, *n.* that which remains behind.
BAN-DAGE, *n.* a covering, a wrapper.
CON-GRAT-U-LATE, *v.* to compliment with joy.
COURT-MAR-TIAL, *n.* a court of military officers.
COM-MIS-ER-A-TION, *n.* sympathy, pity.
CART, *n.* a two wheel carriage for luggage.
DIS-SUADE, *v.* to discourage, to advise against.
DE-LIN-QUENT, *n.* an offender.
DE-SERT-ER, *n.* one who flees from his station.
EN-ROLLED, *p.* recorded.
FORE-BO-DINGS, *n.* evil anticipations.
FAL-LA-CIOUS, *a.* deceptive, unreal.
HAL-BERD, *n.* a military weapon.
IN-DIS-PEN-SA-BLE, *a.* not to be spared.
LIT-ER-AL-LY, *ad.* with adherence to words.
OST-LER, *n.* one who takes care of horses.
RE-MORSE, *n.* anguish of guilt.
RIG-OR, *n.* severity, sternness.
RE-COUNT-ED, *v.* told over again, related.
SO-LIC-IT-ED, *v.* entreated.
TRAV-ERSED, *v.* crossed over.

Section XLV.

Page 197.

BIL-LOWS, *n.* heavy waves.
CHEER-FUL, *a.* mirthful, happy.
CALM, *n.* quiet, serenity.
DI-VER-SION, *n.* sport, recreation.
DAR-LING, *a.* dear, precious.
GLIS-TEN, *v.* to shine, to sparkle.
IN-TRUDE, *v.* to thrust forward unbidden.
IN-DULGE, *v.* to favor, to gratify.
STREAM-LET, *n.* a very small stream.
SER-E-NADE', *n.* complimentary music in the night.
SCENE, *n.* a display, an occurrence.
TWINK-LING, *p.* sparkling.
THRONE, *n.* a royal seat
WOR-SHIP, *v.* to adore.

Section XLVI.

Page 198.

AD-MI-RA-BLE, *a.* worthy of being admired.
AP-PRE-HEN-SION, *n.* faculty of conceiving new ideas.
AS-PEN, *n.* a tree, the leaves of which always tremble.
A-PART-MENTS, *n.* rooms in a building.
CE-DAR, *n.* a kind of wood.
CON-SIGN, *v.* to commit to another
CLODS, *n.* lumps of earth.
DAUNT-ED, *p.* discouraged, depressed.
DIM-PLED, *a.* set with dimples.
DAWNED, *v.* glimmered obscurely.
DOMES, *n.* buildings, cupolas.
EN-VI-OUS, *a.* affected with envy.
EX-TOL-LED, *v.* praised, magnified.
GROAN, *v.* to heave a deep sigh.
IN-TRI-CA-CY, *n.* perplexity, obscurity.
IN-TEL-LECT, *n.* faculty of understanding.

IN-FI-NITE, *a.* without end.
MEL-AN-CHOL-Y, *n.* gloominess.
PLI-ANT, *a.* bending, limber.
RE-CLINES, *v.* reposes, rests.
REV-EL-RY, *n.* festive mirth.
SA-BLE, *a.* black, mournful.
STATE-LI-NESS, *n.* grandeur, dignity.
TRAIN, *n.* a retinue.
TOW-ER, *n.* a high building.
TREACH-ER-OUS, *a.* faithless, betraying.
TEACH-A-BLE, *a.* easy to be taught.
TOT-TERED, *v.* trembled, reeled.
VIG-OR-OUS, *a.* full of strength.
VA-CANT-LY, *ad.* thoughtlessly.
VERGE, *n.* the brink, the edge.
VA-RI-A-BLE, *a.* changeable, mutable.

Section XLVII.

Page 201.

AB-RUPT-LY, *ad.* hastily, without ceremony.
BOLT-ING, *p.* springing forth.
CAPT-URE, *v.* to seize, to lay hold of.
CUT-LASS, *n.* a broad sword.
CAU-TIOUS, *a.* careful.
DEN, *n.* a cave, or resort of wild animals.
FRAY, *n.* a broil, a battle.
FEINT, *n.* a pretence, a sham.
GRAP-PLE, *v.* to lay hold of.
IM-PER-VI-OUS, *a.* impenetrable.
LANCE, *n.* a long spear.
ME-RID-IAN, *n.* mid-day.
MAN-TLE, *n.* a covering.
PRE-DOM-I-NANT, *a.* supreme in influence.
PER-PEN-DIC-U-LAR, *a.* not leaning.
RE-CON-NOI-TRE, *v.* to survey, to examine.
RASH-NESS, *n.* acting without consideration.
RE-CRUIT, *v.* to repair by fresh supplies.
SPE-CIES, *n.* a sort, class or order of beings.
TYR-AN-NY, *n.* severity, rigor.
TRE-MEN-DOUS, *a.* dreadful.
WOOD-BINE, *n.* honey-suckle, a running vine.

Section XLVIII.

Page 205.

AS-CEND-ED, *v.* mounted upward
CHIEF, *n.* a leader.
ECH-O-ING, *p.* sounding back.
EL-E-VATE, *v.* to raise up.
E-NUN-CI-A-TION, *n.* utterance of words.
FOAM, *n.* froth, spume.
GRAY, *a.* a color.
HUN-TERS, *n.* those who pursue game.
IM-MENSE, *a.* unusually large.
MISTS, *n.* thin vapors or rain.
PALE, *a.* wanting color.
PAUSE, *n.* a stop, a suspension.
RE-SOUND-ING, *p.* sounding back.
SUC-CESS-IVE, *a.* following in order.
SI-MUL-TA-NEOUS, *a.* acting together.

Section XLIX.

Page 207.

A-SY-LUM, *n.* a place of refuge.
AS-PECT, *n.* the appearance of things.
AC-CU-MU-LA-TION, *n.* a heaping up.
BAT-TLE-MENTS, *n.* a kind of wall on the tops of buildings.
BUF-FET-ING, *p.* combating.
BAR-RI-CA-DED, *p.* stopped up.
BOW-SPRIT, *n.* a spar appertaining to a vessel.
BUR-DEN-SOME, *a.* very capacious.
CON-STER-NA-TION, *n.* astonishment with terror.
COVE, *n.* a small bay.
CLIME, *n.* a climate.
COM-PU-TED, *p.* reckoned.
CA-TAS-TRO-PHE, *n.* a disastrous event.
CAT-A-LOGUE, *n.* a list.
CA-LAM-I-TY, *n.* a misfortune.
DE-PLORE, *v.* to lament.
DIS-MAY, *n.* confusion.
DIS-TIL-LE-RY, *n.* an establishment for making ardent spirits.
DIS-MAN-TLED, *p.* stripped.
DI-VEST-ED, *p.* deprived of.
DE-VAS-TA-TION, *n.* destruction.
DE-PICT-ED, *p.* painted, marked.

ED-I-FICE, *n.* a building.
HURLED, *p.* thrown with violence.
IN-TER-MIS-ION, *n.* a recess, a cessation for a time.
IN-UN-DA-TED, *v.* overflowed with water.
IM-MI-NENT, *a.* critically exposed.
I-DEN-TI-FY, *v.* to ascertain.
IN-OP-E-RA-TIVE, *a.* incapable of acting.
IM-PET-U-OS-I-TY, *n.* a rushing with violence.
IN-EV-I-TA-BLY, *ad.* without possibility of escape.
LO-CA-TED, *p.* placed, fixed.
MOOR-INGS, *n.* anchoring places.
PER-FO-RA-TED, *p.* bored through.
PROS-TRA-TED, *p.* levelled.
RE-PUL-SIVE, *a.* forbidding.
TOR-NA'-DO, *n.* a violent hurricane.
TUR-RETS, *n.* small eminences on houses.
VEERED, *v.* turned about.
VES-TIGE, *n.* footsteps, prints or marks.

Section L.

Page 210.

AN-TIC-I-PATE, *v.* to expect, to wait for.
AU-DI-BLY, *ad.* in a manner to be heard.
BE-TRAYED, *v.* deceived by treachery.
CA-RESS-ING, *p.* acting fondly towards another.
CHER-UB, *n.* a fine child, a celestial spirit.
CREV-I-CES, *n.* cracks, clefts.
DIS-CERN-I-BLE, *a.* that which may be seen.
GURG-LING, *p.* a gushing noise of water
HIL-LOCK, *n.* a small hill or eminence.
IL-LIM-IT-A-BLE, *a.* without bounds.
IN-AR-TIC-U-LATE, *v.* indistinct speaking.
JER-KIN, *n.* a short coat.
LAPSE, *n.* time passed away, a fall.
MIN-IA-TURE, *n.* a small likeness.
NURS-LING, *n.* a fondling, a child.
PER-ILS, *n.* dangers.
PEN-SIVE, *a.* sorrowfully thoughtful.
PRO-JEC-TOR, *n.* one who originates a thing.
PIER, *n.* a column of stones &c. to support an arch.
PLAC-ID, *a.* mild, calm, serene.
RE-POSE, *n.* ease, rest.
RA-DIANCE, *n.* dazzling brightness.
SUS-PENSE, *n.* doubt, uncertainty.
TRAN-QUIL, *a.* calm, peaceful.
TWI-LIGHT, *n.* partial or feeble light.
VA-CANT, *a.* empty, void.
WASTES, *n.* unoccupied regions.

Section LI.

Page 216.

AC-CORD-ANCE, *n.* agreement with.
CHO-RUS, *n.* a number singing in concert.
CON-CAVE, *n.* a hollow like a saucer.
COV-ERTS, *n.* a shelter, a thicket.
EC-STA-SIES, *n.* feelings of great joy.
EN-TRANCE', *v.* to produce listless astonishment.
E-NAM-ORED, *p.* delighted, or in love with.
EN-CHANT-ING, *p.* delightfully pleasing.
EN-SHRINED, *p.* sacredly enclosed.
FO-LIAGE, *n.* a thick cluster of leaves.
FU-GI-TIVE, *a.* flying.
GOS-SA-MER, *n.* the down of plants.
IN-CES-SANT-LY, *ad.* constantly, without ceasing.
IL-LU-MINED, *v.* enlightened.
IN-HER-IT, *v.* to obtain possession of.
LUS-TRE, *n.* a sparkling brightness.
LONE-LY, *a.* without company.
LUX-U-RI-ANCE, *n.* abundance.
LAWN, *n.* an open place between woods.
MYS-TI-CAL, *a.* obscure, secret.
MIR-ROR, *n.* a looking glass, that which reflects light.
MER-MAID, *n.* a sea animal.
MAN-SION, *n.* an elegant house.
MIEN, *n.* look, appearance.
O-MIN-OUS, *a.* foreboding evil.
OW-LET, *n.* an owl.

PHAN-TOMS, *n.* fancied appearances.
RAPT-URE, *n.* extreme delight.
RE-TIRE-MENT, *n.* private abode.
RE-FLECT-ED, *p.* thrown back.
RAV-ISH-ING *p.* enrapturing.
SEQUES-TERED, *p.* privately withdrawn.
SER-APH, *n.* an angelic being.
SPHERE, *n.* a globe or round body.
SYM-PHO-NI-OUS, *a.* harmonious.
SER-PEN-TINE, *a.* winding like a serpent.
SCROLL, *n.* a writing rolled up.
TWIT-TER-ING, *p.* the chattering of birds.
VIED, *v.* contended with.
VIS-TA, *n.* view, prospect.
VOL-A-TILE, *a.* lively, fickle.

Section LII.

Page 219.

AG-GRA-VA-TING, *p.* irritating.
AC-CESS, *n.* admission to.
AUG-MENT-ED, *v.* increased.
BOAT-SWAIN, *n.* an under officer of a vessel.
COUN-TER-ACT'-ING, *p.* acting opposite to.
DIS-AS-TERS, *n.* misfortunes, mishaps.
EX-PLO-SION, *n.* a sudden and violent noise.
HOS-PIT-A-BLY, *ad.* treating strangers kindly.
HOLD, *n.* room in a vessel under deck.
HATCH-ES, *n.* doors on a ship's deck.
HID-EOUS, *a.* frightful, horrible.
IN-TENSE, *a.* extreme, high degree.
IM-PEND-ING, *p.* threatening, imminent.
LIM-IT-ED, *p.* confined, bounded.
MAR-I-NER, *n.* a seafaring man.
PRE-CAU-TIONS, *n.* pains to prevent.
PLIED, *v.* diligently employed.
REN-O-VA-TED, *p.* renewed.
SUC-COR, *n.* aid, assistance.
YAWL, *n.* a large boat.

Section LIII.

Page 223.

BUY, *v.* to purchase.
DREAR-Y, *a.* gloomy, dismal.
DROOP-ING, *p.* languishing.
FAWNED, *v.* hung upon fondly, coaxed.
FLAT-TER-ERS, *n.* those who fawn or flatter.
GEN-E-ROUS, *a.* kind, liberal.
KNELL-ING, *p.* tolling of a bell.
LOATHES, *v.* hates, abhors.
LONE, *a.* without company.
MUTE, *a.* silent, speechless.
NUR-TURED, *p.* educated.
OR-PHAN, *a.* bereft of parents.
O-VER-SHAD-ING, *p.* covering over with darkness.
RE-PEL-LING, *p.* driving back
SOOTHE, *v.* to calm, to gratify.
STRUG-GLING, *p.* combating.
THORN-LESS, *a.* without thorns.
WEA-RY, *a.* fatigued.

Section LIV.

Page 225.

AC-COST-ED, *v.* addressed, saluted.
BE-TO-KENED, *v.* signified, denoted.
CEL-LAR, *n.* a room under ground.
CROUCH-ING, *p.* stooping, fawning.
CON-SE-QUEN-TIAL, *p.* self-conceited.
CON-TRAST, *n.* comparison, opposition.
DE-VISED, *p.* contrived, considered.
DIC-TION-A-RIES, *n.* books containing the words of a language.
EM-I-GRANTS, *n.* persons removing from one place to another.
IN-UN-DA-TED, *p.* overflown with water, filled.
PAL-LID, *a.* pale, wanting color.
PI-AZ-ZA, *n.* a walk under a roof supported by pillars.
PIL-LAR, *n* a column, a prop.
RE-PINE, *v.* to fret, to complain.
SCREEN, *v.* to shelter, to defend.
SNUG-GLED, *p.* getting close to another.
SHIV-ER-ING, *p.* trembling, shuddering.
TAT-TERED, *p.* torn, ragged.
U-TEN'-SIL, *n.* an instrument of any kind.
VAG-A-BOND, *n.* a worthless wanderer.

VIS-I-BLE, *a.* that which may be seen.
WEA-RI-SOME, *a.* tiresome, tedious.

Section LV.

Page 230.

BEAMS, *n.* rays of light.
EX-PAND, *v.* to spread out.
FA-BLE, *n.* a feigned story.
GREET-INGS, *n.* salutations.
HOARD-ED, *v.* heaped up.
JING-LING, *p.* rattling, clinking.
LISP-ING, *p.* speaking defectively.
MAN-TLE, *n.* a covering.
PET, *n.* a favorite.
PRANC-ING, *p.* capering of horses.
SA-GES, *n.* wise men.
SKAT-ING, *p.* sporting on ice with skates.
TUR-BU-LENT, *a.* tumultuous, agitated.
UN-SUL-LIED, *a.* pure, not soiled.

Section LVI.

Page 232.

A-BATE, *v.* to lessen, remit.
AT-TEND-ANTS, *n.* companions, servants.
ANX-IOUS-LY, *ad.* with solicitude.
CA-PAC-I-TY, *n.* powers of the mind.
COUCH, *n.* a bed, a seat.
DE-TEN-TION, *n.* the act of detaining.
DE-SCENT, *n.* a declivity.
DE-SIST, *v.* to leave off.
DELL, *n.* a place between two hills.
DE-PRAVED, *p.* viciated, made worse.
DAWN, *n.* break of day.
E-NOR-MI-TY, *n.* wickedness, great crime.
FOR-FEIT, *n.* loss by offence.
GRIEVE, *v.* to lament.
IN-GEN-U-OUS, *a.* open, candid, fair.
IN-TU-I-TIVE-LY, *ad.* perceiving at once.
IN-SIG-NIF-I-CANT, *a.* worthless, trifling.
IN-TER-EST-ED, *p.* moved, affected.
IN-TEL-LI-GENT, *a.* knowing, skilful.
JOC-UND, *a.* merry, gay.
MAG-IS-TRATE, *n.* a civil officer.
OUT-RAGE, *n.* violence, insult.
PREF-ER-ENCE, *n.* choice.
RE-CRUIT-ED, *p.* recovered.
RUST-LING, *a.* a low noise of leaves, &c.
RE-GRET, *v.* to feel sorrow.
RE-SERVE, *v.* to keep, to keep back.
SUR-PASS-ING-LY, *ad.* exceedingly
SOL-I-TUDE, *n.* loneliness.
SE-VERE, *a.* cruel, sharp, distressing.
TER-MIN-ATE, *v.* to end, to finish.
VIC-IOUS, *a.* immoral, wicked.
WINCE, *v.* to shrink, to flounce.

Section LVII.

Page 240.

AV-A-RIC-IOUS, *a.* greedy after wealth.
AP-PALL-ING, *p.* striking with terror.
AL-TER-NA-TIVE, *n.* a choice of two things.
AS-SU-RANCE, *n.* certain knowledge, confidence.
BA-RON, *n.* title of nobility.
BA-RON-ESS, *n.* wife of a Baron.
BAN-DIT-TI, *n.* a band of robbers.
BU'-REAU, *n.* a piece of furniture.
CON-FLICT, *n.* struggle.
COR-DIALS, *n.* exhilarating liquors.
CON-CEALED, *p.* hid.
COURT-EOUS, *a.* civil, polite.
CHAN-DEL-IER, *n.* a glass or brass frame for lights.
CAV-AL-LE'-ROS, sirs or gentlemen, (*Spanish.*)
COM-PAR-A-TIVE-LY, *ad.* by way of comparison.
DE-VISE, *v.* to contrive.
DE-POS-IT-ED, *p.* placed.
EF-FECT-U-AL, *a.* that which produces the effect.

EN-ER-GET-IC, *a.* forcible, vigorous.
EN-COUN-TER, *v.* to meet, to engage with.
EN-MASSE', *ad.* all together. (*French.*)
FIERCE, *a.* violent, forcible.
GEST-URE, *n.* motion of the arms.
GAL-LANT-RY, *n.* civility, generosity.
HA-VAN-A, *n.* capital of Cuba.
HARSH, *a.* grating, violent.
IN-FA-MOUS, *a.* notoriously bad.
IN-CAU-TIOUS-LY, *ad.* without due care.
IN-CUR-SIONS, *n.* inroads, attacks.
ISS-UED, *v.* stepped forth.
IN-TER-POSED, *v.* placed between.
IM-PRE-CA-TIONS, *n.* profane curses.
MA-TER-NAL, *a.* motherly.
MUS-KIT-TO, *n.* an insect.
MA-LIG-NANT, *a.* malicious.
NAR-RA-TIVE, *n.* a relation, a story.
PAR-ENT-AGE, *n.* birth, descent.
PI-RATES, *n.* those who rob on the sea.
PER-IL, *n.* danger, risk.
PAS-SAGE, *n.* way, road.
PER-SE-CU-TORS, *n.* those who persecute or distress.
PIL-LAGE, *n.* plunder.
PER-PE-TRA-TORS, *n.* those who commit crimes.
RE-SORT, *n.* a place of meeting.
RUF-FIANS, *n.* robbers, cut-throats.
SE-CRET-ING, *p.* hiding.
SI-MUL-TAN-EOUS, *a.* at the same time.
SEN-SU-AL, *a.* luxurious.
SE-NOR', } *Spanish* { sir.
SE-NŌ-RA, } *Spanish* { madam.
SWARTH-Y, *a.* dark, tawny.
SKULK, *v.* to sneak away.
SUS-PENSE, *n.* doubt, uncertainty.
STIP-U-LAT-ED, *p.* agreed upon.
TREAS-URE, *n.* wealth, abundance.
TRAIT, *n.* a mark, a feature.
TRACED, *p.* followed.
UN-DAUNT-ED, *a.* fearless, courageous.
UN-CON-SCIOUS, *a.* insensible.

Section LVIII.

Page 245.

AR-DU-OUS, *a.* difficult, laborious.
A-DAPT-ED, *p.* suited to.
AS-SO-CIATE, *v.* to join in company.
AU-DI-BLE, *a.* that which may be heard.
BAF-FLED, *p.* defeated.
COM-PLI-CA-TED, *p.* perplexed.
CON-FER, *v.* to bestow.
CON-TEN-TIOUS, *a.* given to strife.
CIV-IL-I-TY, *n.* kind treatment.
DIS-AF-FECT, *v.* to turn away the affections.
DE-FI-ANCE, *n.* treating with contempt.
DIF-FI-DENCE, *n.* want of confidence.
DE-PORT-MENT, *n.* behaviour.
E-NU-MER-ATE, *v.* to number.
EL-E-VA-TION, *n.* exaltation.
HA-RASS, *v.* to tire, weary, perplex.
IR-RI-TA-TION, *n.* excitement, anger.
IM-I-TA-TION, *n.* copying, or following after.
IN-TER-COURSE, *n.* mutual communications.
IN-FLICT, *v.* to bring evil upon one
IN-FI-NITE-LY, *ad.* immensely, without limit.
MIS-CHIEV-OUS, *a.* hurtful, injurious.
MAL-ICE, *n.* extreme enmity, or malevolence.
MIS-AP-PRE-HEN-SION, *n.* misunderstanding.
MAG-NAN-IM'-I-TY, *n.* greatness of mind.
OF-FIC-IOUS, *a.* meddling.
OB-VI-OUS, *a.* plain, clear.
OUT-RAGE-OUS, *a.* furious, violent.
OB-STI-NA-CY, *n.* stubbornness.
PREJ-U-DICED, *p.* improperly biassed or set against.
PER-PLEX-I-TIES, *n.* embarrassments.
PER-VERSE, *a.* obstinately wrong.
PRESS-URE, *n.* urgency.
REC-RE-A-TION, *n.* amusement, diversion.

RE-QUIRE-MENT, *n.* demand.
RE-BEL, *v.* to oppose lawful government.
REP-A-RA-TION, *n.* making amends.
SUP-PRESS, *v.* to restrain, to stifle.
STUB-BORN, *a.* obstinate, refractory.
TRANS-FER, *v.* to convey to another.
WRAN-GLING, *p.* quarrelling, disputing.

Sections LIX, LX, & LXI.

Page 256 to 260.

AU-TUMN, *n.* the fall.
AC-CENTS, *n.* words softly spoken.
AN-GUISH, *n.* very great grief.
AG-O-NY, *n.* excessive pain.
AL-EX-AN-DER, *n.* the Macedonian conqueror.
BE-GUILE, *v.* to deceive, amuse.
CAU-TIOUS, *a.* very careful.
CIN-DERS, *n.* fine burning coals.
DE-CEIT-FUL, *a.* causing deception.
DIS-TILLED, *v.* fell in small drops.
DREAR-Y, *a.* dismal, gloomy.
EF-FACED, *p.* blotted, erased from memory.
FAINT, *a.* weak, soft.
FRAN-TIC, *a.* furious, wild.
GUEST, *n.* a visitor.
IN-DUL-GENT, *a.* granting favors freely.
IL-LUME, *v.* to shine upon.
LIN-GER-ING, *p.* hanging back, loitering.
LEV-ELLED, *v.* destroyed, made level.
MED-I-TA-TION, *n.* deep thought.
MUSED, *v.* pondered, silently studied.
MYS-TE-RI-OUS, *a.* not easily understood.
OB-SCURE, *a.* dark, difficult.
PAS-SIVE, *a.* unresisting.
PRAT-TLING, *p.* the talking of children.
PREC-IOUS, *a.* of great price, dear.
PRONE, *a.* inclining to.
PIL-GRIM-AGE, *n.* a long journey.
RE-TREAT, *n.* a place for retirement.
ROUSED, *v.* awakened, excited.
REALMS, *n.* kingdoms, countries.
RE-SIST-LESS, *a.* that cannot be withstood.
RE-VERSE, *n.* adversity.
RE-CLINE, *v.* to lean or lie upon.
SIM-PLIC-I-TY, *n.* artlessness.
SOOTHED, *v.* calmed, quieted.
SCENE, *n.* a series of actions.
SEV-ER, *v.* to cut off, to separate.
STAT-URE, *n.* height of a person.
SOLD-IERS, *n.* those trained for fighting.
TER-RIF-IC, *a.* that which excites terror.
WEIGHT, *n.* heaviness.

PHRASES.

Phrases from other languages which are often used both in writing and speaking; with their meaning explained.

Ad libitum, *Latin.* at pleasure.
Amor patriæ, *lat.* love of our country.
Ad infinitum, *lat.* without limit.
Ad valorem, *lat.* according to the value.
Alias, *lat.* otherwise.
Alma mater, *lat.* a cherishing mother.*
Anglice, *French.* in English.
Arcanum, *lat.* a secret.
A fortiori, *lat.* with a stronger reason.
A priori, *lat.* from a first or prior reason.
A posteriori, *lat.* from a latter reason.
Beau monde, *fr.* the fashionable world.
Bona fide, *lat.* in good faith.
Bon mot, *fr.* witty repartee.
Bon ton, *fr.* fashion.
Caput mortuum, *lat.* the lifeless body.
Carte blanche, *fr.* unconditional terms.
Chef d'œuvre, *fr.* the chief work.
Compos mentis, *lat.* of sound mind.
Coup de main, *fr.* a bold effort.
Data, *lat.* things granted.
De jure, *lat.* by right.
De facto, *lat.* from the fact.
Desideratum, *lat.* a thing desired.
En masse, *fr.* in a body.
E pluribus unum, *lat.* (motto of U. S.) one of many
Ex officio, *lat.* by virtue of his office.
Ex parte, *lat.* one side.
Ex tempore, *lat.* to speak without notes or preparation
Fac simile, *lat.* a copy.
Fille de chambre, *fr.* a chambermaid.
Fortiter in re, *lat.* firm in action.
Fiat, *lat.* let it be done.
Gens d'armes, *fr.* police soldiers in France.

* This phrase is usually applied to the literary institution where gentlemen have received their education.

Habeas corpus, *lat.* you may have the body.
Hic jacet, *lat.* here he lies.
Hotel Dieu, *fr.* a church.
In statu quo, *lat.* just as it was; without change.
In toto, *lat.* the whole.
Ipse dixit, *lat.* he said it; his assertion.
Ipso facto, *lat.* in the fact itself.
Ignis fatuus, *lat.* a foolish fire; an imaginary something
Impromptu, *lat.* in readiness; without study.
In loco, *lat.* in the place.
In propria persona, *lat.* in his own proper person.
In terrorem, *lat.* in terror; to terrify.
In transitu, *lat.* in passing; on the passage.
Jeu d'esprit, *fr.* a witticism.
Lex talionis, *lat.* the law of retaliation.
Magna Charta, *lat.* the great charter of England.
Memento mori, *lat.* remember death.
Maximum, *lat.* the greatest, highest.
Minimum, *lat.* the smallest, lowest.
Mirabile dictu, *lat.* wonderful to tell.
Multum in parvo, *lat.* much in little.
Ne plus ultra, *lat.* nothing beyond.
Non compos mentis, *lat.* foolish, not of sound mind.
Per annum, *lat.* by the year.
Per diem, *lat.* by the day.
Per centum, *lat.* by the hundred.
Prima facie, *lat.* on the first face of it.
Primum mobile, *lat.* the first cause of motion.
Pro bono publico, *lat.* for the public good.
Pro tempore, (written, pro. tem.) *lat.* for the time.
Passim, *lat.* every where.
Per se, *lat.* by himself.
Pro forma, *lat.* for sake of form.
Quantum, *lat.* how much.
Quantum sufficit, *lat.* as much as is necessary.
Quid nunc? *lat.* what now?
Sanctum sanctorum, *lat.* the most sacred place
Sang froid, *fr.* with indifference.
Sans culottes, *fr.* without breeches.
Sui generis, *lat.* singular, uncommon.
Secundum artem, *lat.* according to art.
Sine qua non, *lat.* a thing absolutely indispensable.

Sine die, *lat.* without a fixed day.
Soi disant, *fr.* self styled.
Summum bonum, *lat.* the chief good.
Sub rosa, *lat.* privately.
Utile dulci, *lat.* the useful with the agreeable.
Verbatim et literatim, *lat.* word for word and letter for letter.
Versus, *lat.* against.
Viva voce, *lat.* with the living voice.
Via, *lat.* by the way.
Vice, *lat.* in the room of.
Vice versa, *lat.* on the contrary; the changed.

ABBREVIATION USED IN WRITING AND PRINTING

A. *or* ans. Answer
A. A. S. Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.
A. B. *or* B. A. Bachelor of Arts.
Abp. Archbishop.
Acct. Account.
A. D. In the year of our Lord.
Admr. Administrator.
A. M. *or* M. A. Master of Arts.
A. M. In the year of the World. Before noon.
Apr. April.
Aug. August.
Bar. *or* bbl. Barrel.
Bart. Baronet.
Benj. Benjamin.
B. C. Before Christ.
B. D. Bachelor of Divinity.
Bp. Bishop.
B. V. Blessed Virgin.
Capt. Captain.
C. *or* cent. a hundred.
Cant. Canticles.
C. C. County Court.
C. C. P. Court of Common Pleas.
Ch. *or* Chap. Chapter.
Chron. Chronicles.
Co. Company. County.
Col. Colonel. Colossians.
Com. Commodore.
Comr. Commissioner.
Con. Connecticut.
Cor. Corinthians.
Cr. Credit.
C. S. Court of Sessions.
Cwt. Hundred weight.
Dan. Daniel.
d. a penny.
D. D. Doctor of Divinity.
Dec. December.
Del. Delaware.
Dep. Deputy.
Deut. Deuteronomy.
Do. *or* Ditto. The same.
Dolls. *or* $ Dollars.
Doz. Dozen.
Doct. *or* Dr. Doctor.
Dr. Doctor. Debtor.
dr. Drams.
Dwt. *or* dwt. Pennyweight.
E. East.
Eben. Ebenezer.
Eccl. Ecclesiastes.
Ecclus. Ecclesiasticus.
Ed. Edition. Editor.
E. g. *or* e. g. For example.
Ep. Epistle.
Eph. Ephesians.
Eng. English. England.
Esq. Esquire.

Ex Example. Exodus.
Exr. Executor.
F. A. S. Fellow of the Antiquarian Society.
[illegible] e Royal So-
[illegible]
[illegible] orgia.
[illegible] eneral.
[illegible]
[illegible] ie King.
[illegible]
[illegible] id.
[illegible] ble.
[illegible] ed.
[illegible] or Ibidem. In the
[illegible]
[illegible] The same.
[illegible] ty.
[illegible] ah.
[illegible] an.
[illegible] nior.
[illegible] e of the Peace.
[illegible] ntucky.
[illegible] ght.
[illegible] ney.
[illegible] ight.
[illegible] utenant.
[illegible] of Laws.
[illegible] he Seal.
[illegible] Massachusetts.
[illegible] tthew.
[illegible] Bachelor of Physic.

M. D. Doctor of Physic
Md. Maryland.
Me. Maine.
Messrs. Gentlemen. Sirs.
Mo. Month.
Mr. Master. (*prom.* *Mister*,
Mrs. Mistress. (" *Missis*
MS. Manuscript.
MSS. Manuscripts.
N. Note. North.
Nath. Nathaniel.
N. B. Take Notice.
New Brunswick.
N. C. North Carolina.
N. E. New England.
North East.
N. H. New Hampshire.
N. J. New Jersey.
No. Number.
Nov. November.
N. S. New Style.
Nova Scotia.
N. T. New Testament.
N. W. Northwest.
Num. Numbers.
N. Y. New York.
Obj. Objection.
Obt. Obedient.
Oct. October.
O. S. Old Style.
Oz. Ounce.
p. page.
pp. pages.
Per cent. By the hundred.
Penn. *or* Pa. Pennsylvania.
P. M. Afternoon.
Post Master.
P. M. G. Post Master General.
Prof. Professor.
Pres. President.
P. S. Postscript.
Ps. Psalm.
Q. Question. Queen.
q. farthing.
q. d. as if he should say.
q. l. as much as you please.
q. s. a sufficient quantity.
qr. quarter of a Cwt.
qt. quart.

QUESTIONS

For exercise in mental arithmetic: useful and entertaining; designed to strengthen the mind, and induce a habit of thinking and reasoning. No slate should be used in the solution of these questions except to write down the results as they are obtained.

1.

If you add three years to your age, how much older would you be than John, who is but five? What would be the sum of both your ages? If Harriet lacks six months of being eight, what is the difference between your age and hers?—What is the sum of all your ages? James is just as old as you and Harriet together, what is his age? If when you were six years old, your father had given you one dollar, and had continued to double the sum every year, how much money would you have when you were ten years old? How much when twelve years old?

2.

Two boys disputing about marbles, George says to Charles, when we began to play I had sixteen, and you had three times as many, and now I have won just half of yours: Can you tell me how many each one had when they had done playing? How many had both? If Ira, who has eight marbles, should now begin to play with George and Charles, and should win half that each of them had, how many would Ira then have? How many would George have? How many Charles? How many all of them? At the rate of four cents a dozen, what would all their marbles come to? How many little cups would it take to hold them, if each cup held six marbles?

3.

Henry went to market to buy a goose and carried a dollar bill; the goose weighed twelve pounds, and was six cents a pound; how much change would he receive back? When he went home, he said there were five times as many turkeys as geese in market, and half as many ducks as turkeys;—what was the number of ducks, allowing the number of geese to be equal to the number of sixpences he carried to market? Now if each goose

should be worth four shillings, each duck two shillings, and each turkey three shillings, how much would they all amount to?

4.

Mary said to Abby, I bought me a new gown yesterday, but got cheated in the change, because I did not reckon it right. There were six yards and a half, which cost 25 cents a yard; I gave the man a two dollar bill, and he gave me back only twenty-five cents change: how much did she lose by her bad reckoning? Abby said she could reckon better than that; but the next day she went out to buy a pair of shoes, which cost 75 cents, and some ribbon which cost 16 cents; when she returned home, she found she had but six cents remaining of the dollar she carried away: how much did Abby lose by carelessness?

5.

Edwin said if he had only half as many apples as William, he should then have one third as many as Rachel, who had as many within five as Emma. Now Emma had twice as many as John lacking one; and John had just one dozen: Will you please to tell me how many apples each one had? Now if all their apples cost a cent ace, how many hours would it take to earn what the ole cost, at six cents an hour? And if Rachel should l her part at one and a half cents each, how much uld she gain? How much would John gain, if he ould sell his part at the rate of three apples for five cents?

6.

Three boys met, when the first said, he had as much money as the second, and a quarter as much as the third added together. The third boy had 50 cents, and the second boy one quarter as much as the third; How much had the two first? How much had they all? Now if each boy should add as much more to the sum he already had, and they should agree to divide the whole among five poor boys; how much would each boy receive?

7.

Says Edward to Henry, let us go a fishing. I cannot replies Henry, for I must weed this beet bed, which will take me an hour. Poh! says Edward, we can both of us do it in two fifths of the time. If so, how long did it take them both? And if they afterwards caught three times as many fish as it took them minutes to do their

work, how many fish would they have; and what would they come to at half a dime each?

8.

A girl, wishing to buy a cheap comb, asked the merchant the price of a very pretty one, which she pointed at; he told her she might have it for the very reasonable sum it would amount to, by giving two cents for the first tooth, four cents for the second tooth, and so on, doubling at every tooth up to the last. The comb had six teeth. The silly girl thought she would make a great bargain, and readily consented to the price. How much did she give for this very cheap horn comb?

9.

James said he had bought fifty bunches of Russia quills, at one third as many cents a bunch, as there are ninepences in three dollars: Henry told him he would buy them of him at the same price, if he would take his pay in potatoes, at twenty-five cents a bushel. To this James agreed. How many bushels of potatoes must Henry give James for his quills?

10.

A schoolmaster began a school with a score and a half of scholars; and at the end of the first four weeks the number of scholars had increased two thirds of one half of the number he began with; at the end of the second four weeks, the number was increased two fifths of the number he had at the end of the first four weeks; he then made a tax of four fifths of a dime on each of his scholars, which they paid:—How much money did he receive?

11.

Sarah, Lucy, and Dinah went after berries. Sarah filled her basket which held half a peck; Lucy picked three eights as many quarts as Sarah had gills; Dinah being more industrious than either, gathered as many pints, as Sarah and Lucy had half pints: How many quarts did they all gather, and what did all their berries amount to at five cents a quart?

12.

Isaac, Job and Luke were sent by their father into a field with a team after a load of stones which were to be gathered from three heaps; they placed the wagon so that

Isaac's heap was two rods, Job's three rods, and Luke's four rods from the wagon; they each carried but one stone at a time; now Luke put in sixty stones, and as often as Luke put in three, Job put in five, and Isaac seven stones: How many stones did they all put in, and what distance did they all travel in gathering them?

13.

Four boys, A. B. C. and D. took a tub to the river to fill for amusement; the tub held fifteen gallons; and each boy took a wine measure. A's. held one gallon, B's. half a gallon, C's. one quart, and D's. one pint. They all dipped together. How many times did they dip in order to fill the tub? How many more quarts did A dip than D? If there were ninety seconds between the dippings, how long were they in filling it? How long would it take each one separately to fill it at the rate of thirty seconds to a dip? They were fifty rods from the house, and A. and B. agreed to carry it three fifths of the way, if C. and D. would carry it the remainder; how many rods did each pair carry the tub?

14.

Four girls, Martha, Ann, Eunice and Clara, went a [illegible]ing. Martha took 80 cents, Ann 60 cts. Eunice [illegible]d Clara 40 cts. Martha bought a fan for 20 cents [illegible]nice bought some ribbon for 30 cts. Returning [illegible]ra lost 4 cts. and Ann spent 25 cts. for a comb. [illegible] poor woman, they each of them gave her 2 [illegible]ce. How much money had each when they re[illegible], and how much had they all?

15.

A gentleman told his son that if he would be a good boy and attend closely to his school, he should have half the chickens, one third the turkeys, and one fifth of the goslings that should be hatched that year. The number of turkeys was three times the number of goslings, and the number of goslings, half the number of chickens hatched by five hens setting on twelve eggs each. When they had grown, the boy carried his part to market, and received fifty cents each for his turkeys; twenty cents for his chickens, and two shillings for his geese; can you tell me how much he gained by being a good boy, besides the approbation of his parents, and the improvement he had made at school.

CLOTH MEASURE.

4 nails (na.) make	1 quarter, marked	qr.
4 quarters	1 yard,	yd.
3 quarters	1 Ell Flemish,	E. Fl.
5 quarters	1 Ell English,	E. E.
6 quarters	1 Ell French,	E. Fr.

DRY MEASURE.

2 pints (pts.) make	1 quart, marked	qt.
8 quarts	1 peck,	pk.
4 pecks	1 bushel,	bus.
36 bushels	1 chaldron,	ch.

TIME.

60 Seconds (sec.) make	1 minute, marked	m.
60 Minutes	1 hour,	h.
24 Hours	1 day,	d.
7 Days	1 week,	w.
4 weeks	1 lunar month,	mo.
13 Lunar months, 1 day and 6 hours,	1 common, or Julian year.	
12 Calendar months		
365¼ Days, or 365 days 6 hours		
100 Years make 1 century,	marked	cen.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February hath twenty-eight alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one.

Every fourth year is leap year, in which February has 29 days. Whenever the year of our Lord can be divided by 4 without a remainder, it is leap year.

TABLE OF MISCELLANEOUS PARTICULARS

12 single things	make 1 dozen.
12 dozen	1 single gross.
12 gross, or 144 dozen	1 great gross.

Also,

20 single things make	1 score.	
5 score	1 hundred.	
24 sheets of paper	1 quire.	
20 quires of paper	1 ream.	
6 points	1 line.	used in measuring the pendulums of clocks.
12 lines	1 inch.	
4 inches make	1 hand.	measuring height of horses.
6 feet	1 fathom.	measuring depths at sea.
112 pounds	1 quintal.	
196 pounds	1 barrel of flour.	
200 pounds	1 barrel of beef or pork.	

LONG MEASURE.

3 barley-corns (bar.) make	1 inch, marked	in.
12 inches	1 foot,	ft.
3 feet	1 yard,	yd.
5½ yards, or 16½ feet	1 rod, pole or perch,	rd.
40 rods, or 220 yards	1 furlong,	fur.
8 furlongs or 320 rods	1 mile,	m.
3 miles	1 league,	l.
60 geographical, or 69½ statute miles	1 degree,	deg.

360 degrees make a great circle or circumference of the earth

LAND OR SQUARE MEASURE.

144 square inches make	1 square foot.
9 square feet	1 square yard.
30¼ square yards	1 square rod.
40 square rods	1 square rood.
4 square roods	1 square acre.
640 square acres	1 square mile.

WINE MEASURE.

4 gills (gi.) make	1 pint,	marked	pt.
2 pints	1 quart,		qt.
4 quarts	1 gallon,		gal.
31½ gallons	1 barrel,		bbl.
42 gallons	1 tierce,		tierce.
63 gallons	1 hogshead,		hhd.
2 hogsheads, 126 gals.	1 pipe,		p.
2 pipes, or 4 hhd.	1 ton.		T.

ALE OR BEER MEASURE.

2 pints (pt.) make	1 quart,	marked	qt.
4 quarts	1 gallon,		gal.
36 gallons	1 barrel,		bbl.
154 gallons	1 hogshead,		hhd.

STERLING MONEY.

4 Farthings make	1 penny, marked	d.
12 Pence	1 shilling,	s.
20 Shillings	1 pound,	l.

FEDERAL MONEY.

10 mills make	1 cent, marked	c.	10 cents make	1 dime, marked	d.
10 dimes	1 dollar,	d or $	10 dollars	1 eagle,	e.